Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 1981 $1.50

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)bert Stone's new novel

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Seiji Ozawa
Why He Will Leave the Boston Symphony

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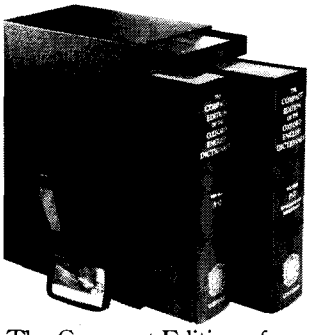

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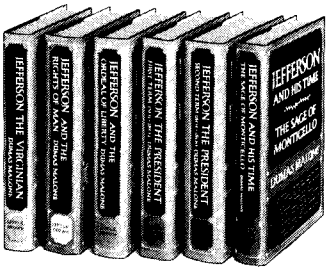
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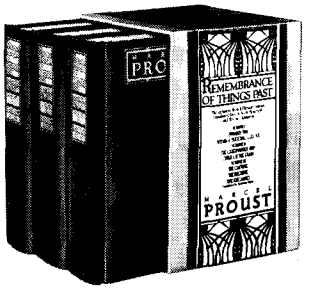

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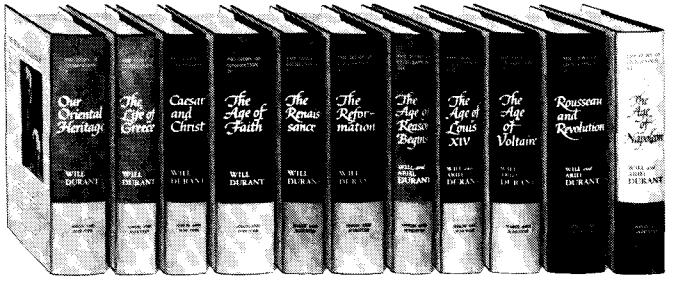

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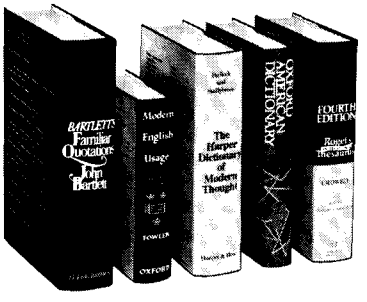

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Does the TV camera distort society?

Over the years, we've been critical of television's structure and the quality of its news reporting—particularly news about the energy industry and business generally. Recently, however, we've begun to wonder whether TV news isn't merely a small part of a far larger problem, namely television itself—the medium which two-thirds of the people identify as their primary source of information.

Television news shows, after all, chronicle events as they occur. If the reporting is less than first-rate, the viewer is left with inaccurate or incomplete information. But TV news is only part of the total flow of information. Articles available in newspapers and magazines, together with issue advertising in the print media, add to the reservoir of facts and opinions.

But TV "entertainment," ranging from that strange amalgam called docudrama to jiggly sitcoms, impacts powerfully and directly on people's underlying attitudes almost without challenge from other sources. Television has become the most powerful medium of communication. One can only speculate on its impact on society's values and mores.

There are grave questions as to the accuracy of the societal reflections and values we see on prime time each evening. And there is doubt as well as to whether in this case art is mirroring society or vice versa. For example, does a character like Archie Bunker foster racial and religious stereotyping, or does he make bigotry ridiculous, and thereby hasten its demise? Do violent crime shows result in more violence on the streets? And is there any connection between the anti-business attitudes of a great part of the public and the way in which business and businesspeople are portrayed on the screen?

Some answers to these questions are beginning to emerge. In 1979, lawyer-journalist Ben Stein wrote a book called "The View from Sunset Boulevard." Based on interviews with some of television's leading producers and writers, Stein found that what appeared on the screen was indeed a true but narrow reflection—of the beliefs of the handful of Hollywood producers responsible for much of what the rest of us see. Stein found that a majority of these creators of America's favorite entertainments are admittedly anti-business.

Reflecting their bias, "the well-dressed businessman who pays for his kids' orthodontia by selling heroin to teenagers and the manufacturer who has murdered his go-go dancer girlfriend are staples of TV adventure shows," Stein wrote. He noted that "...one of the clearest messages of television is that businessmen are bad, evil people, and that big businessmen are the worst of all." And such a message, repeated over and over like the constant drops of water that created the Grand Canyon, leaves the viewer with an impression that becomes an indelible part of his system of beliefs.

Now, in a new study, the nonprofit, research-oriented Media Institute reaches much the same conclusions. Its work, entitled "Crooks, Conmen and Clowns: Businessmen in TV Entertainment," relied on a different methodology. Instead of interviewing the sources of programming, it simply watched the programs themselves: Institute researchers viewed and analyzed 200 episodes from the top 50 prime-time programs of the 1979-1980 TV season. The major findings:

- "Two out of three businessmen on television are portrayed as foolish, greedy or criminal.
- "Almost half of all work activities performed by businessmen involved illegal acts.
- "The majority of characters who run big businesses are portrayed as criminals.
- "Television almost never portrays business as a socially useful or economically productive activity."

The study adds: "If American business has redeeming social value, it is not visible on prime-time television."

The Institute states that it is neither rendering moral judgment nor attempting to dictate how businessmen should be portrayed. Neither are we.

But we ask this: If J. R. Ewing were a woman or a member of a racial or ethnic minority, would the person who shot him go unprosecuted, let alone unpunished? Would "Quincy" finally stop shouting if, for once, a businessman committed a good deed instead of a crime?

These questions, as posed, are obviously less than 100 percent serious. But television does owe the American people more than the social and economic views of a small group of individuals. We think these issues warrant examination, and action, by those who make broadcasting decisions.

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Saturday Review®
NOVEMBER 1981

FEATURES

Why Seiji Ozawa Will Leave the Boston Symphony by Irving Kolodin
He wants to spend more time in Japan—but he's also under critical fire . . **14**

Architecture's Master of the Middle Way by Carter Wiseman
Edward Larrabee Barnes's eclectic designs are in hot demand **22**

The SR Interview: Ansel Adams Takes on the President by Susan K. Reed
Our most famous environmental photographer fears for our environment . . **32**

Her First Play, Her First Pulitzer Prize by Scot Haller
At first, Beth Henley was afraid to show anyone her prizewinning script . . **40**

Joe Hirshhorn's Legacy by Susan K. Reed
A preview of the art the late collector is leaving to the Hirshhorn Museum . . **46**

DEPARTMENTS

Letters **7**
The Insider **9**
November Spotlights **10**
Editorial by N.C. *Required Reading* **12**
Language by Thomas H. Middleton *I Share Your Concern—Very Much* **55**
Film by Judith Crist *A Triumph for Mortality Chic* **56**
Home Entertainment by Peter Caranicas *Ted Turner vs. Westinghouse* **58**
Dance by Walter Terry *How Dance Classics Are Preserved* **60**
Records by Stephen Wadsworth *The Best of the Wunderkinder* . . . **62**
Art by Carter Ratcliff *A Painter of Inanimate Souls* **64**
Theater by Stanley Kauffmann *Revivals, if That's the Word* **66**
Books:
Leonard Michaels on Robert Stone's A Flag for Sunrise; *Anthony Burgess on Vladimir Nabokov's* Lectures on Russian Literature; *Richard Gilman on Margaret Brenman-Gibson's* Clifford Odets: American Playwright; *Joshua Gilder on Diana Trilling's* Mrs. Harris: The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor **69**
Fiction Briefs **76**
Nonfiction Briefs **78**
Diversions *Double-Crostic, puzzles, etc.* **94**
SR Recommends *Worth seeing, worth doing, worth having* **97**

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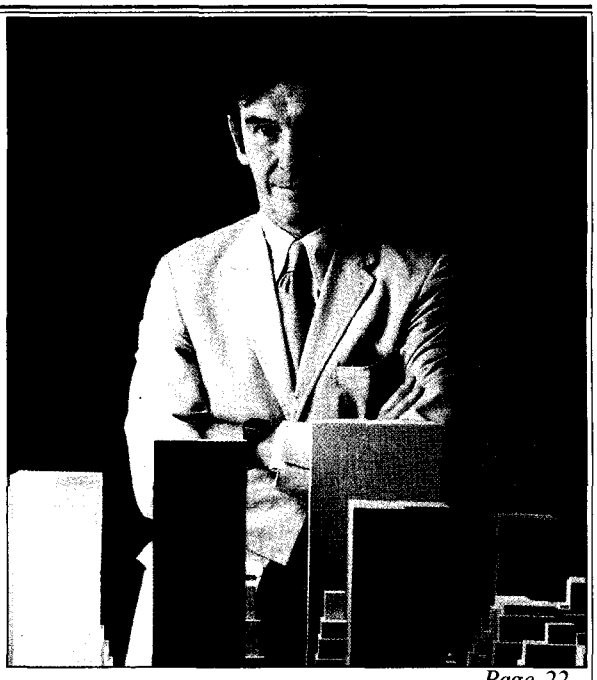
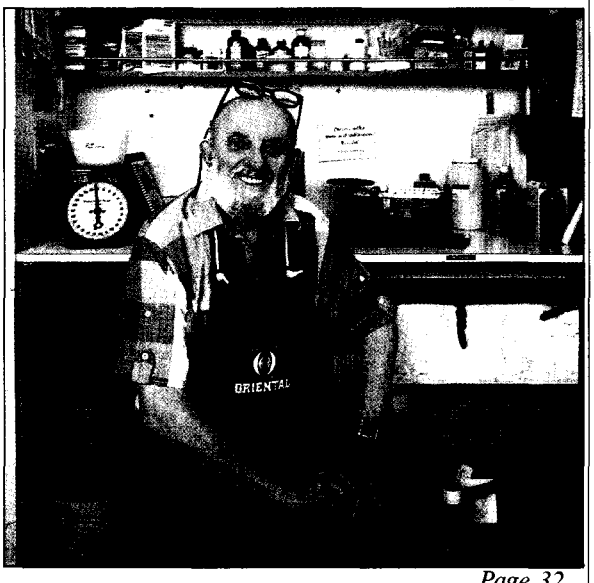
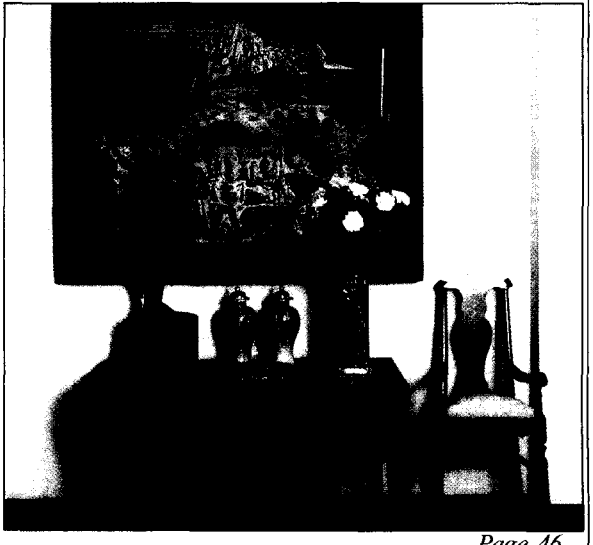


Page 22



Page 32



Page 46

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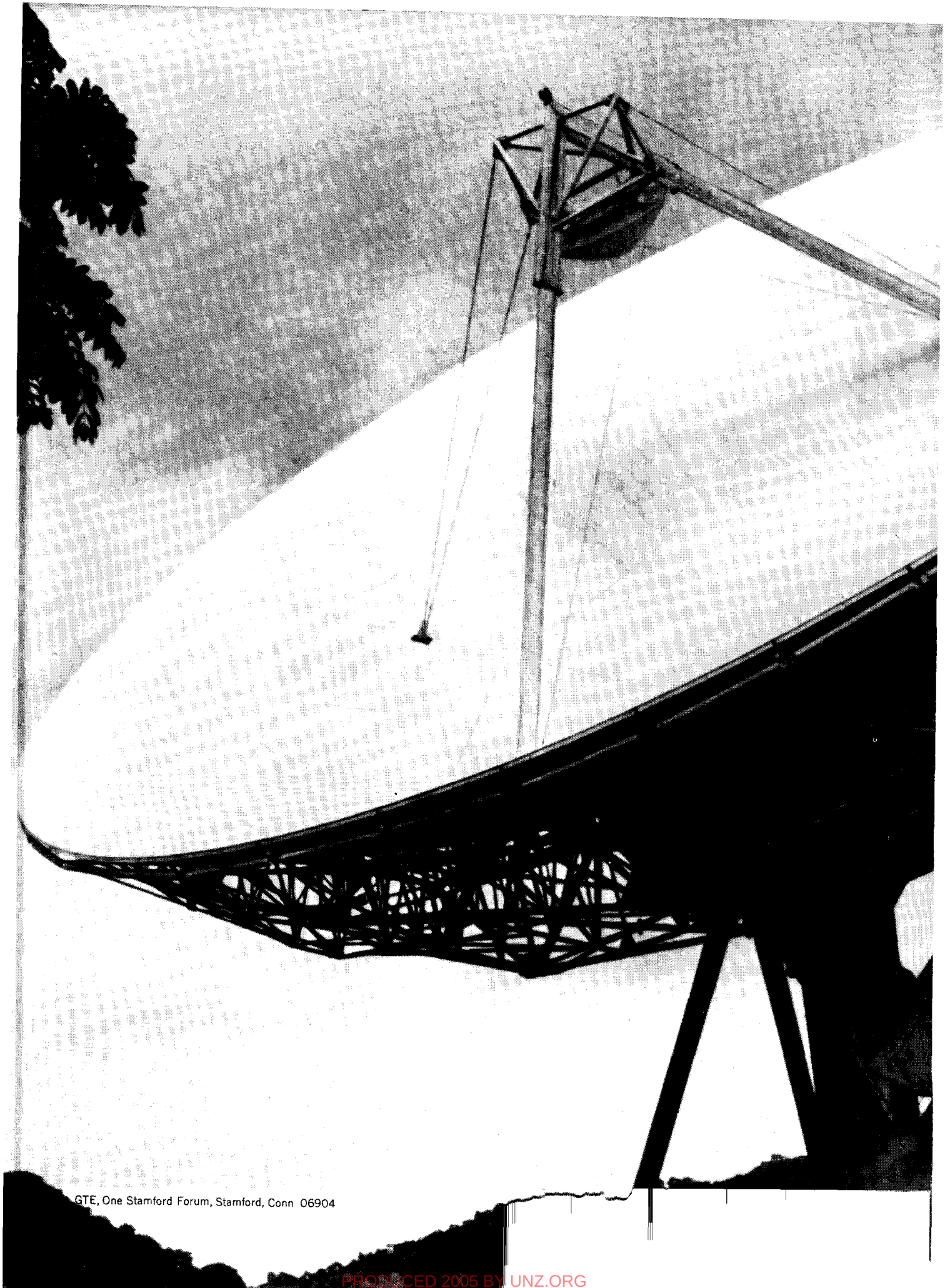

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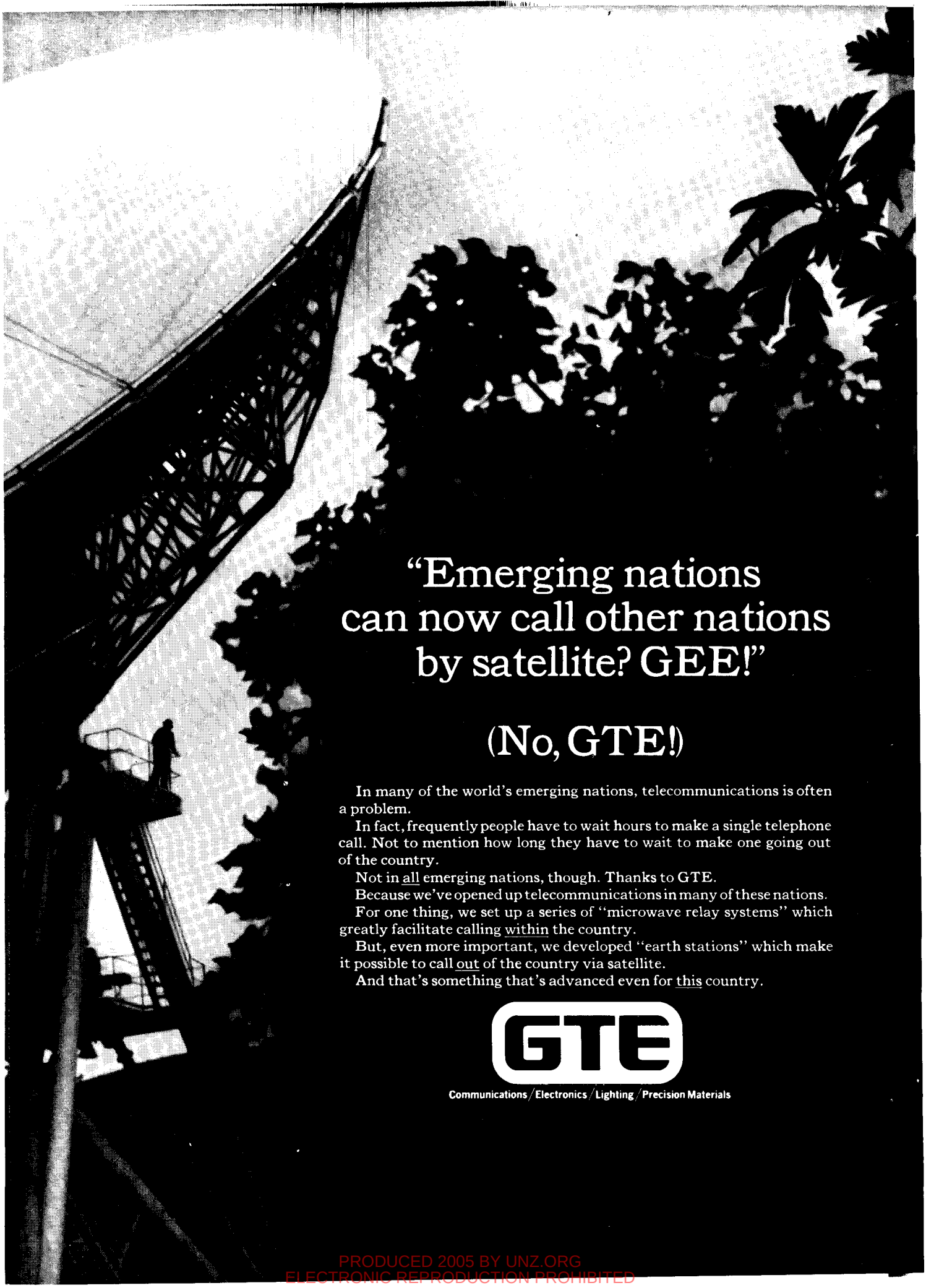

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Irwin Shaw's Reputation

I can understand Ross Wetzsteon's belief ["The Conflict Between Big Bucks and Good Books," August] that "as sales mount, reputations decline." In most cases this is true. Yet when assessing the quality of Irwin Shaw's works, it is obvious that his reputation (among the more common of us) is still one of prominence. Shaw's writing conveys the plight of Middle America with thorough, graspable insight. If Shaw writes only for the money today, then let him reap his due rewards.

Robert C. Botsford
San Luis Obispo, California

I have read Ross Wetzsteon's article about the brilliant Irwin Shaw and found it extremely shallow. It seems that he is far more interested in Irwin Shaw's accent than in his creative brilliance as a writer. I think an apology is due to Shaw, and to his readers.

Evelyn N. Miller
Los Angeles, California

Hell in Washington

I have just read Peter Andrews's article, "Rodin Rediscovered" [August], about the show at the National Gallery of Art. What particularly amazed me was the waste of funds in bringing over the French casting of "The Gates of Hell." There has been a fine casting of this on the front of the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia for years. One wonders why the National Gallery didn't know about it.

Laurie Z. Taylor
Los Angeles, California

The National Gallery replies: "The Gates of Hell" from the Rodin Museum in Philadelphia was not used because it is a permanent installation in the building's facade.

The new casting of "The Gates of Hell," commissioned by Rodin collector B. Gerald Cantor, was on its way to the United States anyway. Cast by the "lost wax" method (not used since the 1930s), it is a superior cast to Philadelphia's, which was cast by the more usual "sand" method.

A Japanese Feast

I would like to comment on Jan Morris's review, "An Authentic Shogun" [August]. Aside from the fact that the dialogue of *Musashi* (in the translation) sometimes sounds like bad subtitles in a film, it is an enjoyable book. The large cast of characters is no more difficult to handle than that in Clavell's *Shogun*. The psychological transformation in *Musashi* that Morris found "insufficiently complete" I managed to comprehend, and even found well presented.

The best I can say about the review is that it is not in tune with the book. Morris may have skimmed through it. I devoured it straight through and was quite satisfied with my Japanese feast.

Sarah Beach
Austin, Texas

Bad Authors Make Good Critics

Reading the review of Paul Erdman's *The Last Days of America* [August], I was reminded of another book, *Green Monday*, which was similarly deficient in "characterization, language, atmosphere, and style," and also relied on the glamorous mention of places, nationalities, and menus. I was incredulous when I discovered that the review had been written by Michael Thomas, the author of *Green Monday*. The incredulity quickly turned to amusement. There is logic and symmetry at work here. Being both a bad best-selling author and a good critic maximizes one's exposure. Hadn't Paul Erdman competently condemned a new book by Adam Smith in the February 1981 issue of *SR*? The lesson is clear: Read the critique, not the book. I look forward to Adam Smith's review of Michael Thomas's next novel.

Mark Sellors
Montreal, Quebec

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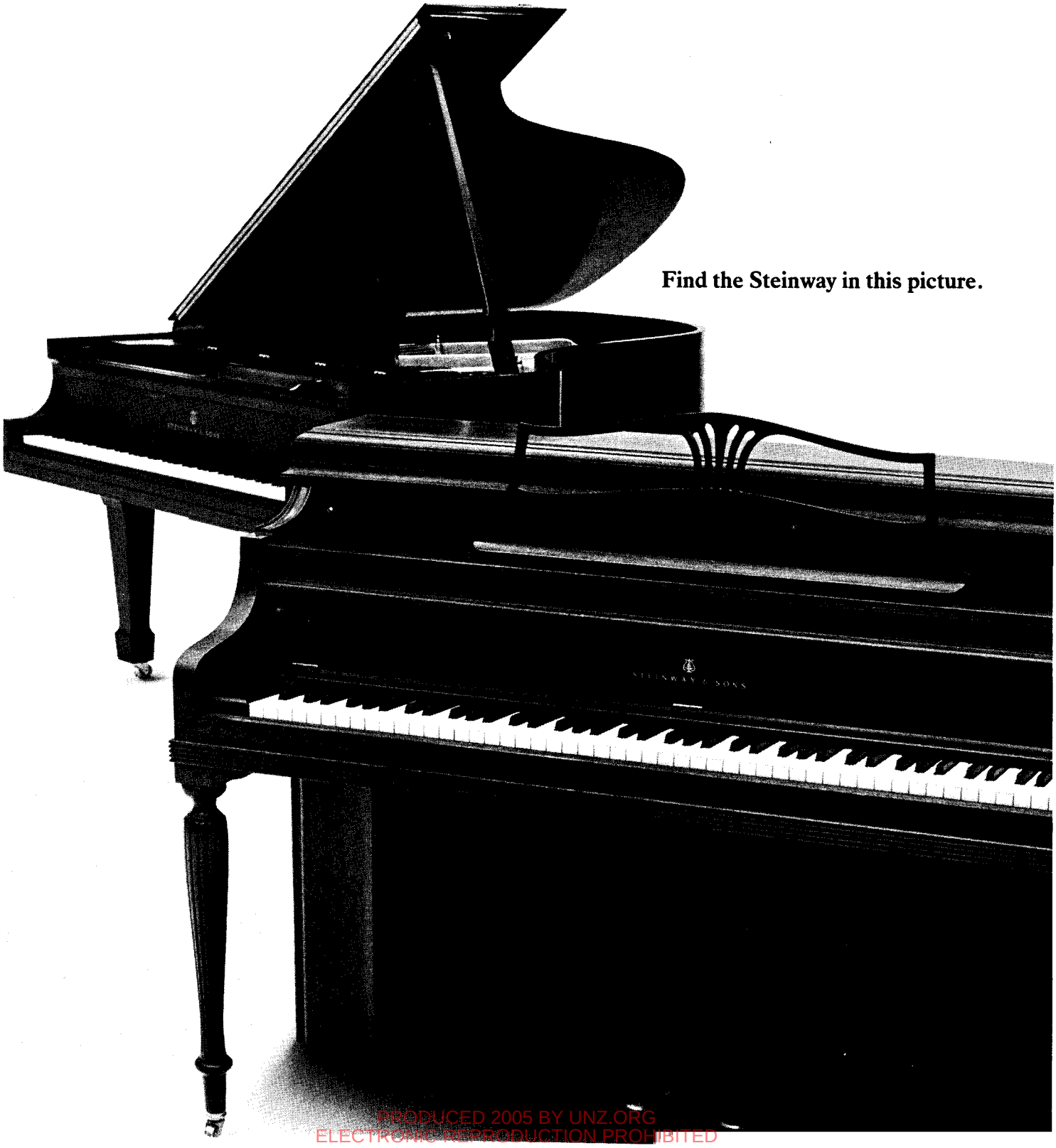

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★★★ THE INSIDER ★★★

EDITED BY SCOT HALLER

Norton Simon's Museum Battle

Simon with a Rembrandt.

It's called the Norton Simon Museum of Art, and its director is Norton Simon himself. But the well-known industrialist/art collector is having a bitter fight with three former trustees of the museum—and he may transfer his collection, worth an estimated $500 million, from the museum in Pasadena, California, to his native San Francisco.

Ironically, seven years ago, Simon was widely credited with saving the museum then known as the Pasadena Museum of Modern Art—from bankruptcy. He gave the museum substantial donations ($3.5 million to date) and his prominent collection of old masters.

Now three former trustees—Robert Rowan, Gifford Phillips, and Alfred Esberg—allege that Simon is using the publicly funded institution as a showcase for his collection at the expense of the museum's own modern art. They brought suit in Los Angeles asking that Simon be required to devote one-fourth of the exhibition space to museum-owned works, and that Simon notify trustees in writing before selling any paintings. (He has already sold an estimated 200 art works owned by the museum.) But the court dismissed the suit last September, ruling that the evidence did not support the claim against Simon.

Undaunted, the former trustees have filed another suit. This time they are seeking to bar Simon from removing his own paintings. They contend that the paintings have become part of the public domain and removal would constitute a violation of the public trust.

Frank Rothman, Simon's attorney, dismisses the former trustees' allegations. "Mr. Simon has no intention of pulling his collection out. His discussions with people in San Francisco have to do, I think, with the possibility of moving part of his Oriental collection."

Should Simon remove his collection, the museum would suffer badly. "There's no question that Simon will look out for his collection," says Hillel Chodos, a lawyer for one of the former trustees. "My client feels that someone should look out for the museum." —S.K.R.

What's Playing at the Bijou?

Want to see the new hit movie *Chariots of Fire*? Well, if you live in New York, you could have seen it last September. But if you live in Kansas City, you may have to wait until February. It's all part of a Hollywood marketing strategy known as "platforming." Rather than premiere the film all over the country at once, the studio chooses to release it first in only one or two cities (usually New York or Los Angeles), then gradually it goes national. The idea is to create a critical cachet for serious films that need time to establish an identity and audience.

It worked very well for the industry last year. *Tess*, *Raging Bull*, *Ordinary People*, and *The Elephant Man* all opened to favorable reviews in one or two cities, picked up good word-of-mouth around the country, and then won four of the five Academy Award nominations for Best Picture. This year, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *On Golden Pond*, *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*, and *Prince of the City*, among others, are getting the platform treatment.

But special handling doesn't guarantee receptive audiences. Earlier this year, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Outland* failed to perform well on their initial platform runs, thereby forfeiting prestige bookings in other markets. And, warns Paramount VP Laurence Mark, "sometimes when you open in Sheboygan six weeks after New York, people have already forgotten you." S.H.

A Grand Jeté for Ron Reagan

Ballet dancer Ron Reagan is leaping ahead: The President's 23-year-old son will be advanced to the prestigious Joffrey Ballet late next spring. At present, Reagan dances with Joffrey II, the junior group that serves as a training ground for the main company. According to reliable sources, Reagan will be tapped when Robert Joffrey promotes junior members to the main corps after Joffrey II's tour next May.

When Reagan first joined the group in 1980, he was not only inexperienced as a performer but still close to student levels in matters of technique. In his first appearance with Joffrey II, he appeared to be uncomfortable, withdrawn, and tense in classical ballets. However, his winning charm and easy exuberance were very much present in a contemporary piece with a jazz base and a teenage pace. In class, Reagan worked hard, responding to the expert coaching of Mrs. Anthony Bliss, the junior company's director, and very soon he began to develop a classical style. In a duet from a ballet version of *Romeo and Juliet*, he also showed a bent for romantic-style ballet, which requires gallantry, tenderness, and concern for the female dancer.

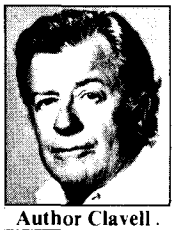
It is now clear that if he can avoid exploitation of his name, Ron Reagan will emerge as a dancer of considerable worth.

—W.T.

Reagan dancing with Lael Evans: easy exuberance and winning charm.

Trouble at Doubleday

With the Delacorte, Dell, and Dial imprints under its corporate umbrella, Doubleday & Co. turns out best sellers with clockwork regularity. But novelist Irwin Shaw has jumped ship (to Arbor House), and in the last few months Doubleday has also lost several top executives and editors. Ross Claiborne, editorial director of Dell Publishing, has left for Warner Books. Linda Grey, editor-in-chief of Dell Books (Doubleday's paperback arm) has signed up with Bantam, and Herman Gollob, editor-in-chief of the Literary Guild book club, was lured away by Simon & Schuster.



Author Clavell.

Talk in publishing circles now centers on whether big-name Doubleday authors will follow their editors to rival houses. Super-seller James Clavell, author of *Shogun* and *Noble House*, could well join Claiborne at Warner or Gollob at Simon & Schuster. "Certain authors are always looking around," Claiborne hints broadly, "and Jim Clavell has lots and lots of friends in publishing."

Doubleday can ill afford to lose any more top-drawer authors. In January 1980, the company bought the New York Mets, but poor attendance and last summer's baseball strike have hurt the privately owned company. One result, industry analysts observe, is that Doubleday has not been able to keep up in the expensive bidding wars for blockbuster books—and thus has fewer best sellers than it once did.

—R.R.H.

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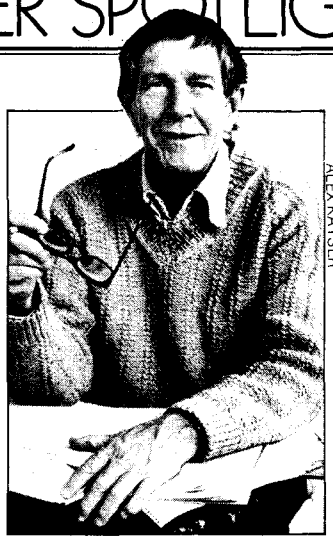
NOVEMBER SPOTLIGHTS

MUSIC

Cage Uncaged

This month, the 14th-century cathedral in Metz, France, will be taken over by the 20th century's most outrageous musical *provocateur,* John Cage. The American composer, who has been at the forefront of avant-garde music for nearly 50 years, will present the world premiere of his latest concoction, **Thirty Pieces for Five Orchestras**, under the cathedral's Gothic arches. Cage is notorious for compositions that call for "unmusical" sounds, such as several radios all playing at once, tuned to different stations —and for *4'33"*, a "composition" during which a pianist sits silently in front of a piano for four minutes and 33 seconds; the swelling noise of the audience then becomes the music. Several of Cage's abstract-looking scores, which seldom resort to traditional notation, have proven more pleasing to the eye than to the ear and have hung on museum walls.

Thirty Pieces for Five Orchestras was, in fact, planned visually: Cage began by deciding first on the dimensions of the paper he would use. Then he went on to compose 30 pieces—each only one minute long—to be played by approximately 100 musicians scattered throughout the cathedral. Once again, Cage wants radios: Several, tuned to local broadcasts, will be placed outside the cathedral doors. Five conductors will officiate, and if they get out of sync, that's OK with Cage. If the audience adds its own noise, that's OK, too. (November 22.)



ALEX KAYSER

◄ John Cage finds music in orchestras, radios, audiences.

Celebrating Thomson

American composer Virgil Thomson is perhaps better known as a music critic—he wrote incisive, entertaining columns for the *New York Herald Tribune* from 1940 to 1954, and he has published several books. But throughout his career, Thomson also composed operas, orchestral works, chamber music, and film scores, often using elements from folk songs and jazz. His most famous composition, written in 1934, was **Four Saints in Three Acts**, which had an all-black cast and was a pioneering work in the development of American opera, foreshadowing Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess.*

In honor of Virgil Thomson's 85th birthday, Joel Thome and his Orchestra of Our Time will present *Four Saints* at New York City's Carnegie Hall, with Betty Allen and Benjamin Matthews leading the 23-member cast in the roles of Commère and Compère. Thomson, who will be present, has collaborated with Thome on the production, and John Houseman, the opera's original stage director, will host the event.

Actually *Four Saints in Three Acts* involves some dozen saints and is performed in four acts, but then the Gertrude Stein libretto is virtually incomprehensible on any literal level. It's through this omission of logic combined with Thomson's solemn droning music that the poet and composer evoke gaiety, strength, and anarchic, almost Dadaist, humor. (November 13.)

◄ Thomson (left) and Thome prepare a new *Four Saints.*

TELEVISION

Opera for the Wary

Several seasons back, the Metropolitan Opera added to its repertory an evening of one-act operas by Puccini known collectively as **Il Trittico** (The Triptych). It proved to be a popular success, offering reassurance to the opera-leery that those who didn't like the first opera wouldn't be condemned to spend an entire evening with it, since two more short ones were on the way. The triple-bill concept had such wide appeal that last year the Met added a French evening (Satie's *Parade*, Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de Tirésias*, and Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*), and next month it will add yet another, this time with everything composed by Stravinsky.

This month the whole country will get a chance to see the triple bill that started it all, *Il Trittico*, when it is televised as part of the *Live From the Met* series on PBS. The first opera, *Il Tabarro*, is a tale of love and vengeful murder aboard a barge on the Seine. The second, *Suor Angelica*, is about a woman who becomes a nun as penance for bearing an illegitimate child. The third, *Gianni Schicchi*, is a comedy of greedy relatives jockeying for an inheritance. Renata Scotto, who probably more than any other soprano can lay claim to being the Met's current reigning diva, will portray the heroines in all three. (November 14.)

▲ Renata Scotto as Giorgetta in the Metropolitan's *Il Tabarro* on PBS.

J. HEFFERNAN

ART

Mamluks Invade N.Y.

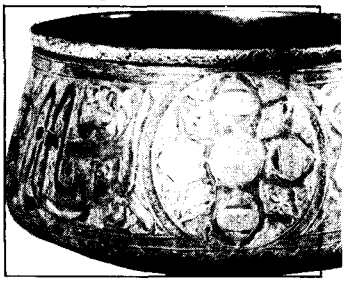
The Mamluks were warrior-slaves who rose to rule Egypt, Syria, and Palestine from 1250 until the Ottoman conquest in 1517. Converts to Islam, they defended its traditions and pumped money into its arts and institutions with that singular devotion only converts seem to muster.

The result was a renaissance of Islamic art that harked back to the Arab-Moslem golden age of the 8th and 9th centuries.

Renaissance of Islam: Art of the Mamluks, an exhibition of illustrated manuscripts, ceramics, tiles, glass, woodwork, metal objects, and textiles, serves as a reminder of the Mamluk civilization by providing a rare glimpse of its extraordinary art. The show has been traveling throughout the U.S. and will arrive this month at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

With arresting coincidence, the Jewish Museum, located just a few blocks from the Met, will be hosting **The Mamluk Revival: Metalwork for Religious and Domestic Use**. The metal vessels to be shown were produced by Jewish craftsmen in Cairo, Damascus and Jerusalem during the late 19th and early 20th centuries when Mamluk metalwork design came back into vogue. The coincidence of these two shows creates a unique opportunity for cross-century comparisons, and will help to refresh 20th-century memories about a once-powerful civilization. (The Metropolitan Museum's exhibit runs November 21 through January 10; the Jewish Museum's November 18 through March 14.)

◄ Metal basin from the Mamluk revival period, late 1800s.



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▼ Treat Williams (left) and Robert Duvall star in *Pursuit of D.B. Cooper.*

FILM

Skyjack Melodrama

Ten years ago, J. R. Meade, alias D.B. Cooper, extorted $200,000 cash from Northwest Airlines, then parachuted out of a skyjacked airplane over southwest Washington state. Did he land safely, or is he dead? No one knows; despite one of the most intensive manhunts in history, Cooper has never been found.

The only skyjacker to have successfully evaded the FBI, Cooper has inspired a legend, a novel (J.D. Reed's *Free Fall*), and a new film, **Pursuit of D. B. Cooper**. The title role is played by Treat Williams, his relentless pursuer by Robert Duvall.

Any film featuring Robert Duvall is worthy of note. Duvall has been around for many years (*To Kill a Mockingbird, M*A*S*H, The Godfather*), but his talent has only been appreciated by critics in the last few years (*The Great Santini, True Confessions*). Critics seem evenly split, however, over Treat Williams *(Hair, Prince of the City)*, some seeing talent, some seeing a would-be star who won't be. *Pursuit of D.B. Cooper* could resolve the open question about Williams —and add further shine to Duvall's glowing reputation. (Premieres November 13.)

BETTINA SULZER

▼ Detail from Larry Poons's thickly flowing *Dunein* (1979).

Drip Dry Art

Larry Poons, New York School op artist of the 1960s, has been painting himself a new image for the past decade. No longer dotting bright monochromatic color fields with contrasting ellipses, Poons gradually began to experiment with the pouring and splashing techniques of Abstract Expressionists like Jackson Pollock. The current Poons technique works like this: He tacks a vast stretch of canvas to his studio wall, hurls paint at it, and allows it to drip dry. Then, rolling the canvas out on the floor, he eyes it from above by climbing a tall ladder. Selecting an area of the canvas where the confluence creates art, Poons clips out the section that pleases him and frames it. The paintings are characterized by thick, viscous streams of mingled colors, and some, even after clipping, are more than 20 feet long.

Now the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston is hosting Poons's first U.S. one-man museum show, **Larry Poons: Paintings of the 70s**. Poons is still best known for his op dots, but Boston curator Kenworth Moffett finds the 1970s paintings far more significant, and he expects, through this exhibit, to update art-world opinion. Maybe the critics should review only a section of the exhibit.... (November 11 through February 14.)

THEATER

A Backwards Musical

Broadway critics adore what they've dubbed the "concept musicals" of composer-lyricist Stephen Sondheim and director Harold Prince—for example, a show about the American cultural invasion of Japan staged in ironic Kabuki style (*Pacific Overtures*) or a centuries-old British melodrama rethought as a quasi-Marxist Brechtian opera (*Sweeney Todd*). Audiences, however, sometimes disagree with the critics, perhaps appreciating the concept but unable to find the entertainment. (Other Sondheim-Prince collaborations: *Company, Follies, A Little Night Music.*) But despite what audiences think, at prize time Sondheim-Prince musicals usually clean up.

This season's effort is **Merrily We Roll Along**. It's based on a Moss Hart-George S. Kaufman comedy that ran briefly on Broadway in 1934. As updated by playwright George Furth (*Company, Twigs, The Act*), the action evolves backwards. By examining the relationship of three friends over a period from 1980 to 1955, Prince hopes to show that the mood of the 1980s is similar to that of the comfortable, conservative 1950s. Prince promises that though the musical is about the anti-hero and corruption, it won't make for "an especially serious evening." Those nuisance audiences, after all, always seem to clamor for entertainment. (Premieres November 1.)

▲ Prince (left) and Sondheim offer a new "concept musical."

MARTHA SWOPE

MARTHA SWOPE

▼ Courtenay (left) and Rogers in *The Dresser* from London.

London's Best to Broadway

When **The Dresser** opened in London two seasons ago, it won best-play awards from the *Evening Standard* and from the London drama critics. Its playwright, Ronald Harwood, drew his plot out of personal experience: For five years he had worked as a backstage dresser for the late British Shakespearean actor, Sir Donald Wolfit, a man known to be as flamboyant offstage as he was on. The play probes the complex interdependence that develops between a tyrannical actor and his subservient dresser-valet.

This month, *The Dresser* opens on Broadway with its original star, director, and designers intact. Tom Courtenay, who plays the title role, first came to American attention in the film, *The Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner*, and he was last seen on Broadway in *Otherwise Engaged*. Paul Rogers plays the classical actor. A long-time member of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Rogers has starred on Broadway in *The Homecoming* and *Sleuth*.

In recent years, British theater has not been the reliable cultural fount that it was during the 1960s. *The Dresser* will let Broadway audiences judge whether London's best-play awards have as much (or as little) meaning nowadays as the Tonys. (Premieres November 5.)

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Required Reading

The most important nonfiction book of the year may be *Nuclear Weapons: Report of the Secretary-General* (Autumn Press, 223 pp., $12.95). One reads this report and comes to the inescapable conclusion that none of the problems that dominate the headlines—inflation, unemployment, budget-cutting, crime—compares in magnitude with the problems created by the nuclear policies of the major governments.

The report grew out of a request made by the General Assembly to U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim in December 1978. It was felt that new developments in nuclear weaponry and in military capability called for comprehensive information and analysis. Carrying out this mandate, Mr. Waldheim appointed a group of qualified experts. The findings turned in by this group constitute the present report.

The report leaves the reader convinced that the nuclear policies of the major powers are adding exponentially to their own national insecurity even as they undermine the general safety of the world's peoples. The nuclear explosives provide destruction power beyond any conceivable military need. Even if only a fraction of the existing bombs are used, the effects would extend far beyond the belligerent nations. But the most useful single fact emerging from the report is that, despite all the billions spent on counter-weapons, no workable defense against surprise nuclear attack has yet been devised.

Most people have the impression that, if nuclear missiles were launched against the United States, our sophisticated defenses would be able to knock down a substantial number. The truth is that existing military technology cannot assure that a *single* attacking missile can be intercepted. We are spending hundreds of billions on something called "defense," but, in the final analysis, our defense strategy is based primarily not on hardware but on psychological factors. That is, the military assumes that the enemy's fear of retaliation will be great enough to provide effective restraint against any surprise attack. Such an assumption, however, presupposes a fundamental rationality in the calculations of an enemy. Would an Adolf Hitler hesitate to use any power at his disposal because of the fear of retaliation? Did the fear of retaliation prevent Hitler from bombing London?

If we are counting on an enemy to act rationally, we have to recognize that nothing is more irrational than what we ourselves are doing in building vast nuclear stockpiles beyond any theoretical need. Is there anything rational about spending $25 million every hour for military purposes while complaining about inflation or government expenditures? If we want a rational basis for survival, we shall have to look for it in the control of force and in the development of world institutions to deal with existing tensions and basic causes of war.

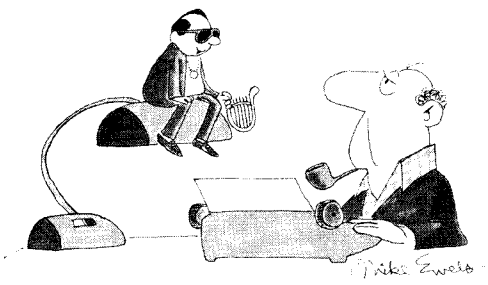
The MX project, which seeks to keep our own attacking missiles in constant motion in order to safeguard our own retaliatory capability, is a grim example of the present irrationality. What it says is that our cities will continue to be wide open to nuclear attack but our missiles will be secure. How do we put our cities on wheels? If we think we can count on the rationality of an enemy to act in his own best interest, why don't we at least try to invoke that rationality in seeking to bring the arms race to an end altogether?

There is the impression that the U.S. is holding back in arms negotiations because the enemy has no intention to partake in such efforts. That is only part of the story. An equal or larger part is that the dominant military forces in this country have no intention to relinquish or reduce their power, even though verifiable safeguards may be built into any measures for joint reduction and elimination.

An excellent companion piece to the *Report of the Secretary-General* is the *Mandate for Peace* recently issued by the Albert Einstein Peace Prize Foundation (1430 West Wrightwood Ave., Chicago). The *Mandate* is in the nature of a petition to the President of the United States seeking to reverse the present drift of U.S. military policy. The text of the *Mandate* reminds the American people of the truth of President Eisenhower's warning that those groups that profit the most from mammoth military spending will do all in their power to maintain and enlarge their position.

"We can be buried under the weight of military spending, which has become an end in itself," the *Mandate* says. "How many life preservers can be piled into a lifeboat before there is no room for people?"

The biggest single issue now being tested is whether the ultimate power of this society still resides with the American people, as the Constitution makers intended. **—N.C.**



"...Plus a piece of the movie rights, if a major studio should pick it up, fair enough? Okay, here's your plot...."

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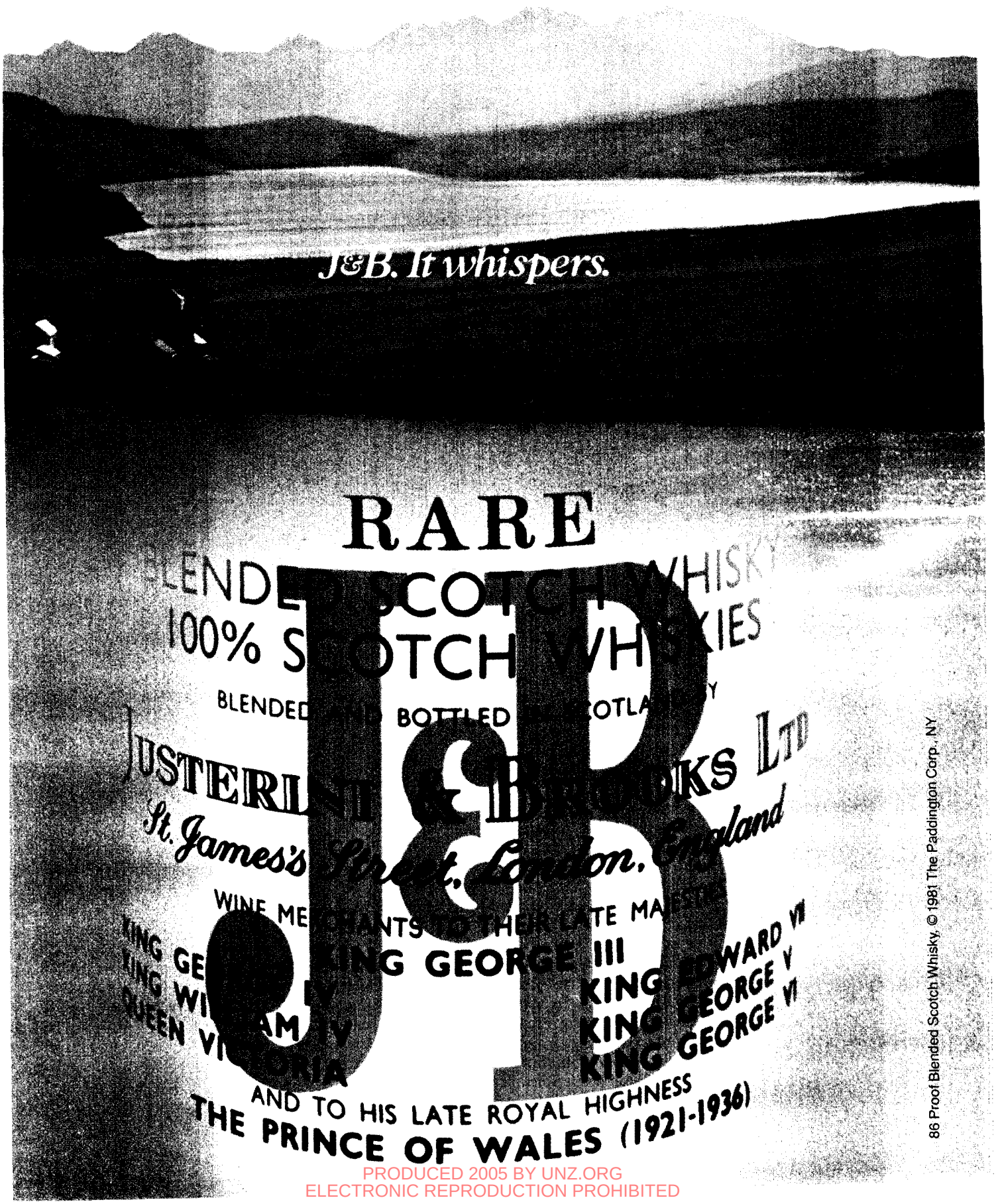

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Why Seiji Ozawa Will Leave the Boston Symphony

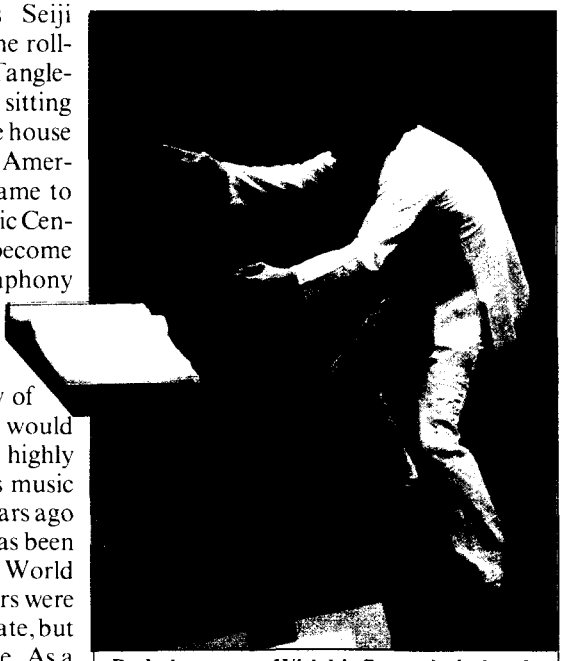
He wants to spend more time with his family in Japan and broaden his repertory. But he also faces growing criticism of his work.

BY IRVING KOLODIN

"This is my land," says Seiji Ozawa, waving toward the rolling Berkshire Hills near Tanglewood, Massachusetts. He is sitting beside a pool at the Japanese-style house he recently built there. "This is the America I got to know first when I came to enroll as student in Berkshire Music Center in 1960. That I should ever become music director of Boston Symphony Orchestra, which created famous music festival here, was furthest thing from my mind."

Anyone who knew the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra would have agreed that Ozawa was a highly improbable choice to become its music director. Founded exactly 100 years ago in 1881, the Boston Symphony has been the most patrician, the most Old World of American orchestras. Its players were widely acknowledged to be first-rate, but its image was largely conservative. As a result, when the young Ozawa—34 years old and Japanese—took over the Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood for the ailing William Steinberg in 1970 and then went on to be appointed as the orchestra's music director in 1973, he arrived like a gust of wind from a wholly new symphonic quarter.

The mere appearance of a music director who looked more like a hippie than an aristocrat—floppy hair, turtleneck sweater, Nehru jacket, and beads—marked a salient departure from the previous decorum. His style on the podium



Body language: With his floppy hair, beads and turtleneck sweater, Ozawa conducts with great flamboyance.

was flamboyant, his body as alive as his hands, and his programs inclined to large-scale requiems and choral works for which he seemed to have a preference and a talent.

After startling the audiences, Ozawa went on to shake up the orchestra, which had lost its edge under the able but aging Steinberg. He brought in several young violinists from Japan, making the Boston Symphony the first American orchestra to capitalize on a new generation of talented violinists trained in his homeland. Ozawa then fine-tuned the Boston Symphony into a superior-sounding ensemble. Boston audiences responded and ticket sales grew. Though Ozawa was most popular among younger, less-Establishment musical audiences, he was widely admired for the élan and intelligence of his programs.

Now, however, the Ozawa reign has lasted eight years, his fresh input is close to exhaustion, and there are intimations from several sides that it is only a matter of time before he leaves. Ozawa's contract is open-ended, allowing either the conductor or the Boston Symphony to give notice. The decision could be made very soon, but if so, Ozawa would stay on for the two years that a successor would need to disengage himself from other obligations and prepare for a new season. (See page 17 for a list of possible successors.)

There are several reasons why Seiji Ozawa, 46, will leave Boston. To begin with, he decided years ago to move his family back to Japan—his wife, Vera, a daughter Sheira, 9, and a son Yukiyoshi, 7—so that his children could absorb their own cultural heritage. During my visit to Tanglewood, they were visible around Ozawa's summer home, together with his mother-in-law, all decidedly quiet people. But soon afterward they returned to Japan for the beginning of the school year. "It's lonely without them," Ozawa acknowledges. "I go there every few weeks I can." But he puts a high premium on work and study for his public performances. "I have so much to learn," he says.

Much of the burden he feels from

Irving Kolodin is a senior editor of *Saturday Review*. This fall he is celebrating his 50th anniversary as a music critic on the New York scene.

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Ozawa at his summer home in Tanglewood.

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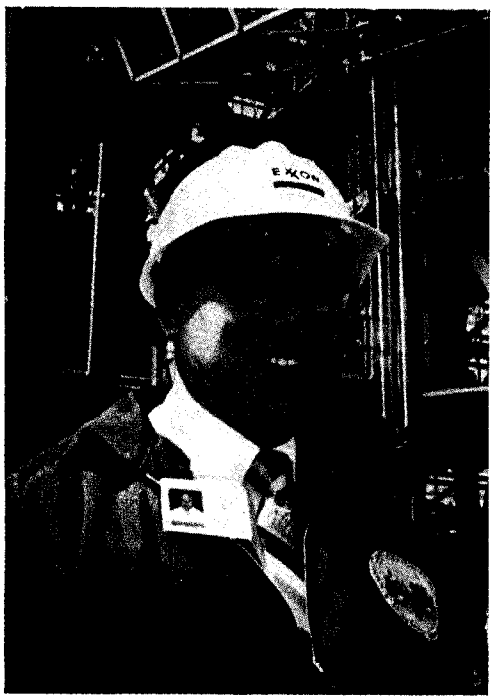
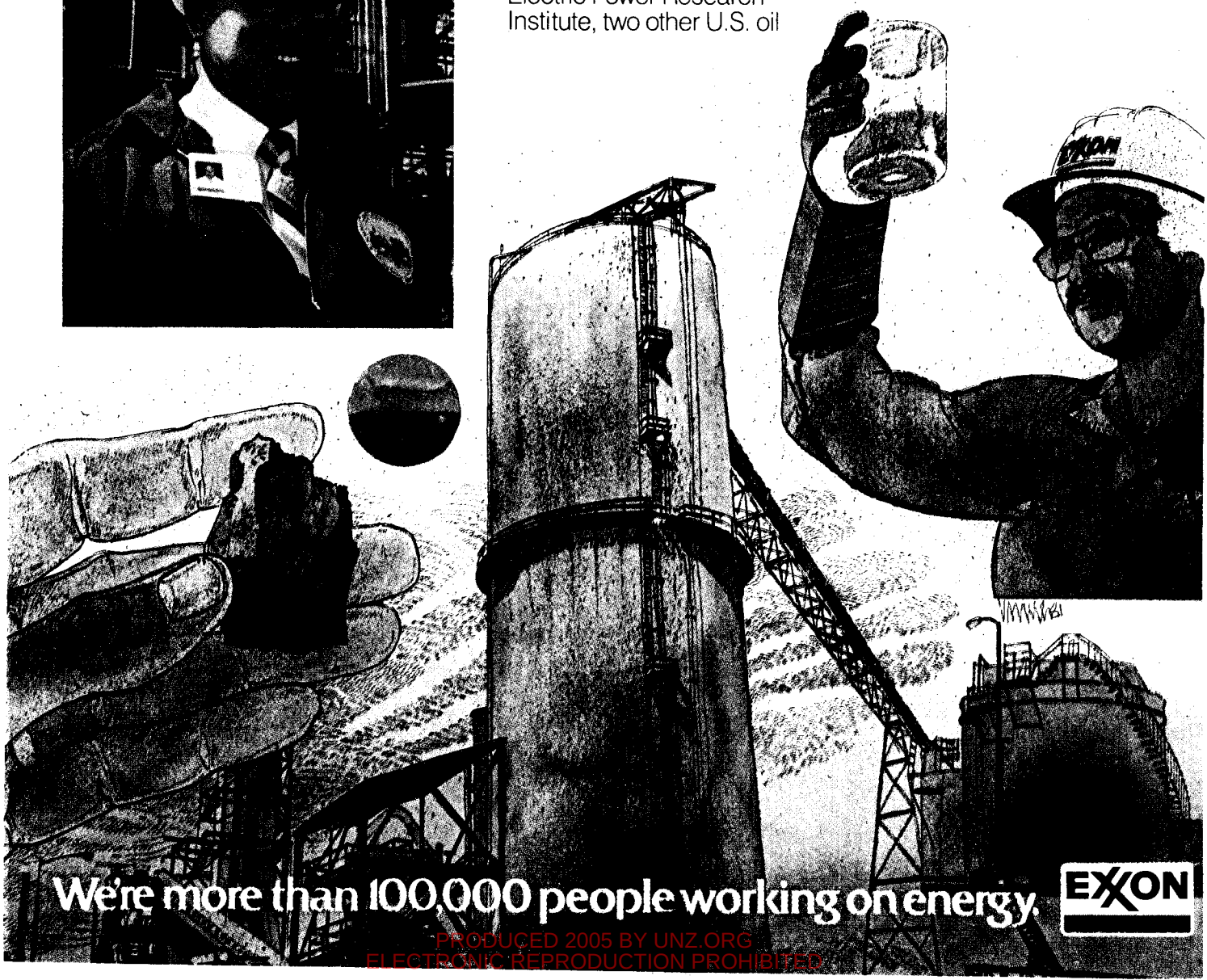


America has more energy in coal than the Middle East has in oil. For many uses, however, the coal must be turned into a liquid. Bob Payne is using his 30 years of experience in petroleum refining to do something about that. He manages a test plant that's finding better ways to turn American coal into liquid products we can use in industry, homes and transportation.

The test program will cost $350 million. In addition to Exxon, it's funded by the U.S. Department of Energy, the Electric Power Research Institute, two other U.S. oil companies and companies from Japan, Germany and Italy.

The test plant uses the Exxon Donor Solvent Process which works on many different kinds of coal. It turns 250 tons of coal a day into a liquid that's a substitute for products made from natural crude oil.

Bob Payne and the scores of Exxon people at the test plant know their work is important, because coal is an alternative to foreign oil. It's one more way to produce energy in America, for America.



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his work may derive from a desire to explore a new, nonsymphonic repertory. "I can't dream of dying," he says of his operatic aspirations, "without doing as much as I can of Verdi, Puccini, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, all the beautiful music of Wagner, the *Ring*." This is clearly a dream that Symphony Hall in Boston or the Shed at Tanglewood can't satisfy.

Further, no resident conductor has ever gratified the wishes of every player and patron, and Ozawa is no exception. Lately, objections to his accomplishments as a music director have been growing, especially from Boston's premier music critic, Richard Dyer of the *Boston Globe*. The chief complaints regarding Ozawa are lack of variety in his repertory, a decline in audience interest, and, above all, the absence of a strong relationship with the orchestra personnel. In sum, between Ozawa's private wishes and the increase in public dissatisfaction, a break—probably sooner rather than later—seems inevitable.

When Ozawa does leave, it will mark the end of one phase of a remarkable and unusual career. He was born September 1, 1935, in Hoten, Manchuria, where his father was stationed as a dentist in the Japanese army. He was the third of four sons (today one brother is an actor, another a sculptor, the third a professor of German). Ozawa's father was Buddhist, but his mother was Christian, and though he and his brothers were never baptized, their mother took them to church every Sunday where Ozawa was introduced to Western music through hymns.

The outset of World War II took the Ozawas first to Peking, then ultimately back to Tokyo. During the war they were desperately poor, but Ozawa's father heard of a piano for sale that he could afford—25 miles away in Yokohama. There was enough money for the piano, but not enough for delivery. So Ozawa's father and one of Seiji's brothers borrowed a pushcart and hauled the instrument home "by leg," recalls Ozawa, in native terminology. It took them two days.

By the age of seven, Ozawa was playing Beethoven, Brahms, Bach, and Mendelssohn on the piano, and he was seriously considering becoming a concert pianist. But in his teens, Ozawa now recalls, "I was mad about the game of rugby, and played in front. In scrum, I was battered"—pointing to his nose—"and people fall on my body, breaking a finger. Later in another game, another

Who Will Succeed Ozawa?

Numerous conductors around the world would ransom their souls for a chance to become music director of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Far fewer, however, measure up to the ensemble's historically rigorous standards. The most likely to succeed Ozawa:

Claudio Abbado Like Ozawa (and Leonard Bernstein), Abbado, 48, is a product of Tanglewood, thus knowledgeable about its legends and lore. He is also today's top conductor of Italian music and is broadly versed in other repertory. But he is principal guest conductor of the Chicago Symphony, which would appear to make him Sir Georg Solti's heir.

Daniel Barenboim Born in Argentina, raised in Israel, and now living in London, Barenboim, 37, is a fine conductor and pianist who continues his recital career. Because his wife, the cellist Jacqueline Du Pré, suffers from multiple sclerosis, he has avoided extended commitments in America. Summers in Tanglewood might help lure him.

Leonard Bernstein Boston-born and -bred, Bernstein, 63, learned many of his earliest music lessons attending Boston Symphony concerts. As a prize pupil of Koussevitzky, some observers felt he was the ideal choice to succeed his mentor as Boston's music director. The position was clearly one of his earliest aspirations—and he still returns faithfully every summer to teach at Tanglewood. Would Boston offer? Would he accept?

Sir Colin Davis At present principal guest conductor of the Boston Symphony, Davis's position is similar to Abbado's in Chicago. He is also a prime property of Philips records, as is the Boston Symphony. But Davis, 54, might not want to exchange Europe, where he is artistic director of London's Covent Garden and will shortly become principal conductor of Germany's Bavarian Radio Symphony, for New England.

Igor Markevich A recent visit of this fine, versatile conductor-composer-pedagogue aroused profound respect in the Tanglewood community. Is Boston still in the future for someone who is 69? It might be, for a restricted contract period.

Kurt Masur A top-rank classicist, Masur, 54, made a strong impression with the orchestra players as well as with the public at his Tanglewood debut last summer. He is at present music director of the famous Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, however, which puts him under East German political control. Still, he does travel in the West.

John Nelson One of the most accomplished of the younger American conductors, Nelson, 40, has attracted much attention through his work in Indianapolis and more recently at Tanglewood. He has excellent abilities also as a choral director, first evident in a memorable, pre-Met version of Berlioz's *Les Troyens* at New York's Carnegie Hall.

André Previn A brilliantly multi-talented musician (composer as well as conductor), Previn's career is making compelling progress. Previn, 54, has also pursued a continuous attachment to Berkshire activities as a conductor as well as a fine teacher and partner at the piano in chamber music programs. Next season, he will debut as a guest conductor in Symphony Hall.

Klaus Tennstedt Highly rated by Tanglewood audiences as one of the most favored of recent guest conductors, Tennstedt, 55, fled from East to West Germany. He is a new version of the Teutonic orchestral grandeur personified by the late Otto Klemperer. He has, however, turned aside other invitations to preside over American orchestras and was recently named Solti's successor at the London Philharmonic.

Michael Tilson Thomas His past experience with the orchestra in both Boston and Tanglewood qualifies Thomas, 37, for serious consideration. He has recently been appointed as principal guest conductor of the Los Angeles Philharmonic in his home town. Is his past association with William Steinberg a help or a hindrance?

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finger was broken"—indicating the index digit on his right hand. "Not good for piano when I am 15-16."

Since he couldn't practice while his fingers healed, Ozawa shifted his study to composition. Then at 16, he entered the Toho School of Music in Tokyo and began studying with its staff of predominantly European-trained teachers (whose students have also included members of the Tokyo String Quartet). There, Ozawa recalls, "A very fine teacher, Hideo Saito, who studied in Germany with cellist Emanuel Feuermann said, 'Why not conduct?' and his German wife also encouraged. I begin to give thought to it as I continue school."

By the time Ozawa graduated from Toho in 1959, he was determined to become a successful orchestral conductor. At the urging of Saito, he resolved to study in Europe. He persuaded the publicity department of Honda to pay him to promote their motorcycles by riding one of them around the continent; then he worked his passage halfway around the world on a freighter that finally docked in Italy. Speaking no European languages, Ozawa took off for Paris on his Honda. There he began to work with Eugène Bigot.

That September, he entered a contest for young conductors at Besançon—and won. His French was still barely rudimentary, but the clarity of his beat and his body language captured the unanimous votes of all 24 jurors. His prize led to a meeting with Charles Munch, then the music director of the Boston Symphony and sponsor of the competition, who invited Ozawa to Tanglewood for the following summer.

After Tanglewood, Ozawa went to Berlin to study with Herbert von Karajan—where he was heard by Leonard Bernstein who promptly invited him back to the U.S. as an assistant conductor of the New York Philharmonic for the 1961-62 season. Ozawa made his New York debut on April 16, 1961, leading the Philharmonic in part of a program in which—typically—he favored a *Bacchanale* by a friend, Toshiro Mayuzumi (now known in the West as one of Japan's best composers).

Ozawa's vitality and assurance went on to impress audiences and musicians everywhere—except back home in Japan. In 1962, he signed a six-month contract to conduct the Nihon Hoso Kyokai (Japanese Broadcasting Company) Orchestra. The ensemble was accustomed to reserved, Germanic conducting, and the players took exception to Ozawa's flamboyance, his reinterpretations of old repertoire, and his taste for programming unfamiliar material.

In the United States, in 1963, conductor Georges Prêtre became ill and, through the negotiations of Ozawa's keen-minded manager, Ron Wilford, Ozawa filled in for Prêtre at Chicago's Ravinia Festival. The next year Ozawa was appointed music director of Ravinia, a post he held through 1968. During those years he began making a name for himself not only as a fine young conductor but as a beaded, Beatle-haired, discotheque habitué and sportsman (he plays golf, squash, tennis, and has won time-trial medals for skiing). He was also married briefly to a pianist ("I think two musicians didn't work," he has said), and in 1969 he married his second and present wife, Vera, whose mother is Japanese and whose father is Russian. Professionally, she is a model and a children's clothes designer for Hanae Mori. In 1965, Ron Wilford began negotiating the moves that led Ozawa to become music director first of the Toronto Symphony, then of the San Francisco Symphony, where he remained until 1973, and ultimately of the Boston Symphony.

Ozawa simply isn't around enough to establish easy rapport with his musicians. Many players feel he is too private, too inaccessible.

When he arrived, the Boston Symphony was one of the nation's top-ranked ensembles, an estimable position it has held from its earliest days. Major Henry L. Higginson, the music-loving banker who founded the organization, ruled it until just before his death in 1919 at the age of 84. Higginson's credo was, "Boston deserves the best," and he was willing to pay for it. He recognized that a first-class symphony orchestra could probably never be self-supporting, and throughout his life, he (and eventually a circle of wealthy friends) always made up the symphony's annual deficit. To Higginson, the orchestra was "my yacht, my racing stable, my library, and my art gallery."

The conductors who have presided over the Boston Symphony, beginning in 1881 with Georg Henschel, have included Arthur Nikisch, Pierre Monteux, Charles Munch, and Erich Leinsdorf. Outstanding among them was Karl Muck of Berlin who, at his Boston debut in 1906, chose not to conduct during a movement of a Beethoven symphony, thus conveying to delighted Bostonians that the men were good enough to get along without him. But the orchestra's most famous leader was unquestionably Serge Koussevitzky. His vitality, his compelling music-making, and his spellbinding personality led to an unprecedented tenure with the Boston Symphony: a quarter of a century (1924-1949), or one-fourth of the institution's history.

Koussevitzky's repertory was immense, but he always found time and energy to support emerging musicians (he created the Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood specifically as a training ground for them, a role the summer program still serves). He also frequently promoted new compositions by established composers such as Ravel, Stravinsky, and Prokofiev, as well as by men of the New World, such as Aaron Copland, William Schuman, Roger Sessions, and Samuel Barber.

When Ozawa arrived, he was greeted with excitement. Only in recent years has the early enthusiasm begun to fade. There have been hints in the press and talk in music circles that the Boston Symphony players are not happy with him, feeling that he's too distant. From the first, Ozawa has been eager to conduct everywhere, and he flies constantly from Boston to do so. To some extent, such mobility was encouraged by the Boston Symphony management—especially when Ozawa was recording for Deutsche Grammophon, whose worldwide audience could respond with record and ticket sales wherever the orchestra toured. But that romance, too, has ended. More realistically, Ozawa simply isn't *around* enough to establish easy rapport with his musicians. Though he is known to accept their interpretive suggestions from time to time and to listen appreciatively to their advice about programming, many players feel he is too private, too inaccessible. They recall

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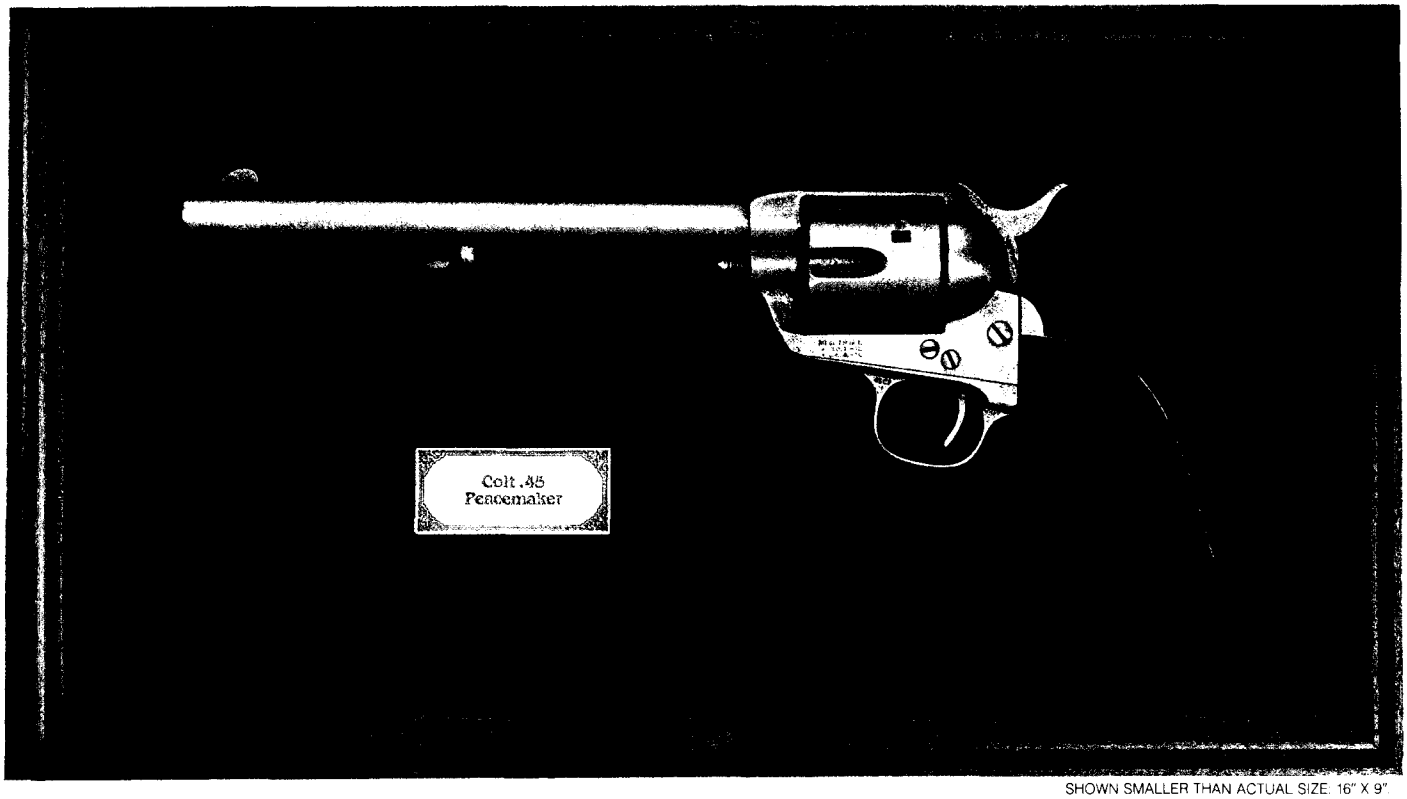

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Munch, Leinsdorf, and Steinberg, all of whom were more intensely involved with the orchestra's personnel.

In 1979, recognizing everyone's unhappiness, Ozawa invited the musicians to a dinner in Salzburg, Austria, where the Boston Symphony was performing on tour. He apologized to them, saying, "I thought I was the most famous conductor, going from city to city. No more. I want to be with you. I hope you can help me."

Two years later, as we sit in the sunny surroundings of the Berkshires, Ozawa says, "They still want me here more." And with a shrewd smile he adds, "I give them 22 weeks a year—16 in Boston, 6 in Tanglewood..." leaving the rest unsaid but not unimplied: He could hardly give them more. He is, in other words, as available today as he will ever be.

Ozawa has now been on the American scene for 20 hectic years, yet in my judgment, the maturity those years should have brought does not resound musically in his conducting today. There is still the same sense of X-ray penetration to the bone structure of the works he performs, but it tends, all too often, to render the music's flesh superfluous and disposable. Vigor, audience appeal, fantastic command of such big scores as Mahler's Symphony No. 8, Arnold Schönberg's *Gurre-Lieder*, or Bruckner's Symphony No. 8 are readily recognizable. But what do they add up to, what kind of memories do they leave, on what level of mastery do they isolate him? The more recordings Ozawa makes, such as the recent digital versions of Beethoven's two different No. 5's—the C minor symphony and the E flat ("Emperor") concerto with Rudolf Serkin as piano soloist—the more one gathers the impact of his sound and fury and realizes that it signifies all too little.

At Tanglewood this past season, Ozawa conducted the second act of *Tristan und Isolde*, sung by Jon Vickers (whose Tristan is hardly equaled by any of his current rivals) and Jessye Norman (who possesses a voice of stunning amplitude). The music has only a modicum of the tonal complexity of which Ozawa has the skill to make so much. What it does have is an overwhelming abundance of *content*—that part of music which goes to the heart rather than the mind. Ozawa's grasp of the score's content was less than satisfying.

Recently I also watched a televised performance of Ozawa leading the Boston Symphony in Beethoven's Symphony No. 7. His mathematics were all squared, processed, added up. But the total of emotion, even in the flowing Allegretto, had more to do with an abacus than a human pulse.

None of this should imply that Ozawa is less than respected. Yet the tensions are undeniably there: the lure Ozawa feels from his family in Japan, from concert halls and opera houses around the world; and the shadow of disappointment growing in Boston's music circles, coupled with the muttering of disgruntled musicians. It is clear that Ozawa will never be content staying in one place. He writes off Japan as a permanent place of profesional fulfillment, finding more in America, still more in Europe—especially in Berlin where Karajan welcomes him to his Philharmonic... or in Paris where he has conducted *Turandot*... or in Milan where he led *Tosca* at La Scala. By giving up the Boston Symphony, he would be able to pick his spots as a guest conductor around the world as often as he chooses and still have more time for his family than he has now.

As for the objections raised to Ozawa's accomplishments in Boston, I have cited the predominance of his mind over his heart. To alter these imbalances artistically, I would recommend two professional courses for Ozawa: to spend more time in Germany and really learn the language of the composers to whom he gives so much of his time; and to spend a regular part of his life in Japan, in order to give back to young musicians in that country what he derived from it.

Leaving Boston before he is 50 doesn't mean that Ozawa is forever excluded from its musical future. Major Higginson brought back more than one conductor for a repeat directorship. It could happen again. But the days are almost certainly numbered for Ozawa's current tenure. The only lingering question is how soon the break will come. ■

Backstage at Tanglewood last summer: The musical establishment may have reservations about Ozawa, but many fans are still happy with him.

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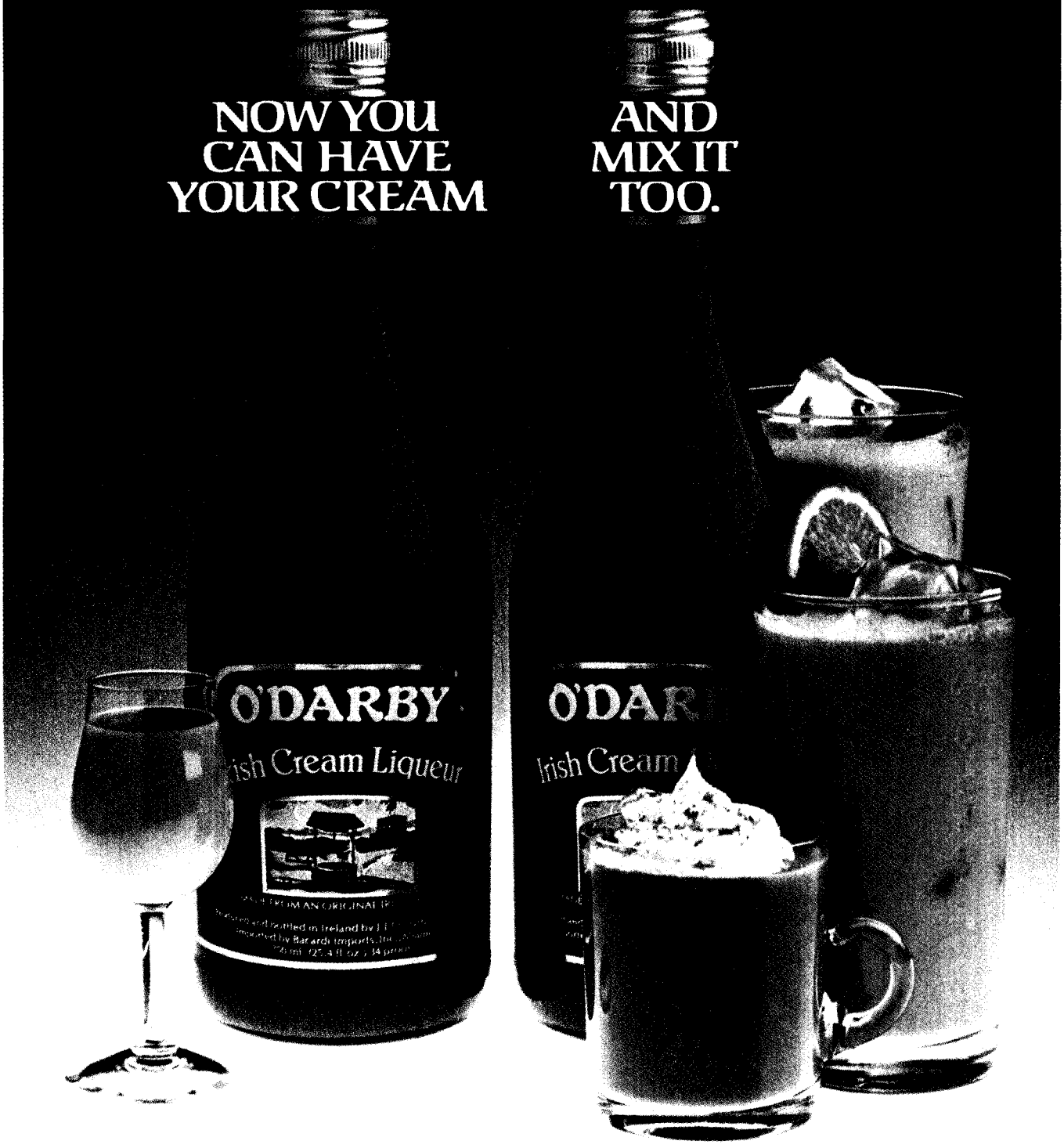

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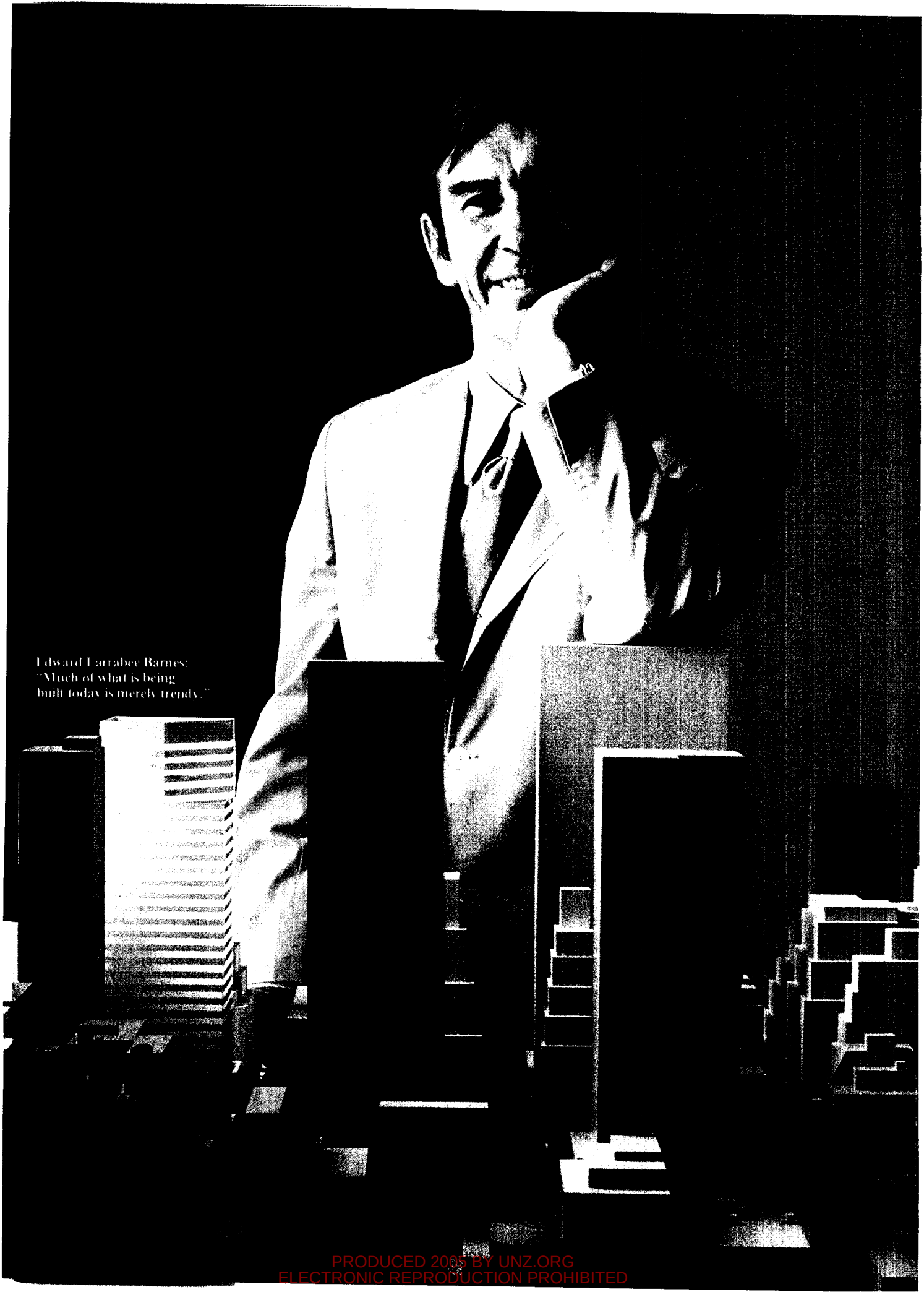

Edward Larrabee Barnes:
"Much of what is being
built today is merely trendy."

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Architecture's Master of the Middle Way

Edward Larrabee Barnes has shunned the trend to post-modern design, preferring instead sleek restraint and attention to detail. Right now, he's hot.

BY CARTER WISEMAN

The white-walled architectural offices of Edward Larrabee Barnes, on Manhattan's East 62nd Street, are littered these days with cardboard and plastic models of the buildings the firm is designing. One of the models, a take-apart mock-up of the Dallas Museum of Fine Arts, now under construction, occupies a sizable portion of a conference-room floor. To explain how the building was designed, Barnes carefully removes his jacket, gets down on his knees, and heaves the roof off the model. "We were dealing with a permanent collection that ranged from primitive art through the Impressionists to the moderns," Barnes says, setting the roof aside to reveal a series of interlocking gallery spaces. "The problem was to create a clear separation of the artistic periods, yet give the visitor a sense of logical procession from one period to the next. I wanted to establish a strong design that would still treat the art with reverence—that would genuflect to the art."

The emphasis on clarity, respect, and control is characteristic of Barnes, 66, whose architecture is, above all, rational, orderly, and restrained. Those qualities predominate in just about everything he has designed: nearly a score of private houses, four major art museums, a consulate in Iran, the Chicago Botanic Garden, and master plans for Yale and the State University of New York. Along the way, he has accumulated a flock of major prizes, from the Yale Award for Distinction in the Arts, in 1959, to the American Institute of Architects' Firm Award, in 1980.

Now, the scale of Barnes's work has changed dramatically to embrace some of the biggest—and best—skyscrapers being built anywhere. Until recently, he had never designed a building in New York, but today he is very much a hot architect in the city's current building boom. Among his designs are the sleekly powerful 43-story IBM building nearing completion on Madison Avenue between 56th and 57th Streets, and an elegant 36-story office tower for developer George Klein two blocks south of IBM. Most of the models now in the office are for two more Manhattan skyscrapers—an office tower for Cadillac-Fairview, the Canadian developers, near Citicorp Center, and another for Equitable Life, on the West Side.

The IBM building is the one that has attracted the most attention. And a comparison of it with the building going up just a block south on Madison Avenue, Philip Johnson's AT&T headquarters, highlights much of what is happening in architecture today (box, page 24). Both Barnes and Johnson studied their art under Bauhaus masters at Harvard, learning the sternly idealistic ways of modernism: simple forms, an aversion to ornament, "honest" expression of function, and devotion to a "machine" aesthetic. Johnson went on to become the standard-bearer for modernism in America. But, with characteristic flair, he has, in recent years, found his old faith lacking. With AT&T, a pink stone tower that shoots skyward from a vaguely Renaissance entrance arch to a fanciful top that looks like a classical broken pediment, Johnson has become, at 75, the dean of the so-called post-modernists, those architects bent on restoring history, wit, and embellishment to design.

Barnes has taken a different path. Although he was an early admirer of the Bauhaus greats and Le Corbusier, he never embraced their cause with the same doctrinal enthusiasm as Johnson did. But neither has he denied their principles with Johnson's cheery abandon. Barnes's building for IBM has none of the direct historical references, none of the post-modern playfulness of AT&T's building. On the other hand, it could not be called strictly modernist, either. Spare, yes. Ordered, yes. But the five-sided mass violates the modernist box. A huge chunk has been chopped out of the gray-green building's base, leaving one corner of the granite-and-glass tower looming rather ominously over 57th Street.

The difficulty in classifying Barnes by school or style is perhaps most evident in his building for the Asia Society on Park Avenue, which opened to the public last month. The eight-story structure is clad in red Oklahoma granite, used in both rough and polished form to make "honest" distinctions among the three main levels: gallery spaces at the base, meeting areas at the top, and offices on the floors in between. Yet the red stone, as well as the contrasting textures and the two large arched windows, are meant to invoke elements of 16th-century Indian architecture. Unlike so many modernist buildings, which tend to ignore their surroundings, Asia Society fits admirably into the

Carter Wiseman is the architecture critic for *New York* magazine.

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IBM vs. AT&T

Architecture's diverging state of the art is illustrated by two buildings going up next to each other on New York City's Madison Avenue. On the left: Edward Larrabee Barnes's IBM building is sleek, spare, and orderly—a modernist design in every respect except that one corner has been cut away to make a five-sided tower. On the right: Philip Johnson's AT&T headquarters represents the new post-modernism. It uses playful classical references—a vaulted, arched entrance at the bottom, a broken pediment at the top—suggesting that modern tradition has failed, that architecture must find its future in a return to history, wit, and embellishment.

brownstone context of the Upper East Side. The building makes its statement on the avenue, then steps back decorously on the cross street, contributing a second-story garden terrace to the trees already in place in front of the neighboring town houses. Asia Society is its own building, yet at the same time evocative and mannerly.

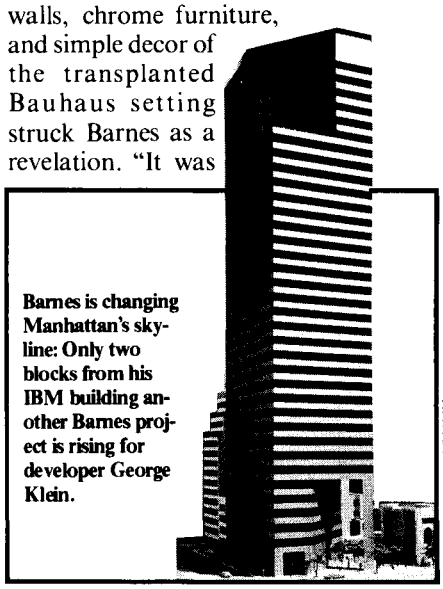
Despite Barnes's impressive track record in New York and elsewhere, he has, curiously, never become the household word that, say, Johnson and I.M. Pei have. Surely part of the reason is a certain personal reticence. A lean man with an angularly handsome face lined by wrinkles of a warm and distinguished sort, Barnes is described by his colleagues as a masterful negotiator and salesman. But he is no showman. In his seersuckers or all-purpose late-preppie tweeds, there is no trace of the flamboyance favored by some of his professional colleagues. His buildings reflect that restraint. At a time when post-modernism's classical columns and pastel tones have modernism on the run, Barnes has adhered to a measured middle way, gradually but deliberately adapting modernist forms to changing times. Avoiding entertaining effects in his buildings, he concentrates on designs that, like his tweeds, will wear well—both functionally and aesthetically. What unifies and—on second glance—most distinguishes them is an attention to detail, a commitment to quality, a determination that they should do what they were meant to do. Though he sometimes uses historical concepts, as in his Asia Society building, Barnes admits, "When I deal with history, it's a stretch." Barnes, says Jacquelin Robertson, who spent three years working in Barnes's office, "is one of the few American architects whose buildings are related to *architectural* ideas, rather than *verbal* ideas."

The distinction is a telling one, because getting known in architecture today often seems to have as much to do with words as with results. Many of Barnes's fellow architects are fond of such chewy nouns as "pluralism," "typology," "taxonomy," "semiotics." Barnes's vocabulary—whether he is describing a vacation retreat in Maine, an office tower in Manhattan, or a low-income housing project in Baltimore—is laced with "simplicity," "lucidity." And just what is an "architectural idea"? It is, says Barnes, "something that has to do with scale, movement, light, procession. It's something that cannot be expressed in painting, or in sculpture, or in music."

Barnes likes to say that those ideas are so simple they can be drawn on a napkin. In the middle of a conversation, he will scribble a few lines on any available surface. Thus his early (1959) and widely influential design for the Haystack Mountain School of Crafts in Maine—a sensitive "village" of shingled, shed-roofed buildings that cascade down a steep slope to the Atlantic—becomes a roughly skeletal form with a central staircase as the spine. The unassuming but richly complex scheme for the Yale School of Organization and Management—four existing buildings that had to be linked by new ones without destroying the identities of the originals—is reconstructed on paper as two parallel strips. "The idea was bringing the above-ground and the below-ground levels together," the architect says.

In the midst of so much scrambling for new words and "looks," Barnes's steady commitment to substance might seem like the latest in stylistic revisionism. In fact, it goes back a long way. Edward Larrabee Barnes was born in Chicago on April 22, 1915, to a family he describes as made up largely of "incense-swinging High Episcopalians." His mother, Margaret Ayer Barnes, won a Pulitzer Prize for her fiction, and his father expected him to follow his mother's literary example and become a writer. After schooling at Milton Academy, Barnes went to Harvard, where he dutifully studied English, but he took his degree in architectural history. In the process, he managed to become president of the glee club, win a spot on the varsity wrestling team, and take part in student-council affairs with Caspar Weinberger, now Secretary of Defense.

After graduation, Barnes taught English at his old boarding school, but the job didn't take. What persuaded him to become an architect was a now-famous visit to the Cambridge apartment of Marcel Breuer, newly arrived from the Bauhaus to teach at Harvard. The white walls, chrome furniture, and simple decor of the transplanted Bauhaus setting struck Barnes as a revelation. "It was



Barnes is changing Manhattan's skyline: Only two blocks from his IBM building another Barnes project is rising for developer George Klein.

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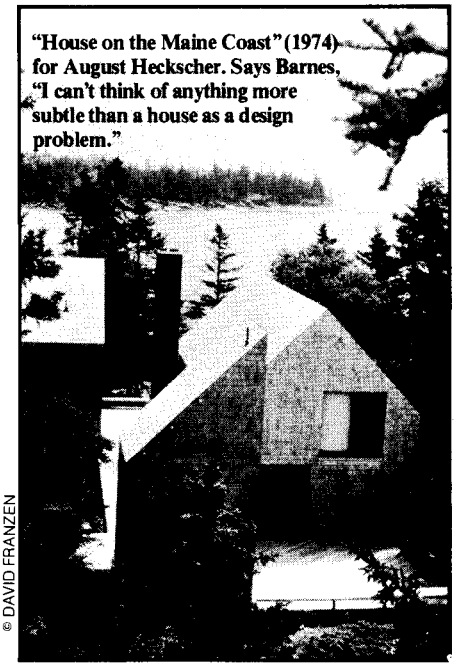
like a Klee painting," he has written, "clear, separate objects floating in space. And Breuer himself [revealed] the same combination of simplicity and sophistication. It was at that moment that I knew I wanted to be an architect." Barnes soon returned to Harvard to study under Breuer and Walter Gropius, the founder of the Bauhaus, who had also left Germany. After World War II service as a naval architect, he set up his own office in New York.

Barnes and his wife, Mary (who runs the interiors section of the firm), have an apartment in New York but spend much of their time in the house he built for them in 1952 in Mt. Kisco, about an hour's drive from his office. When it was built, the house was a classically modernist flat-roofed glass box set on a stone platform at the crest of a hill. "The *idea* had to do with architecture as something isolated from nature," Barnes explains, "like a raft floating over a field." The basic raft has been added to five times, with the help of Barnes's son, John, who is studying architecture at Berkeley.



"House on the Maine Coast" (1974) for August Heckscher. Says Barnes, "I can't think of anything more subtle than a house as a design problem."

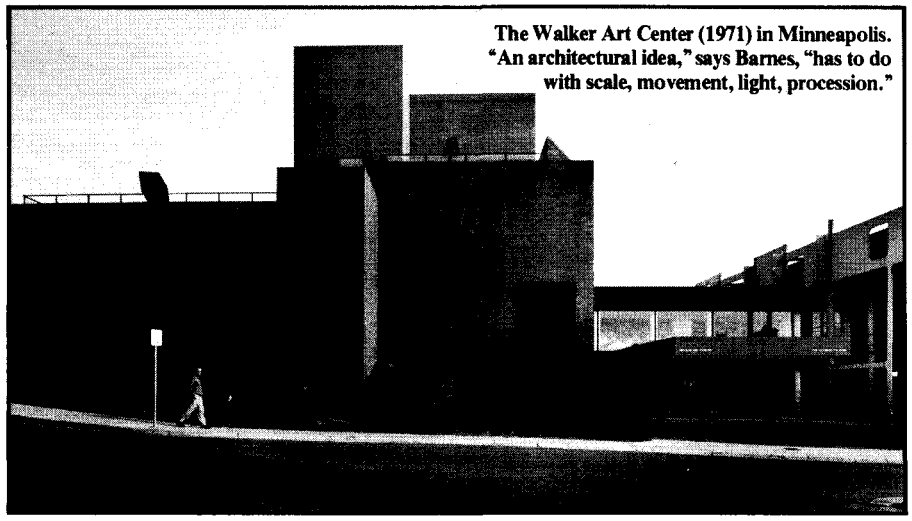
© DAVID FRANZEN

The additions, especially the angled roofs and asymmetrical masses, chronicle Barnes's own evolution as an architect. He has let the trees grow up on the rear patio, and the original raft now seems firmly moored to its hill, in harmony with its site.

The architect has structure on his mind even when he's off-duty: He spends an hour each morning jogging—around the Central Park reservoir while in the city, up and down the hilly dirt roads of the surrounding farmland in Mt. Kisco. "When I'm running," he says, "I begin to sense the grain of the land, to understand geography. It takes me back in time."

The small, uncluttered studio in a wing of the Mt. Kisco house is where Barnes does most of his creative work. "Ed is very much his own designer," says Robert Siegel, who worked for Barnes for seven years and is now a partner in the firm of Gwathmey Siegel Architects. "When we got started on a job, Ed would go out to Mt. Kisco for the weekend and come in on Monday morning with a formal idea. No matter how primitive the original idea was, it was always very clear-headed."

Barnes's favorite design work remains the kind he started with, private houses. "They're a guaranteed money-loser," he says, "but I never want to give them up, because of the richness and complexity involved. I can't think of anything more subtle than a house as a design problem. There is so much to accommodate—possessions, memory, sleeping. Also, you grow so close to the people you're working for." As an example, Barnes cites the cluster of four spare, shingled buildings he completed in 1974 as a vacation home for the Heckscher family in Maine, a design that draws on the intimate scale and warm vernacular materials he handled with such skill at Haystack. "August Heckscher and I spent hours around the family dinner table talking about the design, not hurrying. We became very close," Barnes says.



The Walker Art Center (1971) in Minneapolis. "An architectural idea," says Barnes, "has to do with scale, movement, light, procession."

However challenging and enjoyable house design may be, skyscrapers are now the buildings that bring in the dollars for the Barnes office. And for an architect determined to remain the chief design hand in the firm, they present special problems, from the points of view of both logistics and art. The scale is so great, the numbers so huge (16,000 tons of structural steel went into IBM), that there is little room for the sort of attention to design details that go into a house, or even an art museum. "As the project goes up in dollar volume," says Barnes, "it goes down in subtlety. Big office jobs are really more matters of organization than design. What rescues the architect is that while the buildings are big, there is much that is repetitive, so you can concentrate on the important parts, like the bottom 60 to 80 feet, which are almost like a house problem."

It is in the range beyond the house form, which Barnes has done so well, that many of his critics fault him. And in several cases they are right. For all its elegant assertiveness, the IBM building is out of scale with its surroundings; it does better as a model in isolation, and one wonders what the models now in the shop will look like on their urban sites. Certainly some of the blame for IBM's excesses should go to New York's zoning laws, which permitted an unusually large building in return for such pedestrian amenities as mini-parks and atriums. On the campus of the State University of New York at Purchase, for which Barnes was both master planner and the architect of several key buildings, there is no such excuse. Here, the "architectural idea" has run amok. Control has approached compulsion. Having delegated several buildings to other architects (Johnson/Burgee, Paul Rudolph, Venturi and Rauch, among them), he insisted that the same brown brick and tinted glass be used by all to help unify the scheme. The result, although well thought-out, borders on the boring, and Barnes's own contributions (gym, library, performing-arts center) are blocky, almost bunkerish.

Barnes himself concedes that some of the SUNY buildings are "constipated, boiled to the point where there isn't much juice left." Nevertheless, he is impatient with the other extreme, with architects he feels are pursuing variety for its own sake.

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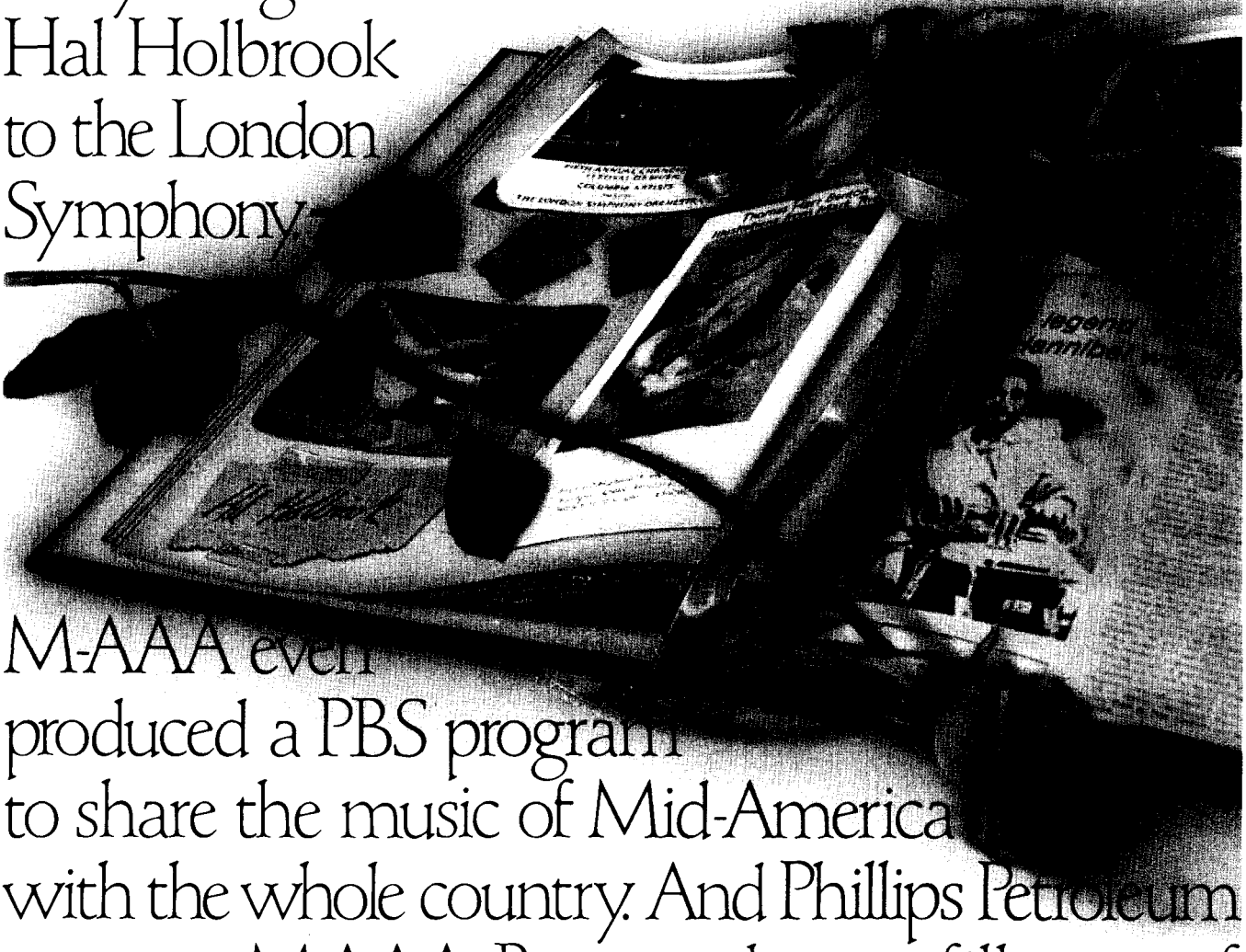

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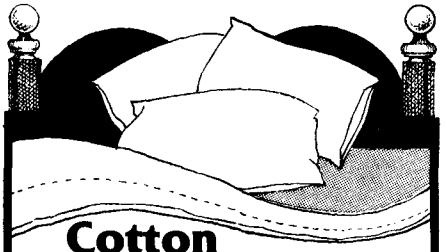
"Bees sniffing flowers," he says of them. "Much of what is being built today is merely trendy, lacking in conviction. It's a matter of changing the hemline." He is, however, sympathetic to the frustrations with the unyielding regularity of old-line modernism. "There is a reaching out among young architects for something that was missing from the traditional 'systems' architecture," he says. "People are looking for a psychological level absent from much of modern design. When I teach, I try to get my students to find the 'mood' of the building. The systems can come later."

Teaching is something Barnes enjoys, and he has done it at Yale, Harvard, Pratt, and the University of Virginia. Even his former employees tend to remember him more as a mentor than as a boss. Robert Siegel found the office to be a valuable training ground. "If you were able to handle responsibility," he recalls, "Ed would let you have it. In the end, you found yourself doing these incredible things you didn't think you could do."

What Breuer did for Barnes, Barnes seems to be doing for others: setting an example of commitment to the art of architecture. In the meantime, he is trying to find ways of managing the fruits of his success without expanding his office staff—which now hovers around 50 people—to the point where the work becomes impersonal, and where the "central concept" begins to erode. The firm, which used to be called Edward Larrabee Barnes, Architect, is, as of last January, known as Edward Larrabee Barnes Associates. But the change seems to reflect more of a desire on the architect's part to recognize long and loyal service than to relinquish design control, at least at the commercial level.

Things are a little different at home. Barnes and his wife recently bought 11 acres of land on Mt. Desert Island in Maine, where he plans to build almost nothing at all. "We're going to set up a tent platform," he says, tearing a sheet of paper off a pad on his drafting table. "Personally, I like the old army wall tent, but they are doing wonderful things with fabric nowadays." Here he stretches the paper taut between his hands. "You see, the problem with the old tents was that they were stretched flat—and sagged." He rotates his fists. "If you give the surface a twist, it will stand up to anything."

In Maine, Barnes appears willing to share at least some of the "architectural ideas." "Once I get that platform built," he says, smiling, "I probably ought to let my son design the tent." ■



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Ansel Adams Takes on the President

He has spent his life photographing the West's natural environment. Now he's trying to save it from what he sees as over-development by the Reagan Administration.

BY SUSAN K. REED

©1981 JIM McHUGH

Photographs by Ansel Adams have become synonymous with majestic and intimate visions of the American West: snow-covered peaks in the morning sun, storm clouds rolling through a mountain pass, moonrise over a New Mexico landscape. A well-known crusader as well as photographer, Adams campaigned for years to get photography accepted as an art, and he helped establish the first department of photography in a museum—at New York's Museum of Modern Art in 1940.

A member of the Sierra Club since 1919, Adams has been a familiar face in the conservation movement, lobbying determinedly for the protection and expansion of national parks and wilderness areas. This year he has taken on the Reagan administration, publicly criticizing what he considers the destructive environmental policies of the President and his Interior Secretary, James Watt.

Adams's earliest passion was neither photography nor nature. It was music and his dream was to be a concert pianist. Though his piano training proved rewarding, by 1930 he had come to see more potential, artistically and economically, in photography. Commercial work supported his family and still left him time to roam the West, from his beloved Yosemite to New Mexico, photographing nature. "If I feel I have any niche at all in the photographic presentation of America," he later wrote, "it would be chiefly to show the land and the sky as the settings for human activity... how man could be related to his magnificent setting, and how foolish it is that we have the disorganization and misery that we have."

Now a sprightly 79, Adams's elfin humor complements his profoundly gentle demeanor. We talked recently at his home in Carmel, California, overlooking the Pacific Ocean and Big Sur.

SR *You've been in the news recently not because of your photography but because of your opposition to James Watt. Why have you taken such a strong stand publicly?*

ADAMS It would be quite a task to describe the relationship my photography has with the environment, my interest in Yosemite, and the natural scene that I was raised in. My interest in the national parks and the wilderness has always been an abiding one. I haven't ever made pictures specifically for environmental purposes, but a lot of the pictures I have made have been used in environmental work. Environment to me involves a level of conscience—it's your environment, it's my environment, it's living. Mr. Watt seems to be reveling in doing as much damage to it as possible. The President and his group of anti-environmentalists don't have any interest in the future. To them it's a matter of making the biggest profit for their generation.

SR *How would you characterize Watt's attitude toward the environment?*

ADAMS I think he would place environmental protection at the low end of his totem pole. There's an aesthetic quality to natural areas that he completely overlooks, and it's very important. Recreational quality is also overlooked. The use of the land for profitable production is the main objective.

SR *Which of his plans do you find most objectionable?*

ADAMS Well, let's put it this way. There are certain elements of the national parks, forests, and monuments that are sacrosanct. He's in favor of allowing snowmobiles in the parks, motorized trips down the Grand Canyon, plus drilling, mining, and timbering in many of these areas. He's tried to allow drilling off the coast of California and initiated direc-

Susan K. Reed is an assistant editor of *Saturday Review*.

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Ansel Adams in his darkroom at Carmel, California.

tives to many of his departments about giving up public lands. It all indicates a blatant insensitivity, and it's a statement of intention. And his religious convictions are very dangerous. He's a fundamentalist, you know. When people have asked him about the danger of exhausting our resources for future generations, he has said, "I don't know how many future generations we can count on before the Lord returns." Then, when people have asked him about his religious convictions, he's said that it's improper to ask that question because it's his private business. But it's also improper for him to apply his religious convictions to the running of the Interior Department. It's a very serious thing to say, "To hell with the future generations because I believe in the Second Coming."

SR *He did say in the second part of the statement to which you're referring that what we have we should preserve.*

ADAMS I've seen enough disparity between his statements—which could be taken verbatim out of the National Parks Act—and what he does.

SR *But Watt has recently withdrawn the proposed sale of oil leases off the coast of California.*

ADAMS He's said he's going to come back in 1982. He's only temporarily withdrawn, because he didn't have time to prepare an answer to the legal questions raised. People may think we've won, but we haven't won at all. He's very tenacious, very suave, and very brutal. I don't trust him. This administration has no wisdom whatsoever about balanced and appropriate use of the land. So now I declare ideological war on Watt and ideological war on the President of the United States.

SR *What are you doing to fight Mr. Watt?*

ADAMS I'm using whatever influence I have. I write articles and give interviews and let my photographs be used. I'm working closely with the Wilderness Society, which has published a wonderful book called *The Watt Book*. I write letters every day, and try to get other people to write...to be a living petition.

SR *Do you feel that your photographs help the environmental effort?*

ADAMS Yes, but more by inference. I try to get to people who have no interest in conservation or environment.

SR *If you want to limit the use of parks and wilderness areas to only certain kinds of uses, aren't you depriving others of what they regard as appropriate use?*

ADAMS Let's put it this way. You would be depriving a limited number of people of the opportunity to commandeer a place for their own advantage, as against the potential 10 to 20 million citizens who could enjoy that place as a reserve.

SR *Don't we have to be concerned about getting the natural resources this country is going to need?*

ADAMS We'd better concentrate on get-

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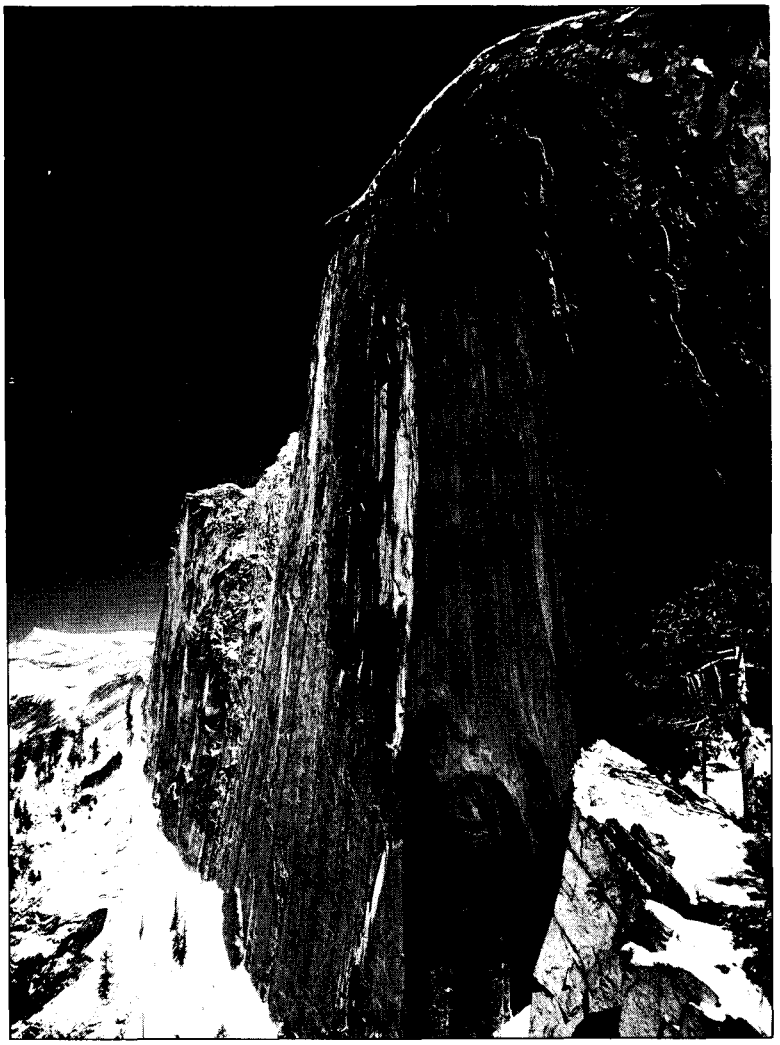

"Monolith, the Face of Half Dome, Yosemite Valley, California" (1927): "It was the first time I consciously visualized a picture before I took it."

ting as much parks and wilderness areas as possible now, to protect them. There are plenty of other places we can go for resources. Watt wants to set a precedent though, so he can go in wherever he wants.

SR *What do you think of Watt's statement that Ansel Adams has never taken a picture with a human being in it?*

ADAMS Well, it's obvious that he's no better an art historian than he is a Secretary of Interior. I wrote a letter to Mr. Watt's secretary asking her to advise him that I've made at least 1,000 portraits. A book of them is out, there's a major monograph coming. All my life I've made portraits. Some of them have even received considerable acclaim. I asked her to please tell Mr. Watt this *fact*.

SR *Did you receive a response?*

ADAMS No I don't want one. I don't want to play into the man's hands.

SR *What purpose do you think wilderness areas serve?*

ADAMS Well, there are a variety of purposes. One is the preservation of the natural qualities of the world. It's involved with recreation and also *re*-creation. It's important to keep some wild areas of the world intact while other areas are being chewed up. It is, admittedly, a certain intangible value. But it's vitally important. Why would we maintain the arts? Those are intangible. Nothing useful about a Beethoven symphony. You can't mine it or drill it or chop it down. Wilderness areas are shrinking very rapidly. Soon there won't be any place where people can experience the land. It's like selling seats at the opera. You sell all the seats, then standing room, and soon all that's left is lap room.

SR *Do you think that more artists should be directly involved in politics?*

ADAMS I can't say what other artists should do, but what bothers me now is that there doesn't seem to be any great theme in the arts. The last really important theme was the time of the Depression, the Dust Bowl, in the photography of Walker Evans, Arthur Rothstein, and Dorothea Lange. They really focused their attention on a situation. They turned the direction of photography.

SR *Do you see any kind of theme now?*

ADAMS Well, there's a journalistic theme coming in again, which is healthy. There are people who are interested in doing things other than conceptual. Conceptualism is observation without feeling.

SR *How important is craft to an art?*

ADAMS I think it's absolutely essential. You cannot express anything in writing or in music or in photography without the appropriate craft. If I play a concert, and I can't play my scales, or don't know my notes, then I'm limited.

SR *Do you think that craft is equally as important as conception?*

ADAMS Yes, because without craft the conception doesn't live. It's born, but it struggles. I've seen many portfolios where photographers have no technique, but a good eye—they've seen something. And others come in and they have good prints, but they're empty pictures. A fuzzy image is bad enough, but a sharp image of a fuzzy concept is worse.

SR *Critics have noted that your prints have become more intense over the years. Why is that?*

ADAMS Well, you never forget the original visualization in making the negative, but as you proceed you see more in the pictures and you extract more in printing. It's very similar to playing a Beethoven sonata. For six months you play it the same way, but in a year or so you discover different themes. You're not doing anything against the original musical construction, but you're putting in another interpretive ambience, stronger dynamics.

SR *It seems that many photographers—Wynn Bullock, Don Worth, and Paul Caponigro, for instance—were trained as musicians. What's the relationship?*

ADAMS Music is entirely creative, with very little physical contribution from the instrument. Photography is similarly creative, with the camera like a musical instrument. The negative is something equivalent to the score. You have your

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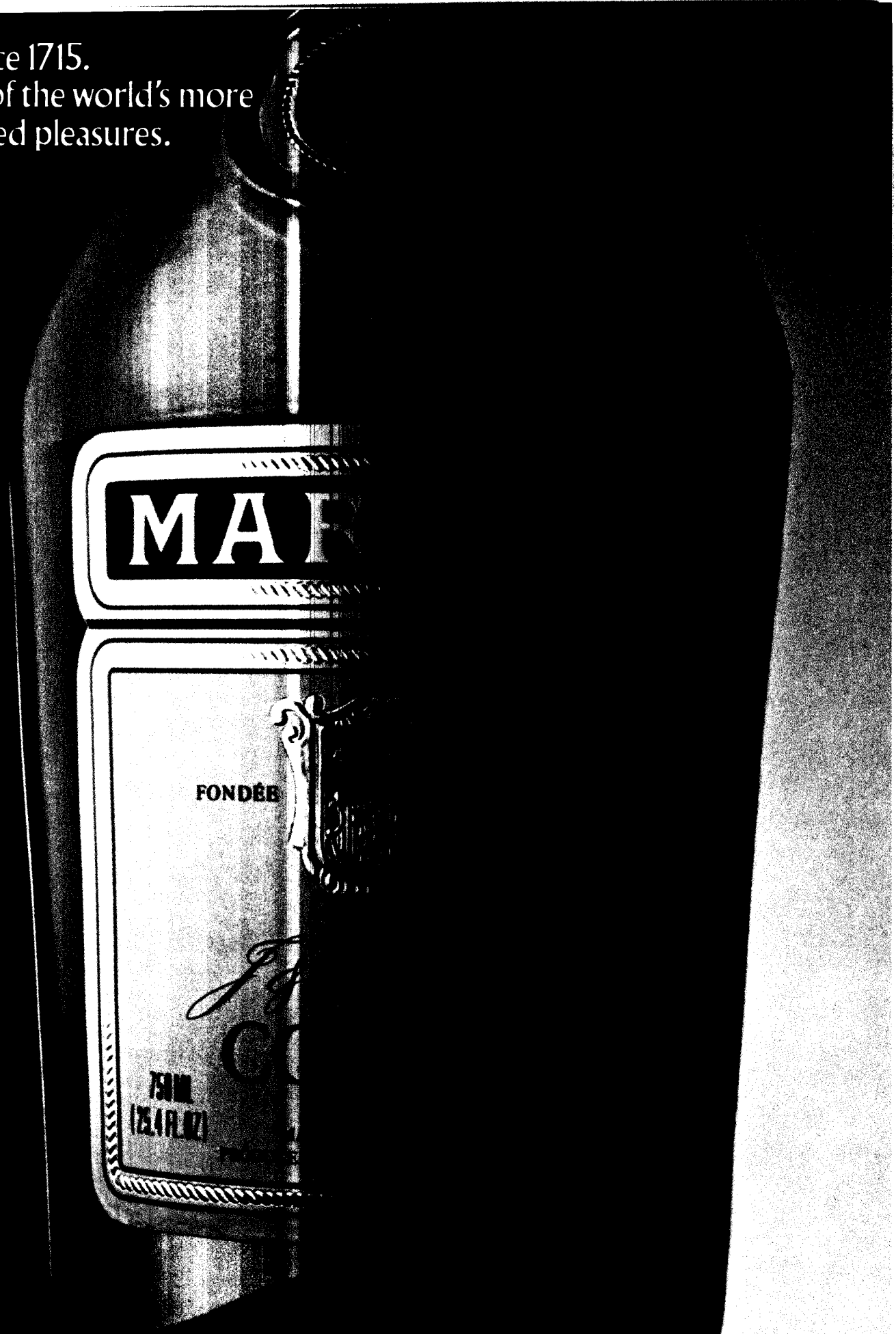

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Audi 5000 Turbo—Photographed at the Orangery, Fulda, West Germar

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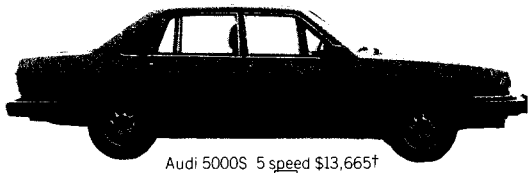
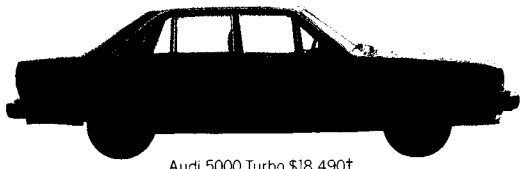
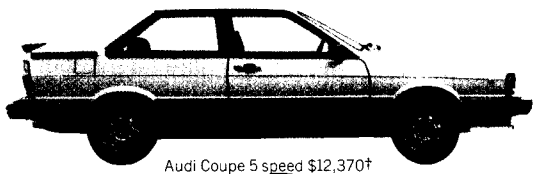


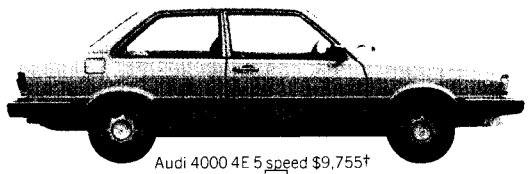
Audi 5000S 5 speed $13,665†
*EPA estimates mpg 22 highway mpg 34



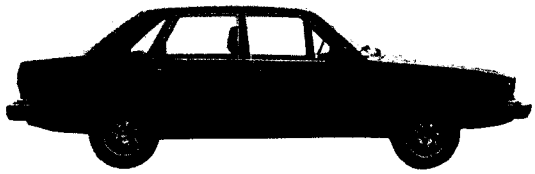
Audi 5000 Turbo $18,490†
*EPA estimates mpg 18 highway mpg 26



Audi Coupe 5 speed $12,370†
*EPA estimates mpg 24 highway mpg 37



Audi 4000 4E 5 speed $9,755†
*EPA estimates mpg 28 highway mpg 42



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subject and then you've got the problem of image management, which is exposing, and value management, which is developing. Finally comes the print, which is the performance.

SR *Aside from campaigning against Secretary Watt, what are you working on now?*

ADAMS I'm writing my autobiography. I'm writing the third volume of a series on photographic and printing technique. I'm printing museum sets, and I'm putting together a book of my letters.

SR *Why did you stop printing for public sale in 1975?*

ADAMS I wanted to be free to do new creative work. I wanted to stop market sales so I made a final offer to dealers. I set a high price and a minimum order of prints. We thought we'd get about $800 or $900 a print. As soon as the prints were out, though, the figure went to $1,000 and just kept on going.

SR *And what do you think of $72,500 paid for your "Moonrise" earlier this year?*

ADAMS Like the stock market, I have nothing to do with it. I have no control.

SR *You're going to leave your negatives to the Center for Creative Photography in Arizona. You've said you will allow advanced students to print from those negatives.*

ADAMS I want students who are capable of printing under supervision (so as not to hurt the negatives) to be able to make prints in the future. Just like I'm able to play music written hundreds of years ago. I'd like them to be able to perform the scores,. the negatives. A composer doesn't write a composition for piano or orchestra and then say, "Put this in a museum now." It's supposed to be played.

SR *Why do you think photography has become such a popular art?*

ADAMS Technical advances have made it possible for many more people to make pictures. But they're not photographs.

SR *What is the difference between pictures and photographs?*

ADAMS People come to Yosemite and like to have a picture of Papa fishing. It's a visual record, a snapshot. A photograph is a concept, it is composed. It takes practice.

SR *When you started taking pictures in Yosemite when you were young, were you making pictures or photographs?*

ADAMS What I was doing was keeping a visual diary. I took pictures of everything...my camps, my donkey, the mountains I climbed, people I was with. Then in 1923 I got my first view camera. I was gradually beginning to see more clearly. I made the photograph of Half Dome in 1927. Right away I knew I had something more than just a record. It was the first time I had consciously visualized the picture before I took it. I made it with two filters, and I realized, "That's going to look like what I *feel* now."

You know Alfred Stieglitz's great definition of making a photograph? "I see the image in my mind's eye, and I make the photograph as the equivalent of what I felt, of my emotional or aesthetic experience." Most pictures are the equivalent of what I *saw*—here's the view, here's the campsite, there's little Joey swimming.

SR *Why is the West your subject matter?*

ADAMS Because I was born here and was raised out near the ocean and the sand dunes. Photographing the natural scene was the direction I took. Obviously if I had been born in St. Louis or Detroit I might have gone into some other art.

SR *Was there a point at which you began thinking of your photography as art?*

ADAMS I always thought that if I could express something intangible and emotional in a photograph, then it must have art qualities. I've tried to tie it all into one general attitude toward the world.

SR *How would you characterize that?*

ADAMS It's an artistic attitude, not an acquisitive one. I want my creative concepts to be directed outward to people. You just hope that what you say will affect them in a constructive way. You can't be didactic. That's why I hate titles other than just "Old Faithful Geyser" or "Big Sur Coast." If you give a photograph some literary title, you put a fence up between yourself and the viewer. Mr. Watt has said that there aren't people in my pictures. Well, there are always *at least* two people in every picture: the person who took the photograph and the person looking at it. ■

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Her First Play, Her First Pulitzer Prize

Beth Henley's "Crimes of the Heart" moves to Broadway this month. Only 29, Henley is already being compared with such fellow Southerners as Eudora Welty and Flannery O'Connor.

BY SCOT HALLER

Beth Henley: Mating the natural and the absurd.

Beth Henley can go home again, but it isn't easy. "I'm allergic to Mississippi," she drawls. "Even when I was growing up there, I'd always have these allergies to certain things. Sometimes, when I go back, my eyes swell up, and I look *horrible*. I have to leave because I just keep sneezing and sneezing."

The Mississippi countryside seems to provoke dramatic reactions from Beth Henley: It serves as the setting for her three-act play, *Crimes of the Heart*, which opens on Broadway this month. Following its much-praised off-Broadway premiere last winter, critic John Simon announced that Henley's work "restores one's faith in the theater." The New York Drama Critics named *Crimes of the Heart* the best American play of the season. The Pulitzer Prize committee agreed. It gave Henley the 1980-81 award for drama, making her the first woman so honored in 23 years. Hollywood added its approval, too, buying the screen rights for $1 million. Not bad for a 29-year-old who had never before written a full-length play.

Henley's comedy has elicited comparisons with the works of such distinguished Southern writers as Eudora Welty and Flannery O'Connor, in part because she writes with wit and compassion about good country people gone wrong or whacko. *Crimes of the Heart* is set in the small town of Hazelhurst, Mississippi, five years after Hurricane Camille, and it chronicles two dizzying days in the down-home,

Scot Haller is senior editor at *Saturday Review*.

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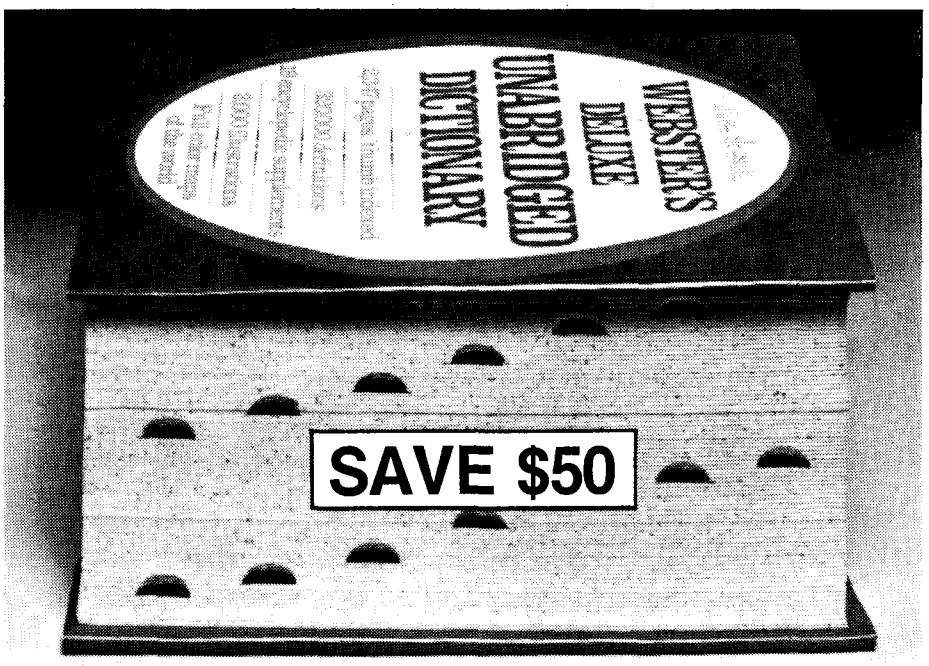

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upended lives of the MaGrath sisters. The eldest, Lenny, is a homebody celebrating her 30th birthday when she learns her horse has been killed by a lightning bolt. Middle-sister Meg is visiting from Los Angeles, where she has abandoned her singing career for a job in a dog-food factory. The youngest sister, Babe, has just shot her husband "because I didn't like his stinking looks." Of course, the family wants Babe to have the best lawyer in town. Unfortunately, Babe's husband *is* the best lawyer in town. "I thought I'd like to write about somebody who shoots somebody else just for being mean," says Henley. "Then I got intrigued with the idea of the audience's not finding fault with that character, finding sympathy for her."

Although *Crimes of the Heart* is structured as a six-character, three-act, one-set comedy, Henley's accomplishment is not the resurrection of the traditional well-made play but rather the ransacking of it. She has chosen the family drama as her framework—the play takes place entirely in the MaGrath kitchen—but she has populated the household with bizarre characters. In effect, she has mated the conventions of the naturalistic play with the unconventional protagonists of absurdist comedy. It is this unlikely dramatic alliance, plus her vivid Southern vernacular, that supplies Henley's idiosyncratic voice.

In fact, the physical modesty of her play belies the bounty of plot, peculiarity, and comedy within it. Like Flannery O'Connor, Henley creates ridiculous characters but doesn't ridicule them. Like Lanford Wilson, she examines ordinary people with extraordinary compassion. Treating the eccentricities of her characters with empathy, she manages to render strange turns of events not only believable but affecting. "Most American playwrights want to expose human beings," says Jon Jory, who staged the first production of *Crimes of the Heart* in Louisville two years ago. "Beth Henley embraces them."

Henley may be the only Pulitzer Prize winner with a ponytail. Wearing a purple paisley skirt and gray blazer, she is sitting cross-legged in a corner of an office in Manhattan's theater district. Although *Crimes of the Heart* is boisterous and bawdy, its author is shy and self-effacing. Cupping a mug of coffee or twirling a wisp of brown hair, she looks like a schoolgirl in a student lounge. But her conversation displays an aptitude for tale-telling, an affection for the spoken word, and a touch of the good-old-girl as well as the poet.

"One day," she recalls, "the phone rang, and a voice said, 'This is the Associated Press. Do you know you've won the Pulitzer Prize?' My sweetie was sitting there, and he said my face went through about five different emotions, from surprise to terror to disbelief to joy. We went to this French restaurant, and I called up everybody I knew to come over, and we got drunk. Then we went back to our house and got drunk some more. The people with TV cameras were coming over to interview me. So a friend of mine put me in this nice-looking outfit and put my pearls on me. And told me not to have anything else to drink. By the time the television people came, I don't know if they thought it was liquor or just ecstasy. But my sister said she could tell I was drunk."

> ***"Winning the Pulitzer means I'll never have to work in a dog-food factory again."***

Born and raised in Jackson, Mississippi (Eudora Welty's hometown), Henley now lives in West Hollywood with Stephen Tobolowsky, her boyfriend since college. The daughter of a lawyer, she is the second oldest child in a family of four girls. Henley was introduced to theater by her mother, who appeared in local productions. At Southern Methodist University, she majored in theater, hoping to be an actress. She wrote one-act plays only as class assignments, and when one of those dramas, *Am I Blue?*, was staged at the university, the bashful playwright insisted that a pseudonym appear on the program. Following graduation in 1974, she spent a year studying for her master's at the University of Illinois and then headed to Los Angeles in search of acting jobs. "I said when I got out there, if I ever grow to like this place, I'll need psychiatric care. So now I'm afraid I need psychiatric care."

Frustrated by the lack of opportunities for an actress, Henley began work on *Crimes of the Heart*. The plot was inspired by a specific Mississippi memory: "When I was in college, my grandfather got lost in the woods on his tree farm for two nights. He fell off his horse, and it came back without him. So the whole family came together to search through the woods. Helicopters were sent out. People were coming back with 30-foot snakes found in the hunt for Henley." Her grandfather was finally recovered, unharmed, she says, "but that event, the family getting back together in the face of tragedy, started me thinking."

She showed the completed manuscript to a friend, playwright Frederick Bailey, who first met Henley while directing a summer-stock production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in which she played a fairy. Without her knowledge, Bailey entered *Crimes of the Heart* in the annual playwriting contest sponsored by Louisville's Actors Theater. "I had so much confidence in the play, I didn't even include a self-addressed stamped envelope," recalls Bailey. His enthusiasm was matched by artistic director Jon Jory, who selected *Crimes of the Heart* as co-winner of the 1977-78 competition. "What impressed me was this immensely sensitive and complex view of relationships," notes Jory. "And the comedy didn't come from one character but from between the characters. That's very unusual for a young writer.

"I called Beth to tell her she'd won," he remembers. "And I told her we were very interested in producing this play, but I had some suggestions to make. I asked her if that would be OK. And there was a long pause. In fact, there had been a lot of long pauses. I realized she didn't have any idea who I was."

In early 1979, Actors Theater of Louisville mounted the first production of *Crimes of the Heart* as part of its festival of new American plays. "The first preview, it was snowing," recalls Henley. "I was waiting out in the parking lot before the show. And all these people showed up, dressed up. They were paying money to see my show without having any idea what it was like. I just started crying in the parking lot." The comedy was an immediate hit, and it was produced at three other regional theaters before the Manhattan Theater Club staged it in New York last December. That production is now transferring to Broadway.

Still moonlighting as an actress on occasion, Henley represents a current trend in contemporary theater: the

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From left, Mia Dillon as Babe, Mary Beth Hurt as Meg, and Lizbeth MacKay as Lenny in the Broadway production of *Crimes of the Heart.*

author/actor, a group that includes Sam Shepard, Christopher Durang, and Bill C. Davis. Henley's second career has made her particularly sensitive to the collusions and collisions that occur between performer and playwright as a show is staged. "Beth approaches a play from the point of view of theater, not literature," says Bailey. "She hears the fun in what people say," observes Melvin Bernhardt, who is directing the Broadway production. "And as an actress, she then knows how to make it stageworthy."

"I think of things I'd like to do on stage," explains Henley. "*I'd* like to come downstairs screaming or with a rope around my neck. To me, somebody sticking her head in the oven on stage, the way Babe does, is interesting."

Playwright James McClure, who has known Henley since student days at Southern Methodist, says, "Beth's is not a theoretical mind. She doesn't have a lot of pronounced opinions on art and writing. She's very matter-of-fact about the whole thing." "This is something I should be ashamed to admit," she says, "but I hadn't read Flannery O'Connor when I saw in a review that I was like her."

Though Henley strives to make her work eminently theatrical, she also makes it eminently practical to perform. "I wrote *Crimes* with the idea that I could do this as a showcase in Los Angeles. I wanted it producible. One set, small cast. In fact, in the first version, I didn't put in a birthday cake because I thought we couldn't afford to get a new cake every night. That's how cheap I was thinking."

Will Beth Henley grow into a major dramatist or will she turn out to be a one-play playwright, as critic John Simon worried in his rave review? It has happened before: Where are the startling subsequent works of Robert Marasco (*Child's Play*), Jason Miller (*That Championship Season*), or D.L. Coburn (*The Gin Game*)? Henley's associates predict a long life in the theater for her: "When a writer portrays relationships as accurately as Beth does, you've got to assume she's a long-distance runner," says Jon Jory. Henley has already completed two more plays. *The Miss Firecracker Contest*, a comedy about a small-town Mississippi beauty pageant, premiered last month at the University of Illinois. Henley's third play, *The Wake of Jamey Foster*, has been optioned by director Ulu Grosbard, who will stage its first production at Connecticut's Hartford Stage Co. in January. As usual, it's a comedy about a sad state of affairs: The Southern heroine is a 33-year-old widow. "Her husband has been kicked in the head by a cow, and he's died," says Henley.

According to friends, winning the Pulitzer Prize hasn't altered her common sense or unusual sensibility. "She's never had any false pretensions," says James McClure. "Beth used to work in a dog-food factory. And when someone asked a while ago what winning the Pulitzer meant to her, she said, 'Winning the Pulitzer Prize means I'll never have to work in a dog-food factory again.'"

Ever loyal to her Southern heritage, Beth Henley is certain that Mississippi will continue to supply her with dramatic material. "I get off the plane, and the stories are just incredible," she says. "All sorts of bizarre things are going on. It's in the air. Oh, Lord, the stories I hear about just who has died in town. There are dope fiends living next door. Hermits live over here. The police are out after people breaking in windows. Somebody's drowned, and somebody's shot themselves." She pauses. "And that's just the houses on my block." ■

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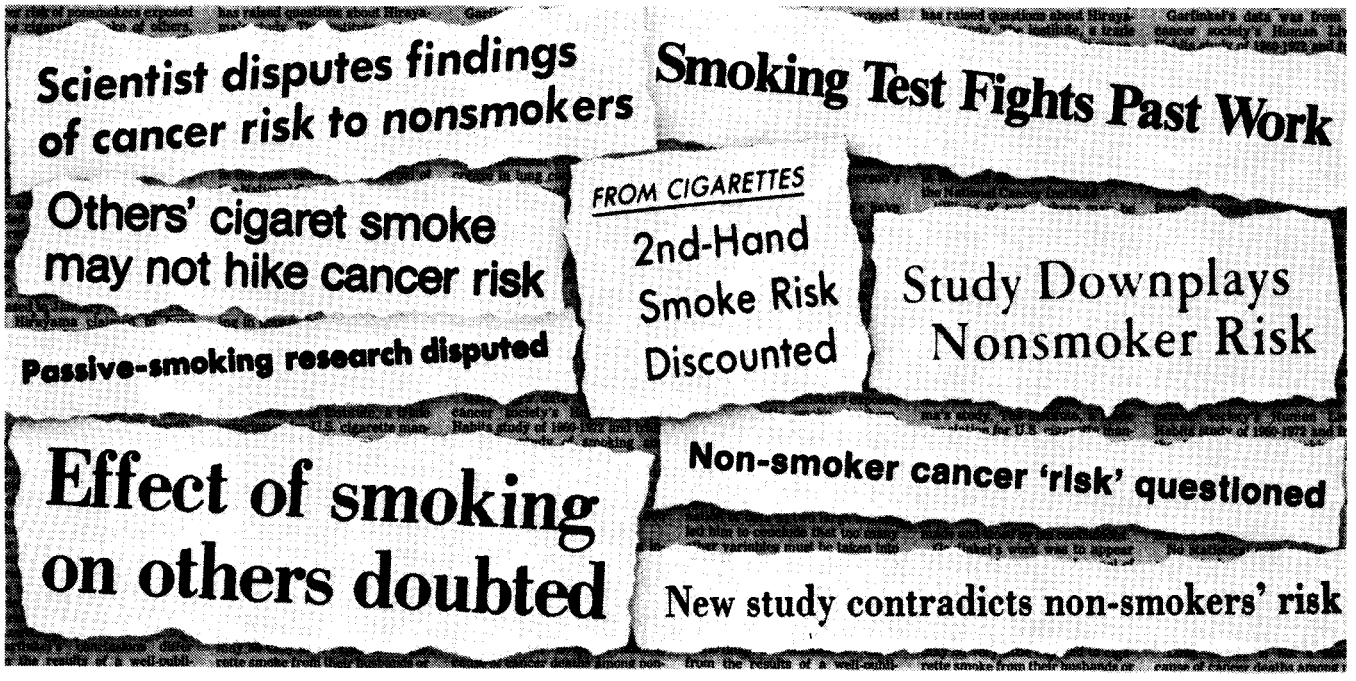
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Several months ago, headlines around the world trumpeted alarming news. A Japanese study was claiming that non-smoking wives of smokers had a higher risk of lung cancer because of their husbands' tobacco smoke. That scared a lot of people and understandably so, if this claim was the last word.

But now new headlines have appeared. First, because several apparent errors are reported to have been found in the Japanese study—raising serious questions about it.

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Joe Hirshhorn's Legacy

By the time he died in September, he had amassed one of America's great art collections. It will now go to the museum that bears his name. Here's a preview.

BY SUSAN K. REED

In 1966 Joseph Hirshhorn gave 6,537 works of art to the United States government—which in return created the Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden in Washington, D.C. But the museum building wasn't completed until 1974, and in the intervening eight years Hirshhorn bought another 7,000 paintings and sculptures—creating one of the most important contemporary art collections in private hands. Last September, at the age of 82, Hirshhorn died in Washington, leaving the rest of his collection to the museum that bears his name. Just before his death, Hirshhorn took Saturday Review*'s Susan K. Reed on a tour of his private collection. Her report on the man and his art:*

The Hirshhorns' neo-Georgian house in northwest Washington, D.C., is packed with the antiques and art that Joseph Hirshhorn's wife, Olga (who has her own 1,200-piece collection), picked out from the warehouse in New York City, where most of the paintings and sculptures are still stored. "There are about 1,000 items in this house," Hirshhorn said. "We also have a house in Naples, Florida, where we keep a lot of art, and I bought another house a few blocks from here where we can hang more paintings. Otherwise, we wouldn't be able to look at them."

The staircases of the four-story house are lined with outstanding works: paintings by Robert Motherwell, John Clem Clarke, Roy Lichtenstein, Ed Ruscha, and Nicolas De Stael. A David Smith sculpture sits on the landing. In the living room hang a striking black-and-white de Kooning, a Picasso, and George Bellows's "Ringside Seats." A nearby sitting room holds a Botero, a Léger, another Picasso, and a Tanguy. The Hirshhorns' bedroom is hung exclusively with the paintings (63 of them) of American scene painter Louis Eilshemius, one of Hirshhorn's passions. "I discovered him in 1934," he said. "He's the most poetic, lyrical painter America ever produced. I've bought 450 of his paintings over the years."

Though Hirshhorn is best remembered for his sculpture and American-painting collections, his house is filled with examples of his wide-ranging tastes. In the living room is an assemblage of Japanese dolls from the Edo period 300 years ago. An early American rooster weathervane sits inside the front door, near an ancient Egyptian mask. ("I 'went Egyptian' a couple of years ago," Hirshhorn said with a laugh.) Each room is furnished with beautiful examples of 18th-century American furniture: Queen Anne tables, pre-Revolutionary lowboys and highboys, Hepplewhite servers, and, in one corner, a favorite Simon Willard standing clock that Hirshhorn carefully put into storage during each of his three divorce proceedings.

As we talked, Joe Hirshhorn leaned back in the chair behind his antique desk. His study was cluttered with souvenirs of a lifetime. On the mantel above the fireplace stood his "girls," small sculptures by Degas, Picasso, Nadelman, and Giacometti. "They're all in love with me," he confided in a gravelly voice that made no apologies for its Brooklyn origins. Art books lined one wall. A Calder mobile rested on the windowsill across from a Nevelson collage. "Louise Nevelson's almost as old as I am," he exclaimed.

But it was the crowd of objects across the front of the desk—"the toys"—that told the most about Joseph Herman Hirshhorn. Among the eight dozen toys: a couple of miniature Picasso bronzes, a tiny antique chess set, and a doll by French artist Niki de Saint Phalle. "When I was a kid we were too poor to afford toys," he explained. "I was the 12th of 13 children. We came over to America from Latvia when I was six years old and moved to Williamsburg in Brooklyn."

Suddenly, the telephone on his desk rang. He punched one of the buttons on the console, connecting him to his stockbroker. His voice changed, the tone became harder, and words burst forth in a businesslike staccato. "What's the good word? O.K. What's the high-low?" He jotted down a number on the neat pad of figures in front of him. "No, I don't want to buy. It's a dog. No. I don't have any money. Good-bye."

Joseph Hirshhorn's appetite for art first appeared at an early age, with the same storybook quality that characterized the rest of his life. "I've loved art since I was a little boy," he said. "My mother used to get calendars from the Prudential Life Insurance Company. I'd cut out the reproductions of paintings from the calendar and tape them to the walls of my

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PHOTOS BY ALEXAS URBA

Top: On the piano, a Calder stabile and the Hirshhorns' collection of Japanese dolls from the Edo period (1600-1850). Behind, a Spanish madonna (date uncertain) and a Willem De Kooning painting.

Left: Century-old Chinese roof ornaments from temples in Taiwan, in front of three Chinese enamel paintings. Bottom shelf, three Max Ernst sculptures.

Above: A Tibetan "tanka" weaving hangs on a wall next to the dining room entrance.

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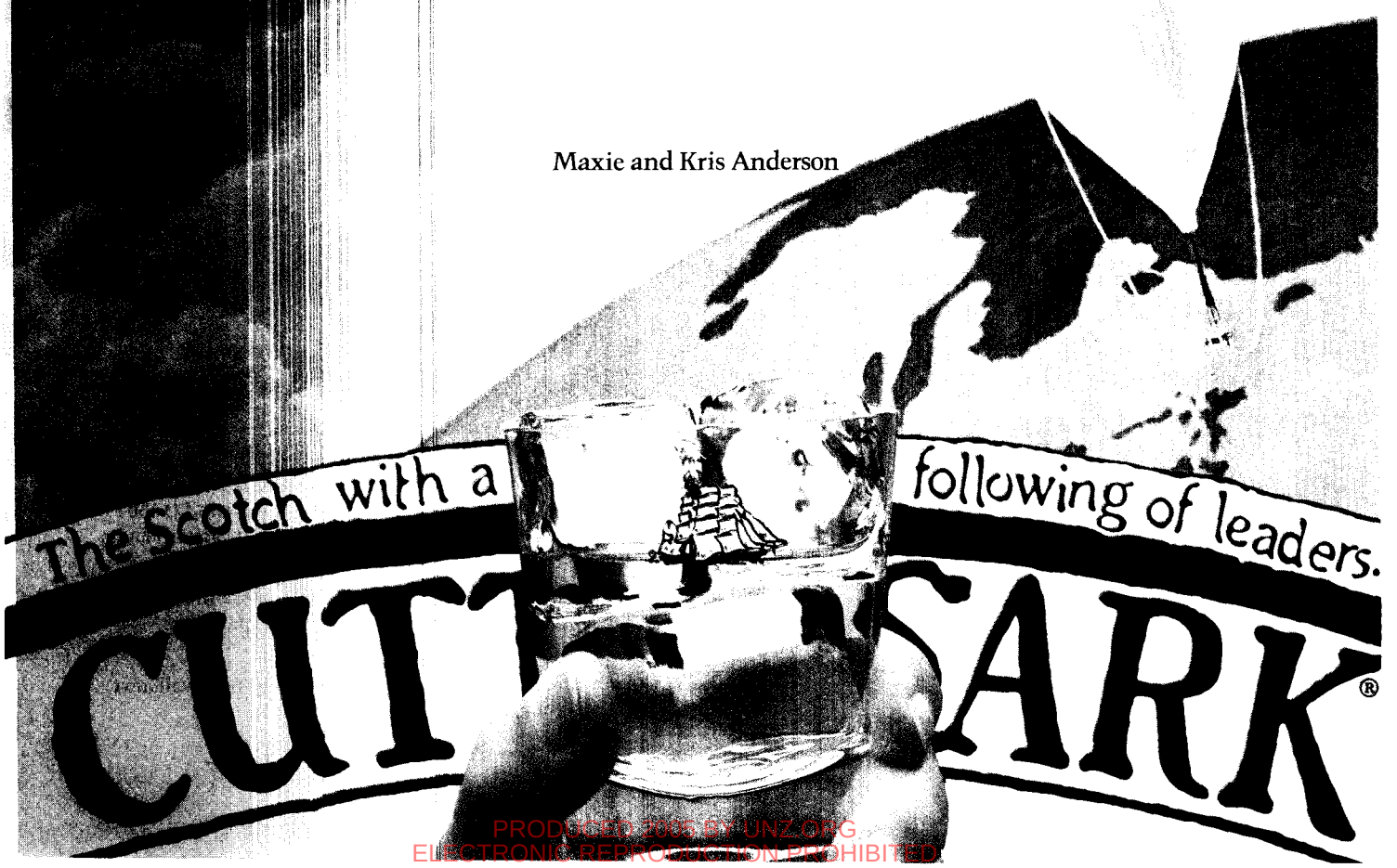
Maxie and Kris Anderson



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Top: Paintings in the dining room (clockwise from left) by Robert Natkin, Kay Sage, Marsden Hartley, Rufino Tamayo, George Bellows, Pavel Tchelitchew. On the mantel from left: three figures by Picasso, two pre-Columbian.

Above: (Also the dining room) sculptures of the Hirshhorns by Chrétien; a Dubuffet above a Queen Anne desk.

bedroom. Things like Edwin Landseer, William-Adolphe Bouguereau, Anton Schutz. They were some of the first paintings I bought when I could afford them. Later I sold them when I got interested in other areas, particularly sculpture and American art." He pointed to two small Dürer engravings in the bookcase. "Those are the two things I'll never sell. I bought them when I was 14 and still in short pants. I was working on the New York Curb Market, which later became the American Stock Exchange, and I passed them in a gallery window every day for three months. Finally I said to myself, 'God damn it, I've got to go in there.' I paid $70 apiece for them and paid the gallery off within a year. Now they're worth $7,000 to $8,000."

By the time he was 29, Hirshhorn had become a millionaire by shrewdly trading stocks on Wall Street. Then in 1953, after speculating in Canadian gold for a few years, he took a gamble. On the advice of a Canadian mining consultant who said he found uranium near the

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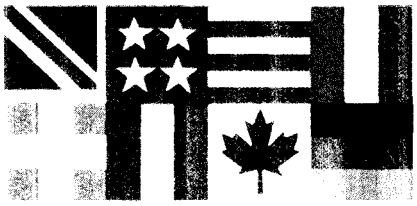

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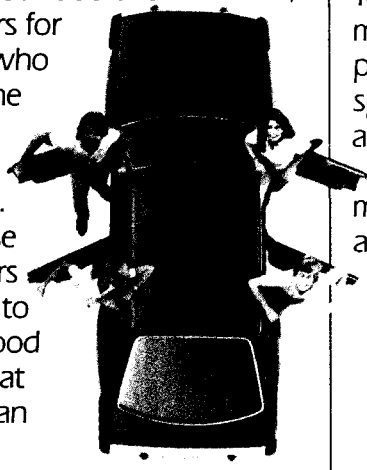

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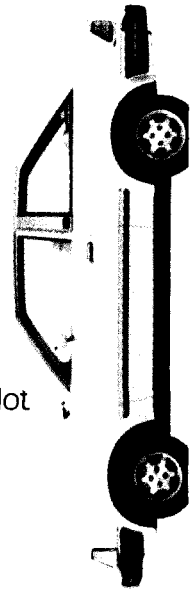

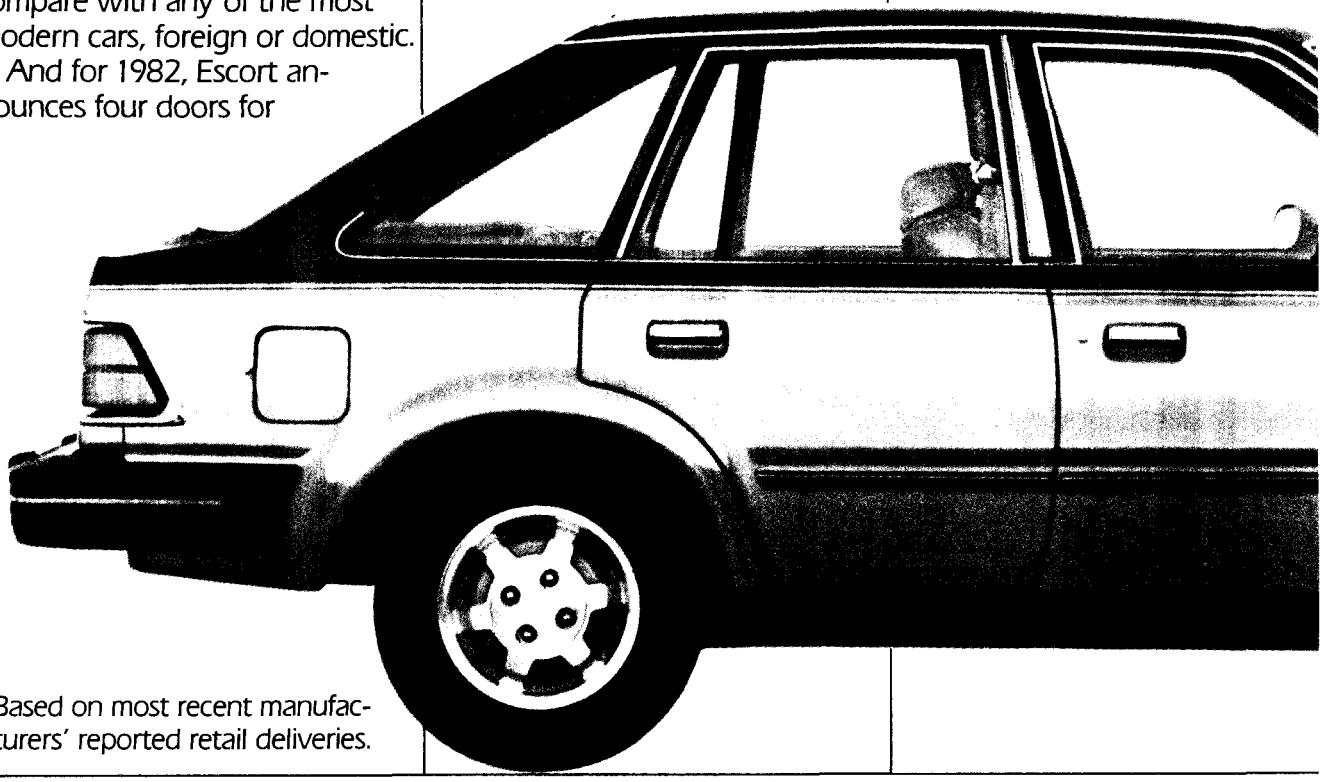

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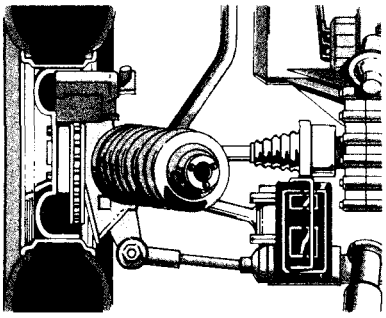

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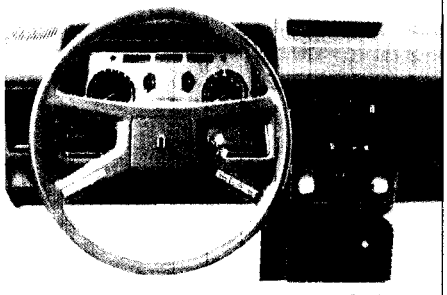

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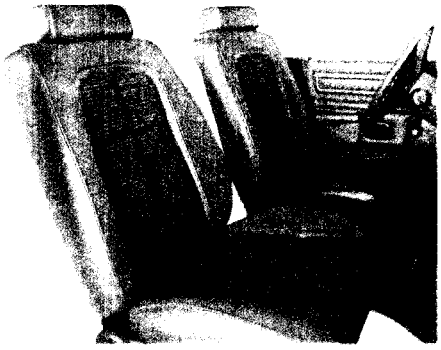

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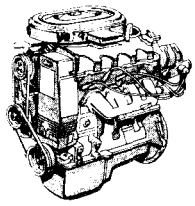

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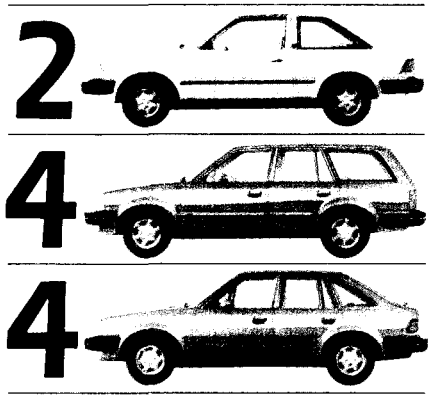

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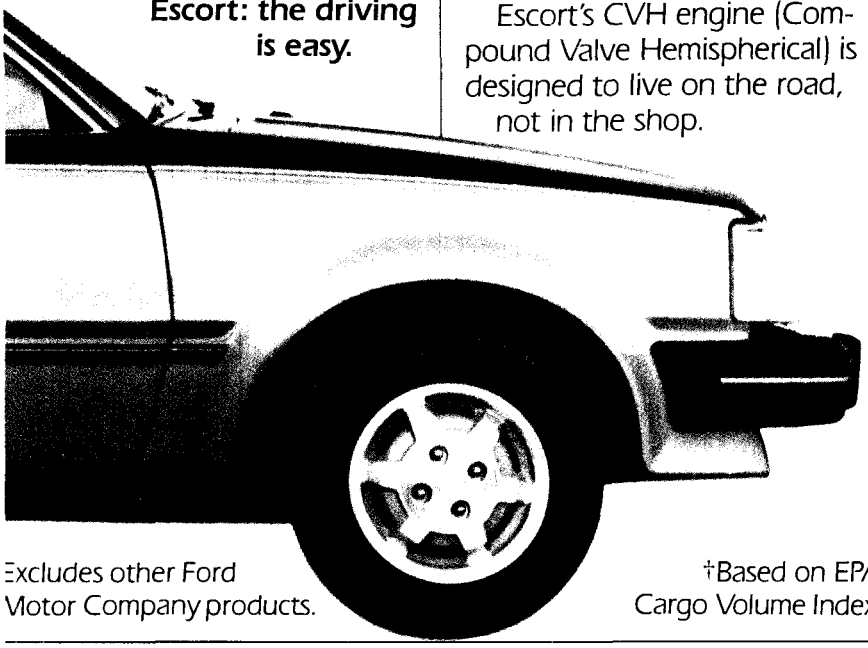

‡Excludes other Ford Motor Company products.

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small town of Blind River, Hirshhorn bought claims to the site. The results of the explorations came back a few months later: Uranium had been discovered; more drilling showed that the area contained 20 percent of the Western world's deposits. When he sold out four years later to the Canadian Rio Tinto Mining Company, he was free to spend more time on his art collection. "I bought at every opportunity, especially during the 1960s and 1970s," he said. "I used to run out of business meetings to go to the galleries."

Joe and Olga Hirshhorn moved to Washington in 1977 from their 22-acre estate in Greenwich, Connecticut, to be near "the children." Though they had nine children between them (this was his fourth marriage, her second), the offspring they hovered over were the immortal ones, the artworks. "When we had the stuff moved from Greenwich to Washington," he said, "they had to airlift 2,000 pieces of sculpture by helicopter, and it took 55 trucks to move 3,000 paintings."

Explaining his decision to give away much of his collection, he said, "It got so big that it really didn't belong to one man anymore. I didn't want to sell it, so I thought I'd give it to an institution. I was searching around. The English wanted it very badly. They were going to give 10 acres in Regents Park with a building especially designed for it. But I'm an American. I made my money over here. I didn't want to be called a traitor. Besides, I knew what I wanted. I wanted it in the right place and I wanted it in a building of its own."

ALEXAS URBA

Paintings (clockwise from top left) by Nicolas de Stael, John O'Sullivan, two by John Clem Clark.

Intent on joining the ranks of the monument builders—Frick, Freer, Corcoran, Guggenheim, and Whitney—Hirshhorn stipulated that the collection have its own building and that the building bear his name for perpetuity. Aside from that, the museum would have the right of deaccession—the right to sell or trade anything in the collection. Always a shrewd bargainer, he knew the value of his collection and dangled it like a plum before enraptured suitors. "The Museum of Modern Art wanted it," he said, "but they wanted to select certain things. Nelson Rockefeller wanted it very badly for the new State University at Purchase, New York. He and Mrs. Rockefeller would come over every Saturday for three or four weeks. We'd give them bagels and eggs. But I ask you, who the hell goes to Purchase, New York?"

"Rockefeller wanted the collection for the State University at Purchase, New York. But I ask you, who the hell goes to Purchase, New York?"

Finally, Hirshhorn was approached by Dillon Ripley of the Smithsonian. Aided by the lobbying efforts of President Lyndon Johnson, the two men worked out a deal to build a museum on the Washington Mall. The arrangement quickly became controversial when the government was asked to appropriate $15 million to house the collection characterized by one critic as "ebullient shopping." Today, however, the doughnut-shaped building, designed by architect Gordon Bunshaft of Skidmore, Owings, and Merrill, attracts more than a million visitors a year.

In the genteel art world, most collectors coyly deny any interest in the monetary value of their art, but Hirshhorn readily talked of the fantastic escalation in the worth of his paintings. And he was proud of his ability to bargain. "I'd bargain with the Pope," he said. "These dealers, they don't lose any money. Recently I bought a Nadelman sculpture, 'The Man With the Hat.'" His expression softened. "It's a beautiful piece. I saw it in an ad in the Sunday *New York Times* and called the dealer, Virginia Zabriskie, right away. I told her I wanted to buy it and to hold it for me. She quoted me some crazy price—$60,000. I cut it in half and we settled on $5,000 more. That's crazy, $60,000! I've always been a big customer and I pay right away. That's worth something. Dealers are always short of money."

Buying in large quantities also caused confusion, Hirshhorn admitted. "I bought a wonderful Giacometti dog one day from Pierre Matisse for $2,500. A couple of weeks later I was in a London gallery and bought a similar Giacometti dog. It appealed to me for the same reasons, but I'd forgotten I'd just bought one. I called up Al Lerner in New York who had been my personal curator for years [and is now the director of the Hirshhorn Museum] and told him. He was horrified. 'Joe, you just bought that last week,' he said. So I took it back. They were very nice about it."

Like all collectors, Hirshhorn was fond of recounting stories of the fish that got away. "I missed a Degas sculpture with a tutu in 1944," he said sadly. "A doctor offered it to me for $5,000. I had the money. For some cockeyed reason I didn't buy it. I've never forgiven myself. They sell today for $400,000 to $500,000. Oh, well," he sighed. "We just haven't got it, and that's that."

Though Hirshhorn gave his most impressive works to the museum long ago, there were a few "items" he couldn't part with. For instance, on the small brick patio outside the house, near two de Kooning sculptures, is Henry Moore's "Seated Woman." "I realized after I gave the original of the Henry Moore away that I just couldn't live without it, so I bought another cast from him. The first one cost me $20,000," he recalled. "I paid $120,000 for this one. But," he added in typical fashion, "now I could sell it for half a million."

Joe Hirshhorn collected more than 14,000 works of art in his lifetime. When asked if he would do anything differently if he could begin all over again, Hirshhorn replied, "Nothing." A moment later, he corrected himself. "No I would do one thing differently. I'd buy more."■

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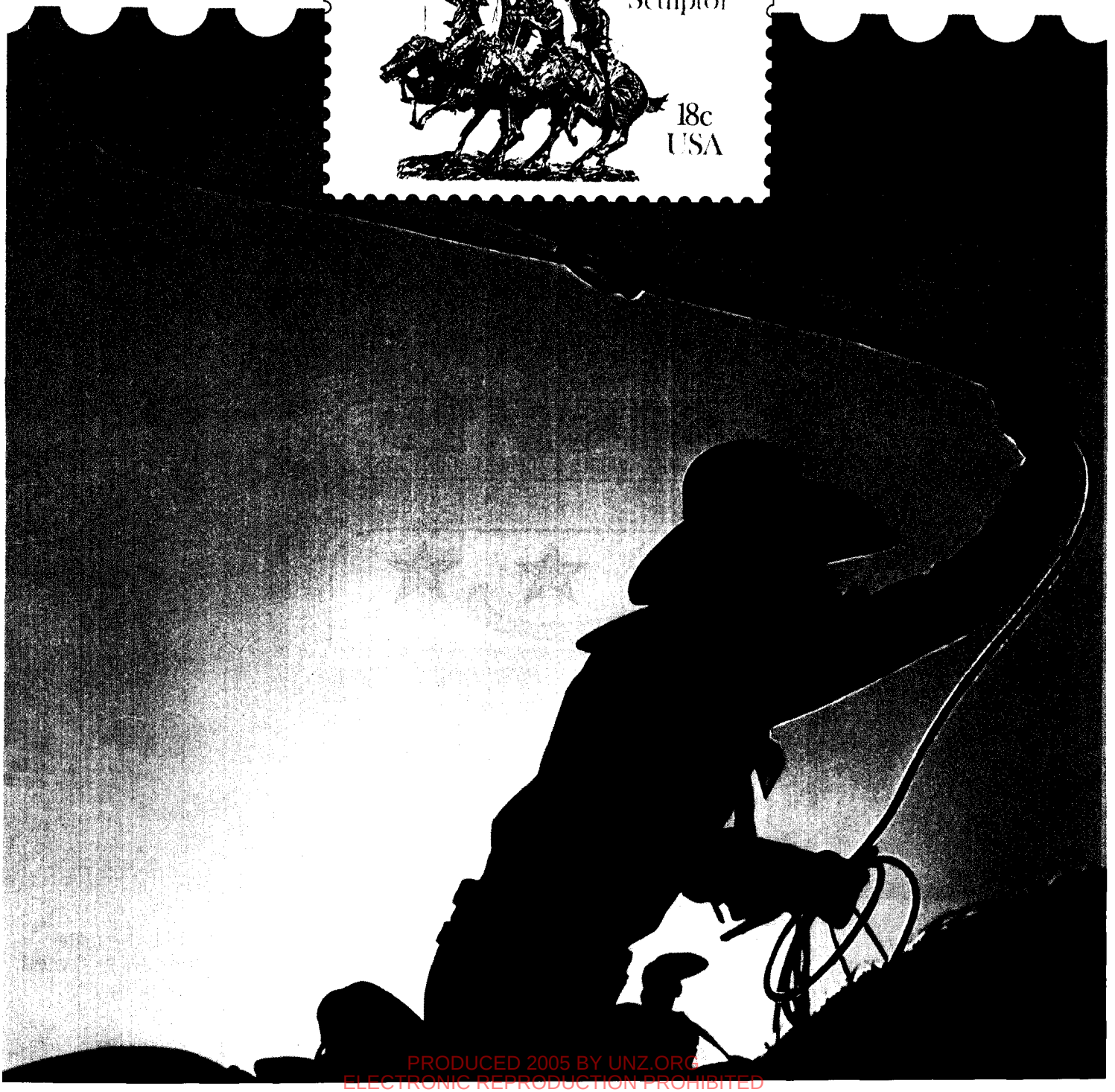

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Thomas H. Middleton

I Share Your Concern--Very Much

As a sometime active member of the Sierra Club, the ACLU, Common Cause, World Federalists, and a few other subversive organizations, I've found little to praise in the current administration in Washington; but Malcolm Baldridge, President Reagan's Commerce Secretary, is, in at least one respect, my kind of guy. I saw in an AP story that he is trying to weed the gobbledygook out of the memoranda and other correspondence of his department. He has gone so far as to have some of his word processors programmed to refuse to accept certain objectionable words and phrases. Among the unacceptable terms are, to quote the newspaper story: "I would hope; I would like to express my appreciation; as I am sure you know; as you are aware; as you know; at the present time; best wishes.

"Bottom line, delighted, different than, enclosed herewith, finalize, glad, great majority, happy, hereinafter, hopefully, however, image, input, institutionalize.

"Interface, it is my intention, maximize, meanwhile, more importantly, needless to say, new initiatives, ongoing, orient, parameter, personally reviewed.

"Prior to, prioritize, serious crisis, share, subject matter, therein, to impact, to optimize, untimely death, very much, viable.

"I share your concern, contingent upon, effectuated, inappropriate, management regime, mutually beneficial, responsive, specificity, thrust, utilize."

I'm a bit puzzled by some of his forbidden words. I see nothing wrong with *glad*, *happy*, *share*, and *very much*. Of *share*, I suppose he wants to obliterate such ponderosities as, "I have some thoughts I'd like to share with you"; but *share* has its legitimate purposes, and I wouldn't drum it out of the lexicon just because of the bumbling way some bureaucrats use it.

Very much is, to my mind, a perfectly respectable phrase. In fact, there have been many times in recent years when I have missed the *very* when it has been dropped from the cliché *very much*. You probably know what I'm talking about. It's the phrase "Thanks much." It seems to me that I hear "Thanks much" most often—perhaps exclusively—from women checkout personnel in supermarkets. If we really could drum certain phrases out of the language, "Thanks much" would be one of my first choices.

Back to Mr. Baldridge. I devoutly hope that he will have unqualified success in his endeavor. President Carter tried to eliminate bureaucratese from his own administration. I don't know what success he had, but I think it would be safe to say that it was not unqualified. Attempts to eliminate by executive, legislative, or judicial fiat what we perceive as garbage in language are doomed to failure. Language simply doesn't work that way. Language changes as people and their mores change.

Attempts to eliminate by fiat the garbage in language are doomed.

People by and large use the language they are exposed to, and the growth of what to you and me might be an objectionable rhetorical style is almost impossible to stunt. If most of your co-workers are talking about parameters, interfacing, areas and subareas, modules, cognitive transformations, and the like, it probably won't be long before you, too, start talking about these strange intangibles. The human mind being what it is, you might even start constructing large verbal edifices of pure gobbledygook yourself. There are thousands of people in government and academia who specialize in turning out unsightly cathedrals of verbiage, and these people give the impression that they understand one another, though common folk like me haven't the vaguest notion of what they are talking about.

My friend Dr. Lois DeBakey, who conducts symposiums to teach MDs how to write lucid prose, told me that she had attended a large meeting in San Diego where she heard a couple of educational psychologists speaking to each other as though they understood what they were saying. She said that for a few moments she suspected that they really *were* making sense—indeed, making important statements that she was not bright enough to understand. Of course, after a time she realized that they were simply puffing themselves up with hollow jargon. She gave me some examples. Try this one: "After identifying several correlation changes incorporated in successive iterations of any demonstration which would adaptively evaluate when a particular technological strategy will be most efficacious under what circumstances; for example, how will the most efficacious approach be moderated by characteristics of solo versus group practices, by modality preferences...." I won't go on. It doesn't matter where this sort of stuff meanders, it will end up in the sewer system and will eventually float out to our already suffering oceans.

Another nifty educational psychologism from Dr. DeBakey: *Iterative naturalistic inquiry methodology*. You'd never guess, but that means conducting a series of interviews.

People who get trapped in the world of *iterative naturalistic inquiry methodology* and the like have not cared enough about their language and have therefore not learned enough about it to identify linguistic waste when they hear it. Frequently they are impressed by it and, alas, frequently they imitate it.

I wish Malcolm Baldridge success. Being able to enlist his word processors in the fight gives him a powerful weapon. He might really accomplish something. Let's all give thanks that he didn't feel the need to ban *iterative naturalistic*, etc., from his machines. Not yet, anyway. ■

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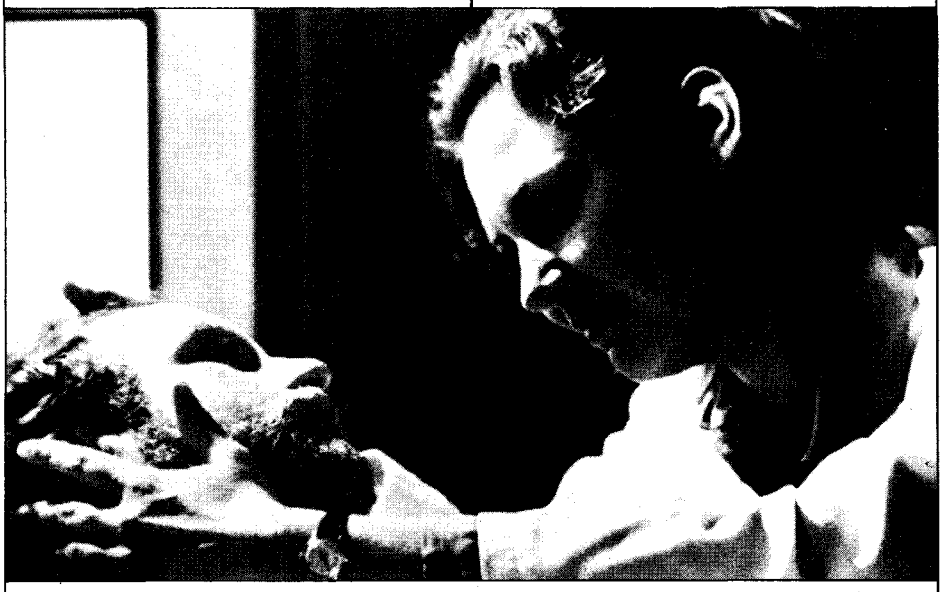
Judith Crist

A Triumph for Mortality Chic

There has been, I suspect, a growing resistance to the Mortality Chic of recent years that has subjected us to films, countless plays and television dramas wherein the doomed face their fate with a spark in their eyes and a flood of one-liners on their lips. The most viable and least hackneyed of the genre has been Brian Clark's **Whose Life Is It Anyway?**, a successful London stageplay that ran on Broadway in 1979 with Tom Conti and in 1980 with Mary Tyler Moore, and is a staple of regional theater. Inevitably—and brilliantly—it has been translated to film. Resistance is out of order.



Richard Dreyfuss plays a young sculptor paralyzed from the neck down, Christine Lahti his sympathetic doctor, in Brian Clark's *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*

Life emerges on screen as an engrossing and multifaceted drama, carried far beyond the hospital walls of the stage set: The adrenalin of daily life suffuses this work which is, ironically, concerned with the individual's right to die.

On stage we were offered, in effect, a talking head. The protagonist, a sculptor paralyzed from the neck down when his spinal cord was severed in a car crash, demands that he be released from the hospital so that he can die. The doctors, dedicated to preserving life, refuse the release and question his competence to decide his own fate. The patient hires a lawyer, and a judicial hearing provides the climax amid the various vignettes of hospital life that ingeniously swirl around his bed.

The screenplay by Clark and Reginald Rose cuts through the exposition and polemic that, with all its wit and intelligence, nevertheless grounded the play beyond the star performances. On screen we start out in Boston with the sculptor and his crew putting the finishing touches to a monumental outdoor work, hurrying against dark and deadline, overflowing with energy in the crisp New England spring, brimming with anticipation and expectation; the artist and his girl meet briefly, make plans for later, and he takes off—then comes the car crash. The near-instant big-city life-saving routine begins, with scientific know-how triumphant. But we are soon made aware of how little "life" has been saved after six months of medical treatment. The awareness reaches deep because we have seen—rather than been told—what the artist *was*, and in such vivid, concise, and subtle terms that his damaged survival means more to us than the "courage of the human spirit" glibly echoed in television's disease-of-the-week dramas.

The pulse and passion and deep involvement are provided primarily by Richard Dreyfuss, who offers us in the opening scenes such creative and virile intensity that we see its memory in every movement of his head and features, in every inflection of voice. There are the rages and the sorrows, the humors and the stunningly lovely fantasies, the constant internalized assessment of self. The portrait is enlarged far beyond the bedside in this version as he is moved around the bustling big-city hospital—to an encounter with a social worker, to the dialysis-treatment room, to an illicit pot-and-rock concert in a basement storeroom, and, finally, to the judicial hearing in an administrative office.

Dreyfuss is the focal point, but John Badham (director of *Saturday Night Fever*) maintains a constant counterpoint of activity around him. Above all, he has provided him with a seething antagonist in John Cassavetes as the sardonic head physician for whom death is the enemy and life is to be sustained by fair means or foul. The dice are less loaded this time around (co-scripter Rose, after all, gave us *12 Angry Men*, among other screen- and teleplays); the decision on what Cassavetes refers to as "that right-to-die shit" is never certain until the final moment, in a shrewdly attenuated bit of courtroom drama.

The casting is noteworthy throughout, from Christine Lahti, as the sympathetic womanly doctor, to Janet Eilber, as Dreyfuss's dancer lover; Bob Balaban, as the uncertain young lawyer; Kaki Hunter, as a student nurse; Thomas Carter, as a devoted ward attendant; and Ken McMillan, that excellent and unsung character actor, as the judge. Clark and his colleagues are to be congratulated for having made his fine stageplay a far finer film.

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EVA SERENY-SYGMA

Sally Field is a reporter, Paul Newman a "key suspect" tied to the syndicate. He's trying to go straight, she's after the story in Pollack's *Absence of Malice*.

Another social issue—that of journalistic ethics—is explored in Sydney Pollack's **Absence of Malice**, a sleek, slick melodrama that co-stars Paul Newman and Sally Field. Field, freed at last from her illiterate-but-adorable-redneck roles of recent years, plays a gung-ho Miami reporter who, on the basis of "knowledgeable sources," writes a story naming Newman as a "key suspect" in the investigation of the disappearance of an organized-crime figure. Newman, who has devoted himself to going straight despite family ties with the syndicate, attempts to vindicate himself. A touchy relationship develops between them but is breached when Field prints the full story of a young woman who could clear Newman and thereby drives the woman to suicide. Newman realizes that he—and the reporter—are being victimized by federal agents, a local crime task force, and the district attorney, all of whom are at loggerheads and using ethically dubious tactics. In a sort of "sting" plot, he exposes them all, noting that they are simply "smart" people "just doing their jobs."

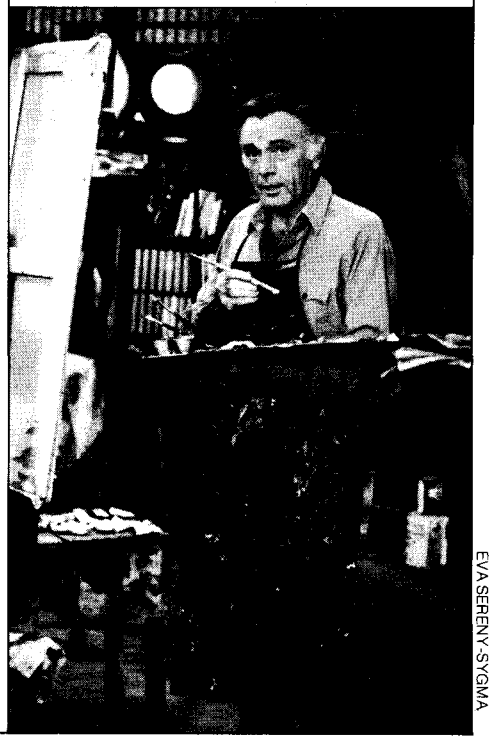
Pollack is an expert at topical and social melodrama leavened with sophisticated humor and touched with compassion, and each scene provides a satisfying link in the complicated morality tale at hand. But the parts are far more satisfying than the whole, which comes to a plague-on-every-house-around conclusion and a condemnation of the kind of journalism that no reputable newsperson or newspaper would practice or condone. The lay public, however, may well have no quibble. Kurt Luedtke, the author of this first screenplay, was on the *Detroit Free Press* for 13 years, serving as its executive editor before turning to screenwriting, but the Field character, at 34 an 18-year veteran of the business and her editor are out of date, contemptible characters right out of *The Front Page*, without the humor. They and a number of others talk a lot about "truth," but if you stay—and because of the Field-Newman-Pollack professionalism you will—you won't get much.

The stars, the director, and the unromantic final twist cover some of the script's weaknesses. And there's a devastating, all-too-short performance by Melinda Dillon, as the suicide, and a lovely nasty contribution by Bob Balaban as the ambitious head of the crime strike force.

If two movies on the same theme constitute a trend for you, then we're heading toward a tide—ah there, Lolita!—of nymphet films. Already upon us, after its New York Film Festival debut, is Bernard Blier's **Beau-Père**, wherein Patrick Dewaere plays a rather boring, going-nowhere 29-year-old pop piano player who, after his wife's death in a car accident, is seduced by his 14-year-old stepdaughter. He becomes her lover and then deserts her for an older woman with a small daughter who, at fadeout time, indicates that she too, like the 14-year-old, will recall her mother's sounds of sexual ecstasy as her "lullaby." Blier, who charmed a number of us with his *Get Out Your Handkerchiefs*, has returned to the raunchiness and unappetizing characters of his earlier *Going Places*. At least his nymphet, Ariel Besse, a 15-year-old Paris high-school student, is lovely in both face and underdeveloped form.

In Jules Dassin's **Circle of Two**, Tatum O'Neal, that enchantingly raffish 11-year-old of 1973's *Paper Moon*, plays an allegedly 15-year-old schoolgirl who, to the distress of family and friends, is in hot pursuit of Richard Burton, offered as a 60-year-old artist whose 10-years' painter's block is broken by her attentions. "One crapulous critic called me an illustrator and I was fool enough to believe it," he explains, suddenly painting away. (Burton's paintings are provided by the Canadian artist Harold Town; "illustrations" is a kind word for them.) But though he finds her "intriguing" and though she begs to be relieved of the "burden" of her virginity, Burton insists they remain platonic friends, predicting that she will grow up to be "a beautiful, talented woman." Let's hope so. Suffice it that when Tatum poses nude, Burton hurriedly orders her to get her clothes back on. Like their romance, this movie goes nowhere. ■

Burton as a painter, platonically involved with a 15-year-old girl, in *Circle of Two*.



EVA SERENY-SYGMA

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Peter Caranicas

Ted Turner vs. Westinghouse

Ted Turner's eyes shone with anger as members of the media began to file into the meeting room at Boston's elegant Copley Plaza Hotel. The press, on hand to cover a cable-television industry conference, responded in standing-room-only numbers to the Atlanta entrepreneur's invitation to hear his latest announcement. Obviously pleased with the size of his audience, Turner suddenly softened his expression and strolled over to a piano at one side of the room. His fingers played over the keys and out came a mournful dirge.

"That's for Westinghouse," Turner exclaimed. Then Ted Turner—the America's Cup-winning yachtsman, baseball-team owner (Atlanta Braves), and cable-TV programmer (Cable News Network and the WTBS "superstation")—launched into one of his frequent diatribes against large competitors, mixing statistics with expletives and combining a business manager's pep talk with a Southern preacher's fire and brimstone.

The performance was superb. His target: a newly announced round-the-clock cable-TV news program from Westinghouse's Group W Satellite Communications (GWSC). The cable program, called Satellite NewsChannels, will compete head-on with Turner's own Cable News Network (CNN).

Turner presented the confrontation as a classic example of big corporate money moving in on the smaller entrepreneur. CNN, begun by Turner with vision and courage in June 1980 as the nation's only all-news TV channel, has grown to a total potential viewership of about 8 million cable-TV households across the U.S. After more than a year of losing over $1 million a month, last summer CNN seemed on its way to break into the black—and in the process has proved that an all-news, ad-supported cable channel is a viable proposition.

Enter Westinghouse. Last August 12 came the bombshell announcement from the corporate titan that its GWSC unit will team up with ABC Video Enterprises (a unit of ABC) to start two 24-hour, ad-supported cable-TV news services. The first, resembling CNN in concept, is scheduled to begin next spring. The second, a more in-depth news channel partly modeled on ABC's *Nightline*, would begin at a later date.

Why should GWSC's Satellite NewsChannels, emerging nearly two years after CNN's well-established network, pose a threat for Turner? Because it will be offered free to cable operators—the local companies that deliver programs over wires to their subscribers. Turner, on the other hand, has always charged operators a fee of 20 cents per subscriber per month for the privilege of delivering the CNN service—15 cents for those who also carry his WTBS superstation.

UPI

Ted Turner rips into the new Westinghouse-ABC 24-hour TV news service.

In his favor, Turner has built up tremendous loyalty over the years among cable operators, while Satellite NewsChannels' two backers are broadcasters, and thus part of the group that has lobbied for years against the cable industry. (Group W owns several radio and TV stations, and it produces and syndicates TV shows; ABC has in the past been the most vociferously anti-cable of the three networks.) Turner will also benefit because his CNN is delivered via RCA's Satcom I satellite, and most cable operators cannot receive signals from any other source. By contrast, Satellite NewsChannels will be broadcast to operators from an as-yet unlaunched Western Union satellite, requiring operators to purchase a separate antenna at a minimum cost of $10,000.

But inevitably money talks. If one news service is offered to operators free, why should they pay for another? Knowing this, Turner used the Boston event to announce a second cable news channel (CNN II) that will be structured more along the lines of a headline service with five minutes per hour allowed for local-news inserts by the operators. CNN II will be offered free to operators who take CNN I. In addition, Turner announced a new discount structure for CNN I. But he didn't eliminate his fees entirely, so he'll still have to compete against news services that are free.

Money aside, Turner discovered a potential flaw in Satellite NewsChannels' news-gathering ability and played it up at the press conference. The Group W/ABC partnership calls for both organizations to support the venture with their news resources. Turner pointed out, however, that ABC faces a conflict of interest in this area. The broadcast network competes daily against CBS News and NBC News. Suppose it unearths an exclusive story one morning: Will it let Satellite NewsChannels have that story right away? Not if it wants a scoop when the all-important *World News Tonight* rolls around at 7 PM opposite the competition.

At its own Boston press conference—held minutes after Ted Turner's ended—GWSC was unable to rebut the argument. Satellite NewsChannels' president William Scott said his news staff would be "second to none," but he couldn't dispel perceptions of ABC's divided loyalties in backing the venture. In these days of fierce TV-news competition, such considerations may well make a difference. ■

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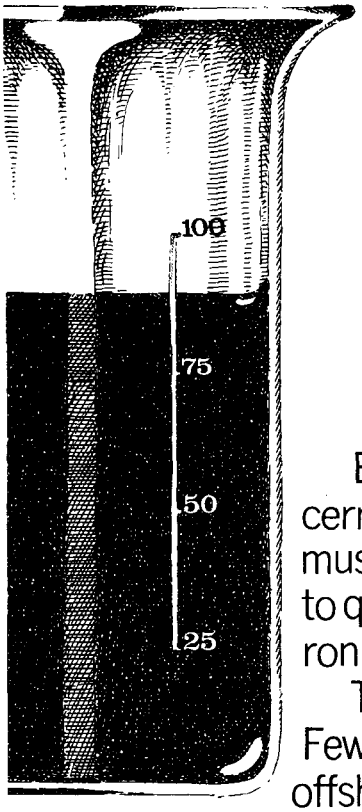

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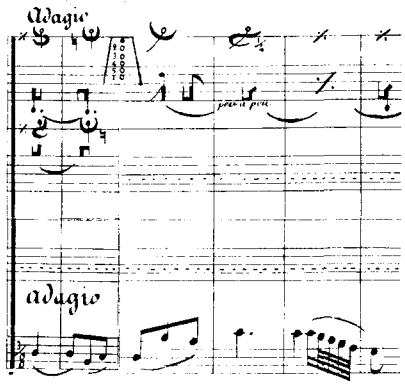
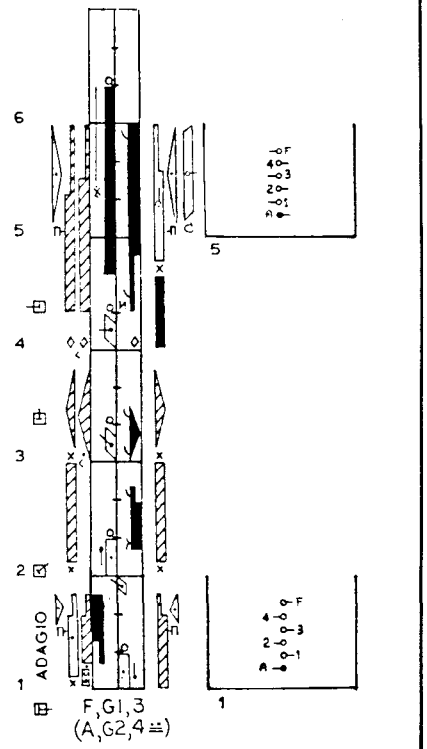
Walter Terry

How Dance Classics Are Preserved

Giselle has long been regarded as the greatest creation of the Romantic Age of Ballet (1830-1860). It has hypnotized, challenged, and sometimes made famous numerous ballerinas—from its first interpreter, Carlotta Grisi (1841), to such legendary greats as Anna Pavlova. Today's Cynthia Gregory, Natalia Makarova, and Gelsey Kirkland cannot escape it: As British dance authority Cyril Beaumont once put it: "*Giselle* is to the ballerina what *Hamlet* is to the actor." But there is one essential difference: The words of *Hamlet* are exactly those composed by Shakespeare nearly four centuries ago, but we haven't the slightest notion of how closely the *Giselle* we see today resembles the *Giselle* created by Jean Coralli and Jules Perrot a century-and-a-half ago.

In the later part of the 19th century, audiences tired of idyllic scenes of European folklore and fairy-tale creatures. *Giselle* and many other ballets of the Romantic Age were dropped from the repertory to make room for the more virtuosic choreography exemplified by Marius Petipa. *Giselle* survives, of course, but in what form? Sketches of the sets and costumes remain, but the only clues to the dancing itself are provided by fanciful lithographs and contemporary written descriptions. The steps, gestures, and choreographic patterns are very likely substantially altered from the original. Although elementary systems of dance notation did exist at that time, *Giselle* was not notated. In fact, outside of Denmark, where slightly more than half-a-dozen of the 19th-century ballet masterpieces by August Bournonville survive simply because the Royal Danish Ballet never stopped doing them, only one solo, *La Cachucha* (1836), and a pas de six from *La Vivandière* (1848) exist today in authentic choreographic form, treasured survivors from the rich Romantic Age.

They survived because they were written down. The dance for six from *La Vivandière*—and an utterly charming and choreographically fascinating work it is—was fully notated by its creator, Arthur Saint-Léon, in a system he invented called *stenochorégraphie*. Saint-Leon, a major *premier danseur* of this Romantic Age, published a book describing his notational method and used the *Vivandière* as an example.



Saint-Léon notation (above) is written on the musical staff. This excerpt describes a movement from *La Vivandière*, culminating in the pose, top (danced here by the Joffrey Ballet). The more sophisticated Labanotation (right) describes the unison movement of the dancers for the same six measures. The staff is read vertically, bottom to top, the central line representing the center of the body and the opposed symbols the exact positioning of arms, legs, hands, etc. Labanotation is specific enough to record the flutter of an eyelid.

The *Vivandière* excerpt can now be seen as part of the Joffrey Ballet's season at New York's City Center, thanks to Ann Hutchinson, one of the founders of the Dance Notation Bureau and head of the Language for Dance Center in London. Miss Hutchinson recreated the piece from

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Saint-Léon's example, translating his *stenochorégraphie* into today's principal system of dance notation, Labanotation.

Miss Hutchinson states with assurance that, until some other score is discovered, this *Vivandière* is the *only* group dance surviving in authentic form from the Romantic Age—Bournonville excepted. And it has caused her to revise her notions of those ballets. "We usually think of this era as producing soft and easy movements," she says, "but I was startled by its virtuosity. *Vivandière* contains steps that one would expect of a Balanchine or a Robbins."

Stenochorégraphie fell into disuse because it took too much time to notate a dance or complete ballet exactly and fully. Indeed, the inventor himself apparently never used it again. His most famous ballet, *Coppélia*, created in 1870 (the year he died), was not notated. Like Bournonville ballets in Denmark, *Coppélia* has never been dropped from the repertory of the Paris Opera Ballet for any length of time. Even so, today's Paris productions are described as "traditional" rather than "authentic."

Friedrich Zorn, an admirer of Saint-Léon, created a script that was less abstract than his mentor's, for it was based on stick figures and drew positions of the feet. It was this system that was used to record *La Cachucha*, the solo with which the fiery Viennese ballerina, Fanny Elssler, conquered the capitals of Europe and America. (When Elssler gave a matinee in Washington, Congress adjourned so that its members might attend the performance by "The Divine Fanny.")

After *stenochorégraphie*, a tremendous advance was made in dance notation in Imperial Russia where Vladimir Stepanov developed a system versatile enough to be applied outside of ballet's contained vocabulary of movement. In the 1890s Stepanov notated several of the ballet masterpieces by Marius Petipa (and his assistant, Lev Ivanov) but the system never really took hold in Russia. However, after the Russian Revolution, Nicholas Sergeyev, a dancer and ballet master, took 21 Stepanov scores, including *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Swan Lake*, and *The Nutcracker*, to England where he assisted ballet troupes in the West in staging "authentic" versions of these classics, including Petipa's 1887 "new" version of *Giselle*.

Miss Hutchinson points out that although the Stepanov system was an excellent one, many of the ballets were not notated in full. "The notations were used at the time mainly as a memory aid, so they were filled with shortcuts."

In this respect, Labanotation represents a great advance. Named in honor of its originator, Rudolf von Laban, pioneer figure in European modern dance, Labanotation can record everything from the flutter of an eyelid or the crook of a finger to a vast dance pageant with a cast of hundreds. It has already found uses outside of dance, with therapists, athletic coaches, military strategists, and efficiency experts.

Over the years Labanotation has been continuously expanded, updated, refined, and universalized. Today the International Council of Kinetography (ICKL) meets every two years to make amendments and create new symbols to keep the system up to date with dance's continuing evolution. Recently they agreed on a symbol for dancing with feet off the floor, a notation for the new anti-gravitational movement.

IMB some time ago produced a "golf-ball-style" typewriter that prepares the final copy of a Labanotation score before it goes to the printer. "Maybe someday," says Miss Hutchinson, "I'll notate a dance with a baby computer in my lap." This will be a major labor-saving device for notators who must still pencil, then ink in, the system's incredible array of complex symbols (see illustration).

Why, in this day of movies and videotape, should Labanotation or its only contemporary rival, *choreology* (a simpler, less detailed system invented and copyrighted by Rudolf and Joan Benesh in 1955), be used at all? The reason is clear. Films and tapes record performance, including the personalities, individual styles, interpretative approaches and, yes, idiosyncrasies of specific dancers. Dance notation records the *intent* of the choreographer. The music of Mozart as written into a score is pure Mozart; in recordings, Mozart coexists with his interpreters.

Thus, Miss Hutchinson, while cherishing the filmed records of dance and dancers, sees the possibilities of Labanotation in the computer age as endless. Researchers in the zoology department at the University of Illinois, assisted by a college dance notator, have even preserved forever in Labanotation the mating dance of the jumping spider—including the movements of several legs and assorted antennae. ■

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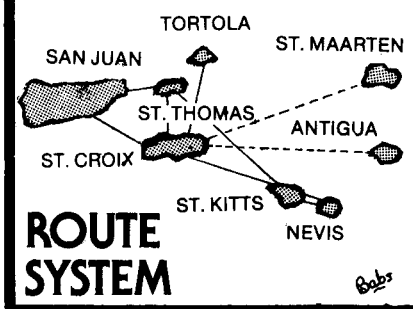

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Stephen Wadsworth

The Best of the Wunderkinder

Lots of young instrumental virtuosos play with more than mere technical brilliance. A good number of them are uncommonly musical and master the finer points of some forbidding pieces with that amazing, unwitting insight that is the divine right of the *Wunderkind.* Then there are a few young players whose art—for they are artists—goes beyond unwitting insight. These few make us forget about everything except the music, which they hear for us in new ways.

Deutsche Grammophon showcases five young virtuosos, all of them under 25, in recent releases (each $10.98). The youngest, German violinist **Anne-Sophie Mutter**, comes flying into our lives on Herbert von Karajan's coattails. Her record of the Beethoven concerto (2531250*) is marred only by the staid, doggedly *senza rubato* tempi of her mentor, whose Berlin Philharmonic otherwise gives her exemplary support. Mutter opens surely, with a precise, tight vibrato, perfect tuning, and curvaceous phrase-making. She's straightforward, bright, *up*, and the rather tortuous Kreisler cadenzas are dispatched with élan to spare. The same qualities distinguish her traversal of two Mozart concertos, also with Karajan (2531049*). On Karajan's new disc of Beethoven's triple concerto (2531262*), Mutter is joined by pianist Mark Zeltser and cellist Yo-Yo Ma. With Ma she duets hotly while the Berlin Philharmonic follows like a crowd oohing and ahing at two graceful gymnasts.

Yugoslav pianist **Ivo Pogorelich** won fame by *not* winning the 1980 Chopin Competition in Warsaw. His playing was too visionary—and his leather-pants-and-string-tie appearance too anarchic for the judges. The audiences loved Pogorelich, and so did pianist Martha Argerich, who quit the jury in highest dudgeon, proclaiming him a genius. Interestingly, DG has just released performances by both Pogorelich and Argerich of the Chopin B-flat minor sonata (Pogorelich, 2531346*; Argerich, 2531289*). While his reading of Chopin's accents is more accurate than hers, and his articulation cleaner, her touch is more varied, her dynamic range greater, her reading more faithful to Chopin (she takes the important repeats, which he does not). Here and elsewhere on his debut disc, Pogorelich invents his own dynamics and goes—often *sans* pedal—for big contrasts and dramatic action. Chopin comes across more the angry young man, less the ethereal poetaster. Pogorelich's arrogance is there in his playing, which has a spiky brilliance. He is a thrilling talent, but I'm not sure I'd trust him with Mozart.

These young virtuosos go beyond unwitting insight, hearing and interpreting the music for us in new ways.

I'd trust **Shlomo Mintz**, who comes to us from Russia via Israel, with anything. Here is a great romantic violinist whose recording of the Mendelssohn E-minor concerto (2531304*) ranks with the best. His velvety tone, startlingly cello-like in the lower range, has an incandescence that is moving, and he makes such *music.* His power isn't necessarily physical: There is a tragic intensity in the Mendelssohn that is both new and disturbing to me. He plays the Bruch G-minor concerto less well on the reverse side but is given strong, propulsive support in both concertos by Claudio Abbado and the Chicago Symphony. Mintz's record of short pieces by Fritz Kreisler (2531305*) is appealing, but he is "doing" Kreisler—fruity vibrato and all—and the concerto record is a better meter of his *own* eminence.

I suspect that Polish pianist **Krystian Zimerman** is also great. His playing of Brahms's first two sonatas (early, eclectic, and hyperactive), from bracingly percussive *fortes* to cushioned *piano* attacks, is inexhaustible and stunning (2531252). His urgent, forward-leaning march through Chopin's F-minor piano concerto is tense, searching, never indulgent—the articulation crystalline, the line grand (2531126*). This record makes me irrational, which is why I daren't say outright that Zimerman is great. Maybe it's only a personal response. In any case, this is also one of conductor Carlo Maria Giulini's best recorded efforts with the Los Angeles Philharmonic.

On his latest record (2531330*) Zimerman introduces us to his friend **Kaja Danczowska**, an unusual violinist with unfalteringly pure tone, light but firm. They play the Franck sonata together with infinite tenderness and musicality. They also offer some attractive pieces by their compatriot Karol Szymanowski, including the Scriabinesque *Mythes.* Danczowska's playing of a song from Szymanowski's opera *King Roger* goes way beyond unwitting insight.

Mintz, Zimerman, and Danczowska are already major artists; Mutter is not far behind. Pogorelich is a pianistic whiz kid, but until he plays, say, Mozart or Beethoven, it will be hard to judge the depth of his *musical* gifts. ■

*cassette available

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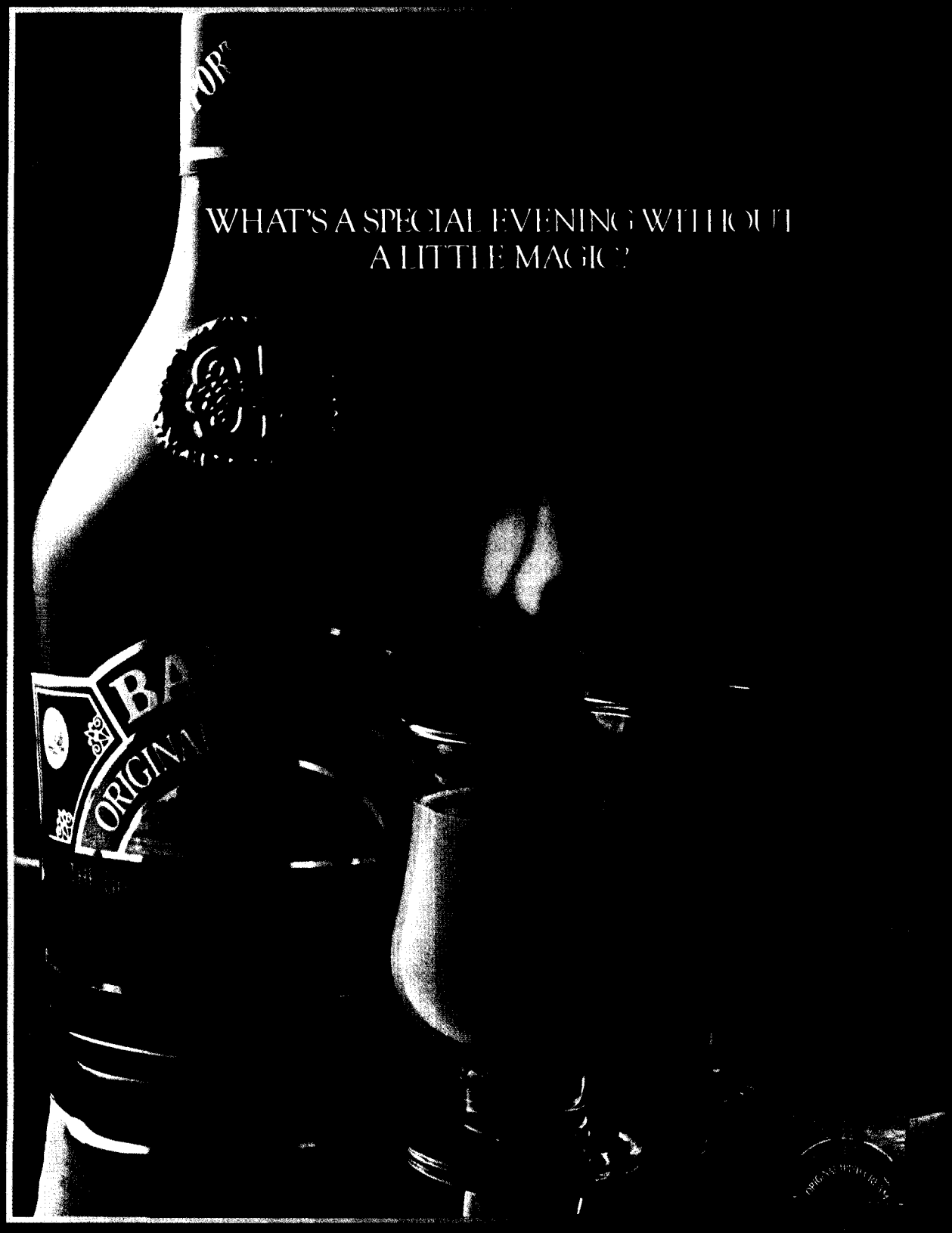

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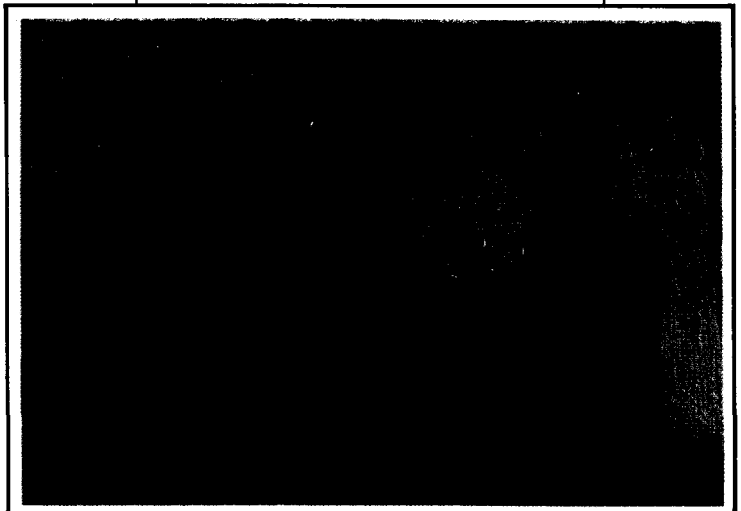
Carter Ratcliff

A Painter of Inanimate Souls

Giorgio Morandi began painting in 1910, at the age of 20. Almost immediately, he found one of his abiding images—a row of dishes and glassware standing on a narrow shelf. Until his death in 1964, nearly every one of his still lifes treated this subject. To point to a typical Morandi is easy—easier than in the case of any other major painter of our century, with the possible exception of Mondrian. An air of calm, relentless devotion pervades Morandi's art, and that air is just as intense in his landscapes as in his still lifes. In fact, the scale hardly seems to change when Morandi leaves his studio for the countryside around his native Bologna. His ranks of bottles and vases are monumental. And in the landscapes, the flow of hill meeting foliage against a sun-bleached sky is as delicate as the curve of a vase standing against a beige wall. Morandi's vision is "constructive"—in other words, unifying, given to the discovery of wholeness in the contemplation of diversity.

Now, James Demetrion of the Des Moines Art Center has assembled the first major museum exhibition of Morandi's oeuvre to be held in America. After a stay at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, the show will move on November 19 to the Guggenheim in New York, where it will be on view until January 17. On February 1 it will travel to Des Moines.

The earliest works in the show are from the period 1910-14, when Morandi was coming to terms with those modernist predecessors whose company he now keeps in the modernist pantheon. Cézanne was the most important, with his doggedly analytic eye. Morandi learned freedom from the rules of "correct" representation from him and from two other Cézannians, Georges Braque and Pablo Picasso, who were still struggling in those days to win full independence for Cubism. Morandi flirted with Cubist devices, then quickly dropped them. Futurism, the Italian answer to Braque and Picasso, might have seduced him but didn't. Only in 1918 do we see Morandi gravitating toward an art movement, and he never really joins. The movement that attracted him was the school of *pittura metafisica*—Metaphysical painting—whose leaders were Giorgio de Chirico, that myth-maker whom the Surrealists later claimed for their own, and Carlo Carra, a refugee from Futurism.



"Still Life" (1943): Morandi's subjects stand like soldiers or a family.

Most innovative painters of our century balance their adventurousness with a need to belong. Hence all the art movements, the endless array of avant-garde splinter groups. Carrà and de Chirico did their best to wake this herd-instinct in Morandi, but their success was only temporary. By 1920, Morandi was ensconced alone in a small studio in provincial Bologna. He spent the next four decades working on refinements that were visible in his art before he made contact with the *pittura metafisica* group. Over the long haul of those many years, he became a legendary figure—a saint of modernism—so well known in Europe that his name could be dropped in movies. About halfway through Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, the rudderless intellectual played by Marcello Mastroianni finds himself adrift at a posh cocktail party. An aimless chat leads him to remark on a still life hanging on a nearby wall. It's one of Giorgio Morandi's line-ups of crockery. With his patented look of rueful sophistication, Mastroianni turns to his conversational partner and says, "I always think they"—meaning each of Morandi's exquisitely rendered objects—"have souls. Don't you?"

The scene being Italy in 1957, the answer can only be "Yes, of course." Morandi was an old master by then, a cultural monument. No one at a Felliniesque cocktail party ever is in a position to deny that Morandi's bottles and vases, those heroically humble presences, have souls. And talk of the inner life of Morandi's subjects is just as mandatory on these shores as in Europe. This is in part because the touch of Morandi's brush is so quietly, distinctively his own. As he outlines form, gives it volume, then indicates a slow spread of light across rounded surfaces, some of the artist's own humanity seems to be transferred to glass, china, and metal—all the more easily because we have already anthropomorphized the sort of objects Morandi paints. We say bottles have necks, even shoulders. Kettles are usually full-bellied. Further, all of Morandi's subjects stand before us, sometimes like soldiers in slightly unmilitary ranks, sometimes like a family in a portrait.

If tables have legs and chairs have arms, why shouldn't the objects Morandi

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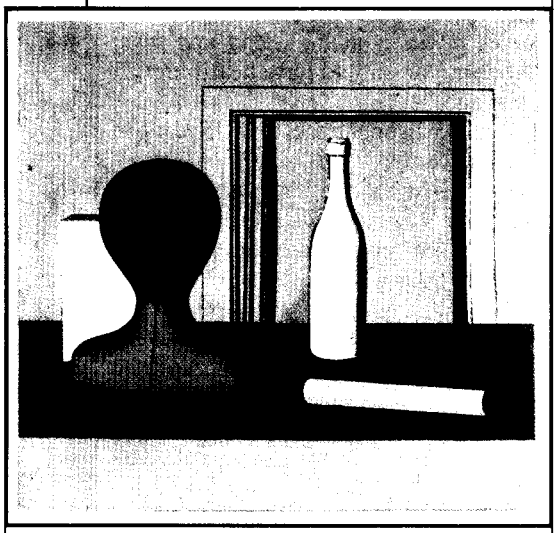
lived with all his life have inner lives of their own? Each one of them is so individual, so expressively itself. Animism, the granting of souls to things, is a persistent habit of mind, a habit the *pittura metafisica* group raised to the level of an occult religion. The "metaphysical," in Carra's and de Chirico's ostentatiously poetic use of the word, is a realm beyond the reach of science and technology—those modern, anti-spiritual forces that tainted such art movements as Cubism and Futurism. Impressionism, with its quasi-scientific aesthetic of direct observation, was of course anathema to the Metaphysical painters. They demanded that the artist learn to read the occult "alphabet" formed by the geometries of buildings and streets. According to de Chirico in 1919, these "signs constitute for us a sort of moral and aesthetic code" that leads right-minded artists to "a new metaphysical psychology of objects." Only objects with souls—or, at the very least, personalities—possess psychologies, so it could be said that de Chirico and his colleagues gave sophisticated form to that impulse which inspires children in the dark to see a crouching beast in a cast-off heap of clothes.

Under the influence of *pittura metafisica*, Morandi's eye turned inward. During 1918-20, he let form be generalized by memory. The result was a series of severe, hard-edged still lifes in which light is the light of the mind and space is completely artificial. Objects are fully modeled yet look weightless—the discoveries of an imagination determined to escape the flux of ordinary appearances. The artists and critical promoters of the Metaphysical movement approved. Yet, by the end of 1920, Morandi had returned to the direct, meditative approach that he had begun to develop a decade earlier.

He didn't abandon the program of Carrà and de Chirico so much as adapt it to his desire to confront the world on direct, intimate terms of his own. Metaphysical painting is an art of things, of objects revealed in the light of their inner selves. When humans appear, they take the forms of statues or mannequins. Morandi, too, exiles the human presence almost completely (though a few portraits have been chosen for this show), yet his world seems fully occupied. Having dismissed the occult presences wooed into visibility by *pittura metafisica*, he is careful to replace them with endless traces of his own presence. His bottles, vases, and kettles look alert, peculiarly alive, because the artist has been so alert, so alive to them. He has conveyed his point of view, his angle of seeing, with such intensity that a bit of wall showing between two bottles is a form as powerful as those of the bottles themselves. And in Morandi's landscapes, where buildings often play the part of square vases in his still lifes, the openings between tree trunks often read as positive shapes—powerful buttresses essential to the architecture of the image.

There is another way in which Morandi's affinity with Metaphysical painting persisted past 1920—in his palette. Carlo Carra said that, "looked at for a long time, substance grows gray" (1919). This is the comment of a "metaphysician" determined to see with an inner eye. In a sense, Morandi repudiated that grayness when he returned, in 1920, to full use of his bodily eye. His art shows the full range of colors to be seen beneath the soft Bolognese sky. Yet even after he drifted away from Carra and de Chirico, Morandi continued to look at his subjects "for a long time." Like Cezanne's direct observation, Morandi's is an obsessive digging at the visible surface of things, not the quick glance of an Impressionist. This seems to be why, for all their richness of color, Morandi's paintings have a silvery, dusted-over look. His quiet, shimmering tonalities suggest the drawn-out intensity of his working process. For Carrà was right. When a gaze is sustained, whether by the mind's eye or the body's, colors grow delicate.



"Still Life" (1918): Influenced by de Chirico.

Morandi taught his eye to reinvent what it sees. He renders solids equal to the voids without which they could not exist, thus unifying space with what it contains. He reveals highlight's dependency on shadow. And he reconciles all these seeming opposites with a powerful yet diffident geometry. For Carrà and de Chirico, Morandi's early exemplars, geometric form led the way out of this world to another, a realm of unseen absolutes. Morandi became a 20th-century exemplar himself when he learned to treat geometry as a private resource, a means of ordering perceptions that—given his attentiveness—were potentially infinite. And thus he leads us deep into the world we inhabit together, yet so often ignore. So long as we're willing to be led, it probably does no harm to say that Morandi's bottles and vases possess an entire galaxy of souls. ■

"Landscape" (1942): Meditations leading deep into the world we often ignore.

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Stanley Kauffmann

Revivals, if That's the Word

Old theater joke: A Londoner takes a visiting American to hear a famous music-hall star. The star appears, well aged, and he manages to get through a few numbers. The American turns to his host in bewilderment. The Englishman smiles pityingly at his friend and says, "Ah, but you should have heard him 25 years ago."

Rex Harrison is back, after 25 years, in **My Fair Lady.**

But this isn't a joke, it's a pathetic story. Harrison still has skills but little force: You can see him spooning out his energy carefully so it will last the whole performance. What's worse, his standards for the show he's in have crumbled. Throughout the run of the first *Fair Lady*, the theater world buzzed with tales of his rigorous demands. In this revival, the minute the lackluster orchestra starts sawing at the overture, we know it's goodbye to rigor. And Broadway's Uris, where they're playing, isn't a theater at all; it's a convention hall with a big platform at one end from which amplified sounds come at us as if we were sitting in front of one huge proscenium-wide transparent loudspeaker. All this, inferably, Harrison would once have protested.

He certainly would not have tolerated the hammy Pickering, the Liza who has a good voice but whose acting leaves nothing to be desired because we can't imagine desiring anything from her, the pallid Mrs. Pearce, the gauche Freddy Eynsford-Hill. Milo O'Shea, the Doolittle, sounds Irish not cockney, and goes through his routines routinely on his way to the new play he's doing later this season.

Through the musical torpor, it's still possible to recognize that the Lerner-Loewe songs are sparklers, and the stretches of the original Shaw dialogue are as good as they were before the librettist, Lerner, was born. But I wish that, instead of this tacky revival, they had shown the *My Fair Lady* film made in 1964, which had serious flaws but which preserved Harrison's performance at its best. That was the Harrison who mattered, the Harrison who was still fine enough to make us regret that he had not become the great Shaw-Sheridan-Shakespeare actor he might have been, who was still vital enough to let us hope that he would make the most of the rest of his life. He hasn't done it. The kindest view would be that he has stagnated, but it's really more like disintegration. And I don't mean through age. It's sad to see that tired old money machine trying to jaunt jauntily around that immense stage.

Now 73, Rex Harrison must ration his energy in the restaging of *My Fair Lady*.

MARTHA SWOPE

Time to drop the other shoe. Some readers may recall that, in June and July 1980, I commented at length on the first season of the **BAM Theater Company**, a repertory group sponsored by the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and I expressed some qualified hope. I saw all five classic revivals of the second BAM season and need to finish the discussion. Criticism of those five revivals is now superfluous—the company has disappeared, with not even a whimper, let alone a bang—but something must be said about the whole venture, in itself and as an instance.

Recently the Academy announced its plans for the 1981-82 season and, on the second page of the press release, said that the BAM Theater would suspend production "due to the lack of sufficient funds." Nonsense. I don't doubt that money was tight, but if the Reagan arts cuts had been increases, the BAM Theater would still have closed. It was dreadful. The one attribute that would have kept the company going—despite funding problems, despite its slightly but not impossibly inconvenient location in Brooklyn—was indispensability. I've rarely seen five productions I could more easily have done without than those of the second BAM season.

My intent is not to beat a horse that was embarrassingly moribund before it

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got around to falling. An important cultural issue is involved. As soon as the BAM demise was announced, out came the predictable bitter protests from the high-minded apostles of repertory. New York/America demands instant success, they told us yet again; the public and the critics want hits, want stars, want glitz, want smart new scripts, won't judge an allegedly growing ensemble by standards different from those used on Broadway. All the usual moans were moaned again about American philistinism in the face of an attempt to build a repertory theater.

To those high-minded people, it is apparently irrelevant that the plays of the second season, like most in the first season, were intolerably performed. The apostles presumably feel—and the theater is the only art where such a feeling exists—that we ought to go regularly to a company's bad productions just to keep the company alive, so that they can grow to give good performances for the next generation or perhaps the one after.

Paradoxically, some of these apostles seem not even to know what the term "repertory" means. They think that it means putting that word in the name of a stock company; then—particularly if you alternate performances within a week or a month—you've got a repertory theater. One quintessence of the form as it applies to dance was well stated by Anna Kisselgoff, of the *New York Times* on September 6th last:

> Dance being a repertory art, it is in the nature of the beast—of the form—to build up a body of works that is repeated from season to season. Continuity is the byword.

That is not the contemporary nature of the theater beast. (Occasional revivals are a quite different matter.) The BAM Theater had already shown that it was not going to be a true repertory, but that fact doesn't deter those who moan its loss.

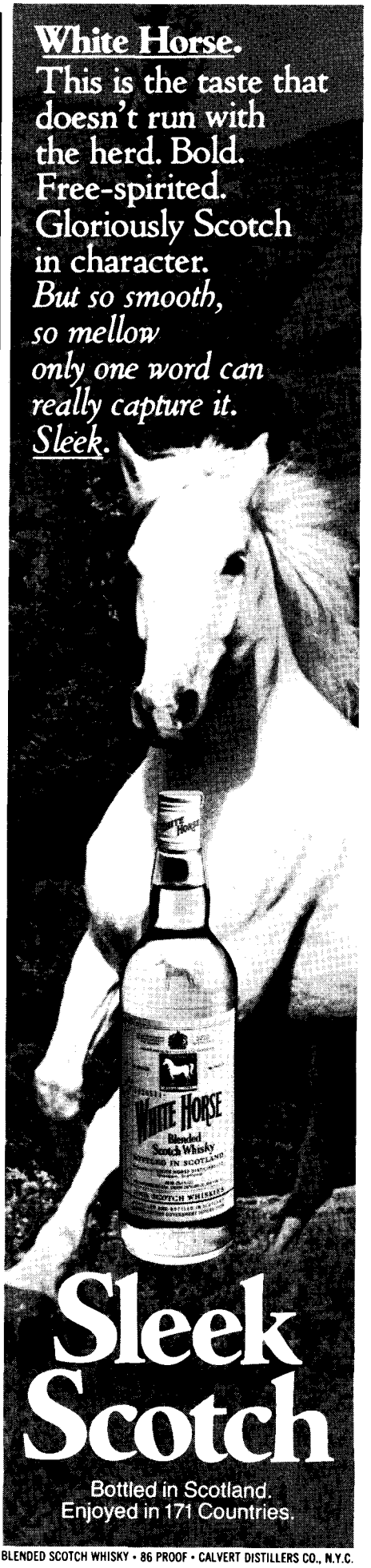
Do I buckle too easily under modern social pressures? Am I unaware of what repertory can do for an actor's development? Well, I was myself a member of a true repertory company for 10 years before World War II and perhaps have an inkling, but I still think that society ultimately makes its theater, not vice versa, and that the theater doesn't exist primarily for actors' development. And I certainly don't think that, in order to combat disliked social pressures and to help actors grow, repertory ought to be judged less stringently than straight-run shows. Quite the reverse.

I was excited by the start of the BAM Theater Company because it would be wonderful for the American theater, in spirit and as a model, if the U.S. theater capital had a good repertory group presenting the best of old and new plays; and because the man chosen to lead BAM, the gifted English director, David Jones, seemed aware of his short- and long-range responsibilities. (His own opening production of *The Winter's Tale* was the BAM high point.) But in every aspect except design and lighting, Jones made bad decisions, one after another, and I think it more healthful to state that opinion than to wail once again about American philistinism.

I see no sense in rushing to the defense of every company, mediocre or worse, that uses the term "repertory."

Among the best theater experiences of my life, most have come from repertory companies: the Old Vic of 1946, Grotowski's Polish Laboratory Theater, Andrei Serban's Greek productions with the LaMama Rep. I have my debts, therefore; and therefore I also have my hopes. But I see no sense in rushing to the defense of every company, mediocre or worse, that uses the term "repertory." We have been drugging ourselves on that term for decades in this century, often without even genuinely understanding it, even more often with a quasi-mystic belief in it as cure for all the theater's ills.

I'd like to see a performance by a good or visibly promising repertory company every week, particularly of something from the world's treasury of great drama; but I can live without more bad performances of fine plays produced just because a company's organizational heart is in the right place, or somewhere in that vicinity. Serious theater people, including serious critics, ought to re-read Ibsen on the dangers of sentimental idealism and the austere but wholesome blessings of reality. ■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Why HUMAN OPTIONS by Norman Cousins will be one of the most quoted books of the year

In his best-selling *Anatomy of an Illness*, Norman Cousins provided antidotes to the helplessness that often overcomes persons faced by serious illness. Now, in *Human Options*, he provides antidotes for the feelings of helplessness produced by the events over which people generally believe they have no control. This is a book that helps make it possible for the individual to have a keen understanding not just of the problems of society itself but of ways of changing society. It will be one of the most quoted books of the year. The following quotations provide some flavor of the book.

The tragedy of life is not death but what dies inside us while we live.

We have already transformed nature. Are we to say that we are unable to transform ourselves? Is it reasonable to believe that a species that has demonstrated a capacity to lift itself off the planet is unable to raise its sights?

The management of our natural resources begins with the management of our human resources. Americans are being underused and their full potentiality is not being developed if they are poorly educated, poorly fed, poorly sheltered.

The greatest force in the human body is the natural drive of the body to heal itself. Nothing is more wondrous about the fifteen billion neutrons in the human brain than their ability to convert thoughts, hopes, ideas, and attitudes into chemical substances. Everything begins, therefore, with belief. What we believe is the most powerful option of all.

The belief system is not just a state of mind. It is a prime physiological reality. It is the application of options to the maintenance of health and the fight against disease. It is the master switch that gets the most out of whatever is possible in a given situation.

The physician must supply not just scientific competence but spiritual nourishment at a critical time. The most potent medicine available to the physician is the confidence of the patient. The next most potent medicine is the physician's ability to harness the natural drive of the human body and mind to overcome its maladies.

People who are seriously ill need to believe that they have a chance. They respond not just to therapy but to the mood of the people around them. If hope is missing from the eyes and voices of their families, the absence will be felt.

Most people think they are immortal—until they get a cold, when they think they are going to die within the hour.

HUMAN OPTIONS contains personal descriptions and vignettes of some of the leading figures of the twentieth century. Some brief quotes:

WINSTON CHURCHILL: He gave options to a world quickly running out of time and space.

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT: A winner in an age up to its ears in losers....Anyone who doesn't remember the depression years, the Hitlerian horrors, and the ordeal of World War II, cannot estimate the sense of dependence on this man, or why it was that millions of people all over the world gave him their trust.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: She filled the role of personal friend for millions of Americans who needed an outlet for their hurts.

ADLAI STEVENSON: He had to be pushed into the public arena yet was often the last to leave. His greatest achievement was that he converted a presidential election campaign into a national classroom.

NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV: Tried to liberate the Russian people from their Stalinist past, just as he tried to de-dogmatize the ideology.

JOHN F. KENNEDY: He enabled brave and reasonable men to come out of hiding. He taught the American people to respect youth and cry over it.

HENRY A. KISSINGER: He believed that the shortest distance between two points in world affairs is frequently but inescapably a labyrinth.

BUCKY FULLER: Discovered the secret of perpetual curiosity at an early age and spent all his life trying to give the secret away.

HUMAN OPTIONS

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by Norman Cousins

author of ANATOMY OF AN ILLNESS

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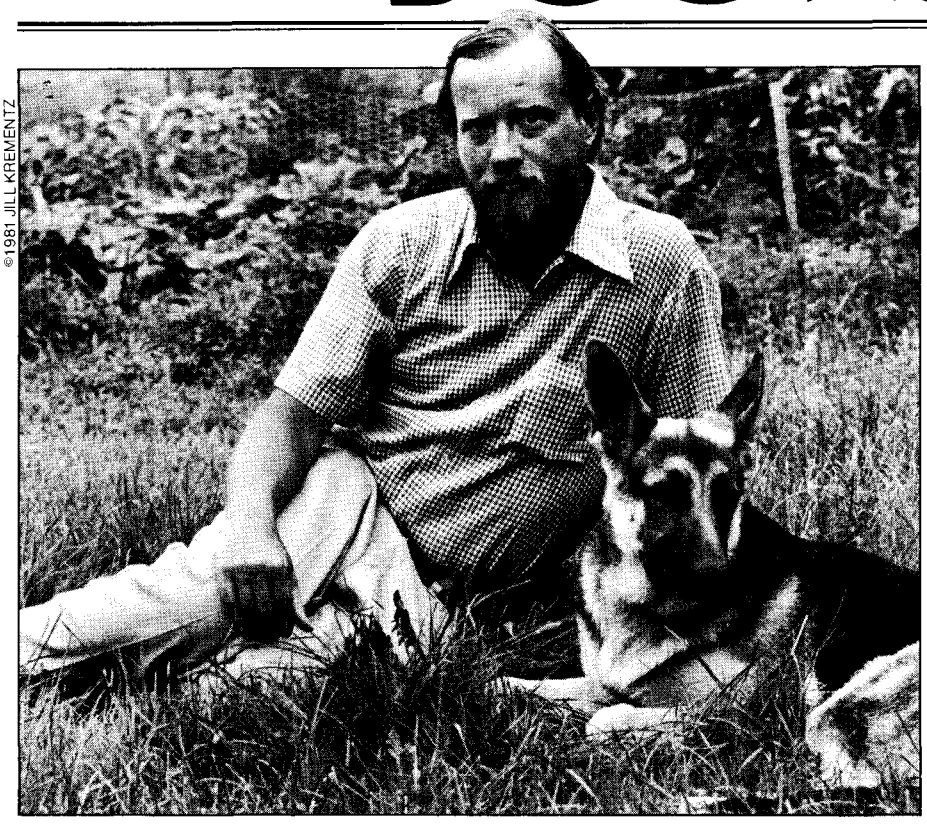

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Robert Stone deals with Catholic moral perplexities as skillfully as Graham Greene.

A Chilling Tale of Good and Evil

A Flag for Sunrise
by Robert Stone, Alfred A. Knopf, 448 pp., $13.95

Reviewed by Leonard Michaels

ROBERT STONE'S third novel, *A Flag for Sunrise*, is about Catholics—a nun, a priest, an anthropologist, a drifter—caught up among spies, gun runners, murderers, maniacs, and revolutionaries in a poor Central American country ruled by American business interests and the CIA through a local military regime. The plot is complicated and built upon short scenes, some of them so intensely dramatic they could be published independently. What holds them together is suspenseful action, an atmosphere of neurasthenic menace, and Stone's prose style. Lean, tough, quick, and smart, it is perfect for violent action, yet lyrical enough for Stone's nun as she contemplates her own mind, her "inward place":

> It was a foolish place, of course, but orderly. Like a corridor in some worthwhile institution, the walls and floors all spotless, the suffering and flesh behind white screens. A virgin's place, a bit of whited sepulcher.
>
> It was dim and Lenten, its saints were shrouded and if it held any tabernacles they were open and empty. It was very far away.

The plot has largely to do with a journey taken by three characters: Frank Holliwell, a professor of anthropology who worked for the CIA in Vietnam; a beautiful nun named Justin; and Pablo Tabor, a drifter of uncertain racial origins, who is Holliwell's alter ego. For all of them the journey is spiritual, because all seek to understand what use there is in one's personal life. They discover only that one is always *used* by others and by the impersonal, malevolent force of history. But the novel doesn't reduce to bleak determinism. At least the nun imagines that she has transcended history by giving herself to the cause of revolution, and, thereby, to God.

When Frank Holliwell begins his journey from America to a university in Compostela, a country adjoining Tecan, he is approached by a former CIA associate, Marty Nolan, who asks Holliwell to do investigative work in Tecan. He wants him to learn about their "coreligionists," a priest and the nun, who are suspected of revolutionary activities. To investigate would conflict with Holliwell's professional code as an anthropologist, but he also has another motive for refusing. Something happened to him in Vietnam, while working for the CIA, and it left him profoundly alienated. Nolan gets angry:

> "So what do you want? A perfect world? Tell me something, Professor, have you stopped believing that people have to take sides?"
>
> "No," Holliwell said. "People have to take sides."
>
> "What side are you on then? Do you really think the other guys are going to resolve the social contradictions and make everything OK?"

In brief: the "social contradictions"—Marxist shorthand for the misery of millions dominated by capitalist economics—have no absolute resolution. Our side offers only "relative resolution." It is therefore realistic, pragmatic, and maybe more consistent with Catholicism. The other side doesn't even believe in God.

Holliwell refuses to help the CIA men, but he discovers that, willy-nilly, he has been used by them because they arranged his trip and also because of his nature. Curious, impulsive, alcoholically self-destructive, and in flight from his family in America, he goes to Tecan. Through an accident, in which his leg is wounded, he meets the nun whom he has been asked to investigate. He does this, again willy-nilly, by falling in love with her. To say more would reveal too much plot, but it should be

Leonard Michaels is the author of *Going Places*, *I Would Have Saved Them if I Could*, and, most recently, *The Men's Club*.

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said that Stone manages it as skillfully as Graham Greene, who deals with just such moral perplexities in his spy novels.

At one point, talking to Holliwell about Vietnam, the nun says, "It must have been bad there." Holliwell thinks, "You'd have liked it." His thought illuminates her lust for occasions where the distinction between good and evil is lucid and provocative. Elsewhere in the novel, it is said that Vietnam had a kind of "moral fascination." Perhaps this fascination explains the excited, sensational reports of the American experience in Vietnam in recent books and movies. Many of us seem to like something about it.

There is frequent political and philosophical discussion among the characters, sometimes in the hallucinatory manner of drug freaks, but mainly in the manner of common sense. They consider the propriety of America's exploitation of small countries, and they ask about the value of any individual life in our evil world. These topics are made relevant to Stone's Catholics early on when one of them remembers a piece of writing by another: "The Jew is at home in the modern world."

Immediately, this reflection follows: "Whether or not this was a libel depended entirely on one's sense and experience of the modern world—but the business about the Jew was distinctly sinister—Can of worms there, Holliwell had thought."

Apparently, Holliwell's "sense and experience" don't include Auschwitz or other death camps intended for "the Jew" in the modern world, but this tiny lapse is irrelevant, because the line has less to do with "the Jew" than with Catholics. Stone's novel suggests that they cannot reconcile their faith with the brutality of nations and individuals these days, inflicted even upon Catholics, and, as we know from recent events, even upon nuns.

For "the Jew," presumably, there is no comparable dilemma since the modern world doesn't disturb his faith. This sinister worm is also not drawn out of the can, but the novel makes "the Jew" a concrete character named Naftali, a survivor of the Nazis and a gun merchant who works with a certain Mr. and Mrs. Callahan, sophisticated, elegant gun runners. Naftali and the Callahans constitute a Hebreo-Christian family, superior to other characters in their intelligence, courage, and style. In a grimly powerful scene, Naftali speaks like an ancient prophet about the infinite vanity of the universe:

> "There is a creature in another dimension whose jewelry is dead worlds. When this creature requires more of them it plants the seed of life on a tiny planet. After a while there are people and then nothing—a patina."

Naftali's remarks focus on people—not God—as the agents of destruction. In this he differs from the novel's Catholic pessimists.

In addition to characters, plot, and ideas, *A Flag for Sunrise* offers splendid description of primordial landscape and ocean. It takes us to the depths of a coral reef and up along the surface where the sun is an incitement to insane ferocity. Ferocity, however, is ubiquitous in the novel. There is little love, almost no trust, and much hate, paranoia, and murderous betrayal. Every major character is diseased in soul, but none is uninteresting and a few—like Naftali and the Callahans—are perversely attractive.

The largest achievement of *A Flag for Sunrise* is in the parallel journeys of Holliwell and Tabor. Both are deserters of family and country, both are addicts—Holliwell drinks, Tabor eats pills—and both are "turned around" (a phrase often repeated by Stone's characters, meaning used and confused). Both Holliwell and Tabor are wounded and receive healing ministrations from the beautiful nun. In the end, thrown together, adrift in a small boat, they perform what Stone calls the "final communication." It is a death ritual of gruesome intimacy, and it results in such hollow exhilaration as sustains the spirit in the modern world.

In passages of physical action, in quick matter-of-fact prose, Stone is reminiscent of writers like Harry Crews, Barry Hannah, and Thomas McGuane. The romantic and moral elements of his novel recall Hemingway, especially in the contrast of love and violence, and in the exotic setting. The moods of paranoia, alienation, and despair—and the intense concentration on sadism and murder as central to contemporary human relations—are reminiscent of Mailer, Capote, and Kosinski. (At least four of Stone's characters commit one or more murders, and others intend to do it.) Murder and sex converge more than once in the novel, but most strikingly when Mrs. Callahan, in a scene of mysterious sensual urgency, seduces Pablo Tabor because, above all, he is marked for death. However weird, the moment doesn't seem false, and it is most expressive of Stone's distinctly modern voice.

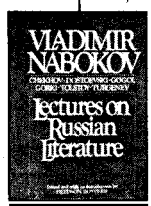
All in all, Stone epitomizes extreme obsessions and themes in modern writing, but his novel has the traditional satisfaction of a well-made, suspenseful plot, and a clearly articulated set of ideas. His tone and vision have the purity of ice and something like the cruelty of truth.■

A Great Russian on Great Russians

Lectures on Russian Literature
by Vladimir Nabokov, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/Bruccoli Clark, 416 pp., $19.95

Reviewed by Anthony Burgess

I WAS NOT altogether happy with the previous volume of Nabokov's *Lectures on Literature* (1980), in which he discussed Joyce, Dickens, Flaubert, Kafka, Proust, Jane Austen, and Robert Louis Stevenson. Nabokov's biggest but not only crime in those lectures was to fillet a plot out of *Ulysses* and discard the symbolic structure as unchewable bone. I felt a certain lack of humility in his approach to Dickens and Jane Austen, as though he, Nabokov, having learned how to control the English language, felt himself quite capable of remaking the literature that language had produced. After all, one of the aims in writing *Lolita* was to remake the United States of America. Nabokov was always willing to invent, even if what he invented had already been invented. Whatever his literary vices, a lack of self-confidence was not among them.



In this sequel volume of literary essays—which, like those of the first

Anthony Burgess is a contributing editor of *Saturday Review*. His most recent novel is *Earthly Powers*.

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Always inventive and never lacking self-confidence, Vladimir Nabokov describes the mess that the Soviet Union has made of Russian literature.

collection, are based on written notes for college classroom lectures—Nabokov turns a sharp critical eye on his fellow Russians—Gogol, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Gorky. Speaking at Cornell on April 10, 1958, with *Lolita* and much else already achieved, Nabokov described "with less sorrow than contempt" the mess that the Soviet Union had made of Russian literature. One of his virtues was a love of particularity; particularities were the weapons with which he demolished what he condemned. This, from *The Big Heart* by Antonov, published serially in 1957, was what Soviet fiction was about:

> Olga was silent.
> "Ah," cried Vladimir. "Why can't you love me as I love you?"
> "I love my country," she said.
> "So do I," he exclaimed.
> "And there is something I love even more strongly," Olga continued, disengaging herself from the young man's embrace.
> "And that is?" he queried.
> Olga let her limpid blue eyes rest on him, and answered quickly: "It is the Party."

So much for the Soviet novel.

Not, he says, that Russian writers have ever known that freedom which Western writers take for granted—to say what they like and feel in no danger from the state. When the state was Tsarist, it could send Dostoevsky to the salt mines or arrange the duel in which Pushkin was untimely killed. But the mere fact of a kind of bumbling amateurish oppression was sometimes a stimulus to the writer: It forced him into ingenuities of dissident expression that looked harmless.

Even when the Tsarist autocracy began to wobble a little under the impact of the new revolutionary thought, the Russian writer had to face a new enemy in political liberalism itself. If he did not write proletarian sub-literature like Gorky he was condemned as reactionary. A "strange double purgatory," Nabokov calls it:

> If in the opinion of the Tsars authors were to be the servants of the state, in the opinion of the radical critics writers were to be the servants of the masses. The two lines of thought were bound to meet and join forces when at last, in our times, a new kind of regime, the synthesis of a Hegelian triad, combined the idea of the masses with the idea of the state.

Confronted by a kind of Russian literature that ignored abstract questions and concentrated on the delineation of the real world of sunlight and shade (as in Turgenev), black curls on a white neck (Tolstoy), amorous vellei-ties frustrated (Chekhov), free fantasy very solidly notated (Gogol), Nabokov is humble and worshipful. He loves *Anna Karenina* because it presents a world of real time, not the Bergsonian flux of Proust, a time you can check with railway timetables and newspapers. He sees in Tolstoy's renunciation of fiction the kind of embrace of the pallid abstract (vague entities like *duty* and *spirit*) that, in a different form, is to produce Sovietism. The novel is about the tangible world. It is still tangible even when Gogol fantasizes about a disjunct nose or a ghost looking for its overcoat. When critics find in Nabokov's own fiction a kind of post-Joycean originality that reconciles word-play with love of the nonverbal world, they are finding nothing more than the Russian tradition that the Soviet metaphysic destroyed.

If Nabokov says nothing about Andrey Bely's *Petersburg*, which he considered to be one of the 10 great novels of our century, it is because it is made so unremittingly out of the Russian language that it totally resists translation. And he perpetually makes the point that we, or his students, cannot hope to know anything but a wraith of Russian fiction if we don't get down to learning Russian. Gogol, he says, is impossible in English. Even Tolstoy, who is not usually associated with the *mot juste*, weaves his visual webs out of the sound of Russian. "Enchanting was the firm-fleshed neck with its row of pearls...enchanting her animation, but there was something terrifying and cruel about her charm." The "pearls" are *zhemchug*, the "animation" is *ozhivlenie*, "terrifying" is *uzhasnoe*, and "cruel" is *zhestokoe*. Her beauty is associated with an ominous buzz, like that of some malign bee.

This is Dostoevsky's centenary, and it is a pity that Nabokov's lecture on *Crime and Punishment* cannot celebrate his and its greatness with a moratorium on niggling. But Nabokov — appreciating the patches of Dickensian humor (especially in *Notes From a Mousehole*, which is usually and ineptly rendered as *Notes From Underground*)—finds nothing of the true novelist about Dostoevsky. He describes his characters before embarking on dialogue, but never, in the manner of Tolstoy, retouches his portraits during the flow of speech. He should, Nabokov says, have been a playwright,

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except that he would never have been able to cope with the concision of dramaturgy. Nabokov finds one moral point on which to condemn Dostoevsky for lack of both humanity and spiritual refinement: Sonia and Raskolnikov sit together, and she reads to him from the Bible. "There they were, the murderer, the prostitute, and the good book." But we have never seen Sonia in action, and Christ forgave her two thousand years ago. We have seen the murderer in all the detail of his crime, and he is still unforgiven. The yoking of the two is false and argues an inexcusable coarseness.

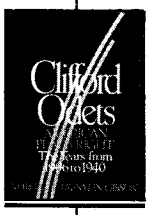
This volume, well put together by Fredson Bowers, never once fails to instruct and stimulate. This is a great Russian talking of great Russians. ■

Odets, Where Is Thy Sting?

Clifford Odets: American Playwright, The Years From 1906 to 1940
by Margaret Brenman-Gibson, Atheneum, 784 pp., $25

Reviewed by Richard Gilman

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN puzzled by Clifford Odets's last name. It seemed characterless, lacking a national origin, though it did of course lend itself to that wonderful pun: "Odets, where is thy sting?" Now in Margaret Brenman-Gibson's preternaturally lengthy biography of the playwright, I learn that the name was devised by Odets's father, Louis, who wishing to disguise his Jewishness, or at least his Russian-Jewishness, excised the first three and last two letters of his real name, Gorodetsky. This is useful to know.



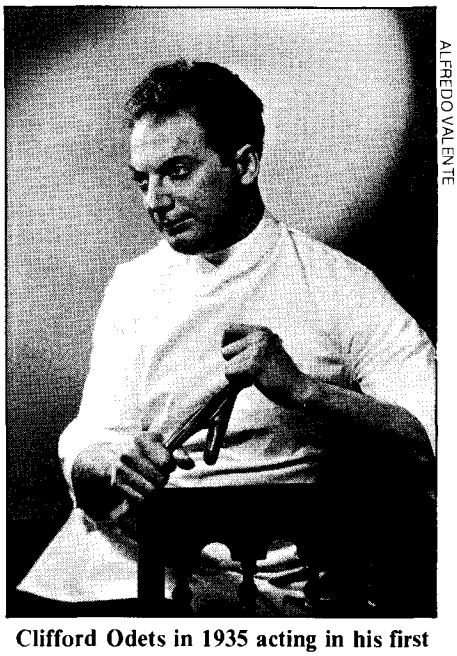
There are other useful facts to be gleaned from this book, but I'm not sure they're worth the exhausting effort getting at them entails. Mrs. (or Dr.) Brenman-Gibson (she's a practicing psychoanalyst who is married to the playwright William Gibson) is no minimalist. Her book runs to nearly 800 closely printed pages and covers Odets's life only until 1940 when he was 34; his last 24 years will be the subject of a second volume. If this is anywhere near the length of the present book, Brenman-Gibson will have produced what must be the longest literary biography we possess, with the exceptions of Leon Edel's *Henry James* and Joseph Blotner's *Faulkner*.

Edel's work, if somewhat overpraised, is clean and shapely, while Blotner's is swollen with irrelevant detail. But at least he had the justification of his subject's importance, while Brenman-Gibson doesn't. Try as she will, she can't give Odets the stature she needs for him. He remains interesting because of the hurly-burly of his life and his representative status as a figure of the cultural 1930s, but his plays are fast sinking from sight, if indeed they haven't already disappeared. Brenman-Gibson herself says of Odets that he was "plagued by the terror that he was a mediocre talent, too eager to please," and if "mediocre" is a bit harsh, at least in the context of his times, the fear was essentially warranted.

To read Odets now—his plays are almost never revived—is to see a dramatic substance and style disintegrating before your eyes. Time has worked its erosions. The plays are severely dated, from their political optimism to their superannuated slang. One cringes at a passage like Leo Gordon's peroration in *Paradise Lost*: "I tell you the whole world is for men to possess. Heartbreak and terror are not the heritage of mankind! The world is beautiful... men will sing at their work, men will love." And one is scarcely less discomfited by all the "gees," "goshes," "swells," "feeling blues," etc., that are scattered throughout the texts. It's clear now that Odets triumphed in an especially naive period, both politically and in regard to the level of American theater art. He seemed new, to have the common touch, but time has exposed him as a melodramatist.

One senses that Brenman-Gibson suspects this but has suppressed the notion. After all, such stupendous labor is an investment that demands protection. (At one point she describes herself as a "clinician-biographer who is cheering for" her subject's "growth as an artist.") Brenman-Gibson knew Odets and has been given access to the astonishingly voluminous materials he left—letters, diaries, notebooks, drafts of plays, scraps of writing of all sorts—and to the recollections of many people who knew him well. These include Harold Clurman, the Group Theater director who for years was Odets's closest intellectual collaborator; Elia Kazan; Stella and Luther Adler; and Luise Rainer, whose disastrous marriage to Odets makes up one of the book's more absorbing episodes.

So much research has been necessary because Brenman-Gibson writes "psychobiography," an approach that seems to aspire to the total re-creation of a life. She is a disciple of Erik Erikson, who has called her book "a breakthrough in life history writing." Perhaps it is, but it's certainly no breakthrough in drama criticism or general cultural investigation, for that matter. Seizing the issue, Brenman-Gibson begins by quoting Freud's well-known remark that "psychoanalysis must throw down its arms" before the mysteries of art, and then proceeds to try to prove him wrong. Instead she confirms him.


ALFREDO VALENTE

Clifford Odets in 1935 acting in his first noteworthy play, *Waiting for Lefty*.

This happens because she lacks what nearly every psychoanalytic writer on art has lacked—an aesthetic sense—and so commits the common intellectual sin of such enterprises: to mistake motives for artistic actualities.

In her discussions of Odets's plays she

Richard Gilman, president of PEN American Center, is professor of drama at Yale University. His last book was *Decadence: The Strange Life of an Epithet*.

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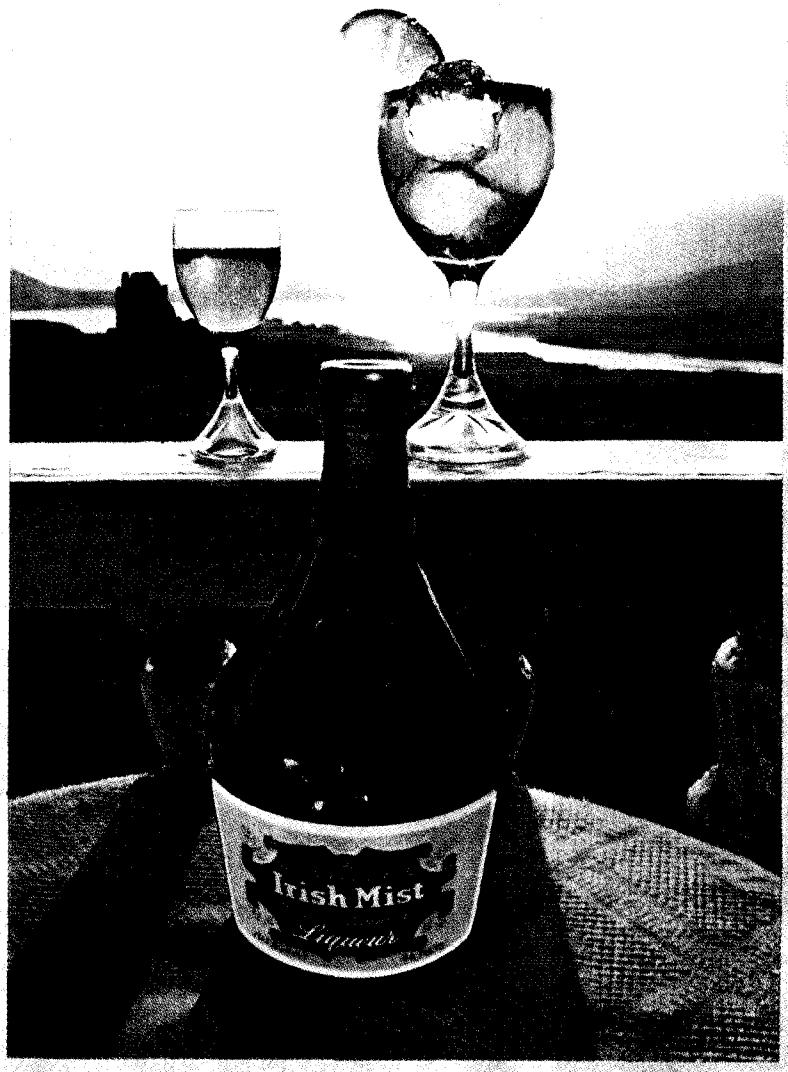
practices a type of thematic inquiry in which the importance of a work's motifs is the essential thing and where abstract categories of moral or social value override questions of imaginative complexity or original vision. She doesn't examine or elucidate so much as label. She writes of *Awake and Sing* that it's a "rich allegory which celebrates the grand passions of life, of death, and of resurrection" and calls it a "bubbling play, sizzling with interior plot and conflict." She speaks of the "rich, compassionate emotional flow in *Golden Boy*, with its layers of meaning, its cornucopia of American image, of symbol, of character." This isn't criticism but press-agentry, and of a rather illiterate kind at that.

Brenman-Gibson's few efforts at criticism are no better. Odets, she tells us, for example, "projected... complex identity-elements into the conflicting characters, the external resolutions in the play representing his internal integrations." If it were only that simple. But playwriting, or any literary act, isn't a means of therapy, or is only incidentally that. Dramatic characters are just as likely to "represent" a writer's disintegrations, and in any case such methods as Brenman-Gibson's tell us nothing about the quality of the work. Above all they offer nothing about why Odets's plays, so striking to his contemporaries, should feel entirely melodramatic and dated now.

Failure as a critic doesn't mean that Brenman-Gibson has failed in every other area. And, in fact, some of the purely biographical sections of the book are competent enough, even if they're much too long. (Do we really need endless letters from Clurman to Odets reprinted in their entirety? Do we need to know what Odets bought at the grocer's one afternoon?) Still, if you can get through this clot of detail, Odets's life does have interest, primarily because of its exemplary, or cautionary, nature. He was a prime instance of success coming too soon and praise too abundantly; like Arthur Miller after him, he was a victim of the hyperbole that afflicts so much of American life.

Brenman-Gibson traces Odets's earliest years in Philadelphia and New York as the oldest child of a passive, melancholy mother and a blustering, boorish father (who once called Odets the "dummest [sic] chunk of humanity" he'd ever known); his early years as an actor; and in his mid-twenties, his joining the Group Theater, for which he was inspired to begin writing plays and which was to be his spiritual and organizational home for some years. This

AN IRISH MIST SETTLED OVER THE EVENING.



The hills roll forever. The lakes radiate light. The dew kisses each morning. The mist settles every evening. You can taste it all, and more.

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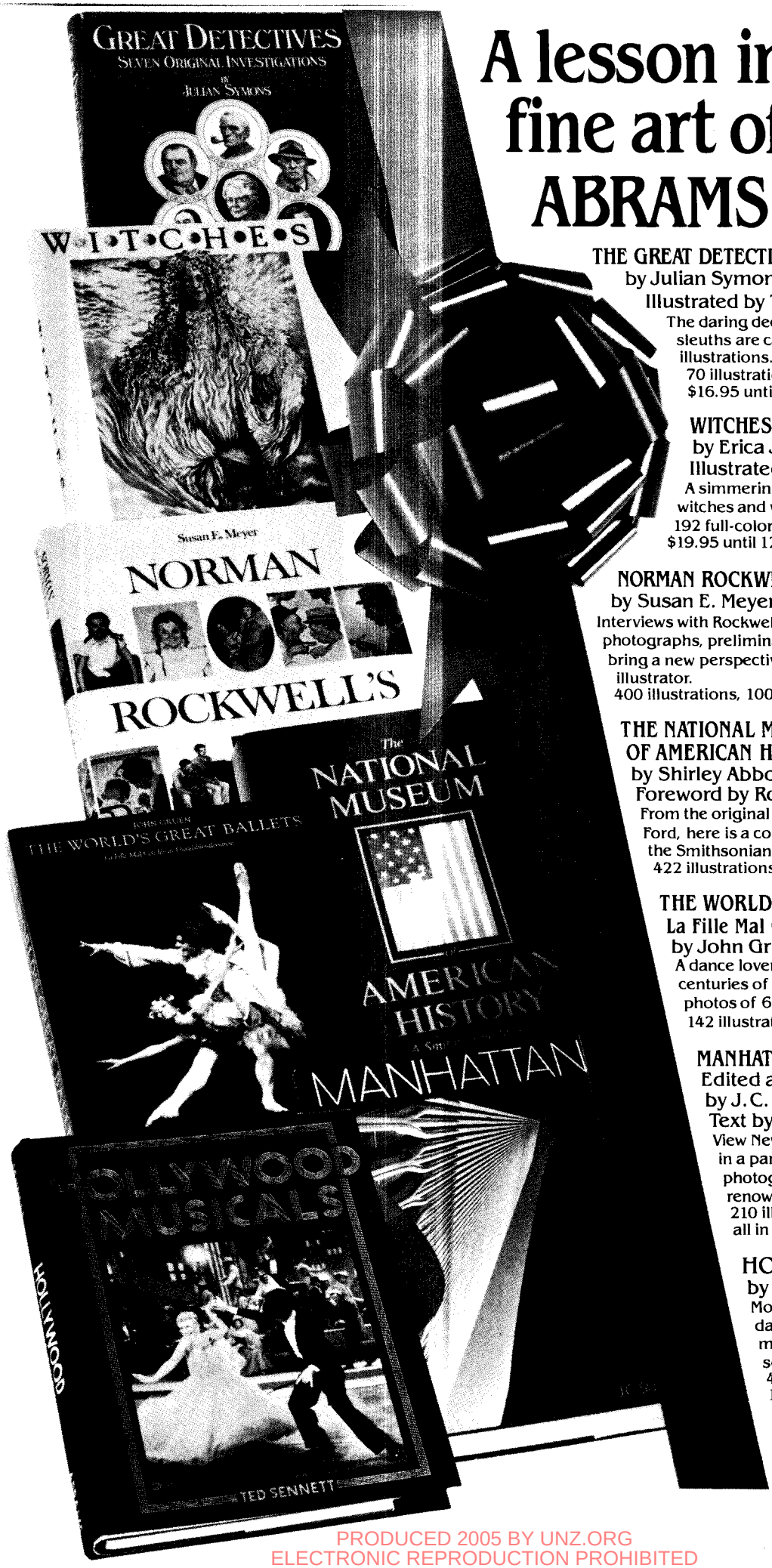

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volume ends with Odets already a successful but unhappy screenwriter. Throughout these years Odets is shown furiously struggling in "a war... between the aristocrat and peasant" in him, between his masculine and feminine sides, and between his Jewish and American identities.

Speculative as all this is, Brenman-Gibson's "life-history" might have succeeded as straightforward, if uninspired, biography had she not had a grander ambition, nothing less than to connect her subject's experience and fate to "the larger sweep of developing history." The results are ludicrous. "The worldwide scramble for a division of the... spoils spawned a successful revolution in Russia in 1917," Brenman-Gibson writes, "and the governments of other nations were in terror of similar movements...." And again, in "the tense summer of 1938... President Roosevelt was urging all Americans to pray for peace, and there was still no script of the new 'dentist play' from Clifford."

But what's even more ludicrous is the way Brenman-Gibson lectures on history apart from Odets. We're told that Adolf Hitler was originally named Schicklgruber, and that Charles Lindbergh (a daring young pilot who... etc.) was nicknamed Lucky Lindy. We are told about Sacco and Vanzetti as though we never heard of them; Shakespeare is presented as *William* S. in case we didn't know. There's a naivete here, an innocence that's almost winning. But it doesn't do much for poor Clifford Odets, the best playwright of his time *faute de mieux*, whom we leave in the grip of guilt and avarice in Hollywood, waiting, as I suppose we must, for Volume Two. ■

The Jean Harris Murder Trial

Mrs. Harris: The Death of the Scarsdale Diet Doctor
by Diana Trilling, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 341 pp., $14.95

Reviewed by Joshua Gilder

DURING A BREAK in the proceedings, defense attorney Joel Arnou gathered the court reporters and read to them from Jean Harris's fan mail. As an example of the public support for his client, then on trial for the murder of Herman Tarnower, Arnou quoted from one letter: "The son-of-a-bitch," it began, "got what he deserved."

That pretty well sums up Diana Trilling's initial feelings on the matter. She tells us that she decided to write this book in a "spirit of partisanship," and that she felt "unqualified sympathy" for Harris. It wasn't an uncommon sentiment those first weeks after the shooting. For many women the sad story of Jean Harris embodied their feelings of sexual injustice and resentment against an exploitative male sex—of which a better representative than Herman Tarnower, it appeared, would be hard to find. The respected cardiologist and newly successful author of *The Complete Scarsdale Diet* had recently decided to dump the aging Harris, his lover of 14 years, for a young, blonde nurse-secretary at his Scarsdale Clinic.

The trial had all the sensational aspects the press could have asked for: a celebrity murdered, a defendant who was headmistress of the classy Madeira private school, tales of sexual jealousy, and sordid stories of revenge. For Trilling it offered other possibilities: Harris stood for suffering womanhood, Tarnower for oppressive male society.

The curious thing is that Trilling felt compelled to believe Harris's improbable story. Harris contended that she had come to Tarnower's home to do away with herself but that somehow, she could never remember quite how, had managed to pump four bullets into her lover's body instead. As a lawyer of Trilling's acquaintance said to her, it was an unlikely accident; four bullets sounded to him more like rage. But for all its lack of credibility, the defense story had certain advantages for Trilling. It removed the necessity of coming to terms with Harris's aggression. Harris's role remained that of a purely passive victim, and all attention could focus on Tarnower's cruelty: *He* had pushed her to the extremity of attempting suicide. Only by divine intervention, it seemed, did things turn out differently.

Before the trial began Trilling had finished a first, entirely sympathetic draft of her book, and expected to have to make only a few minor revisions as the trial unfolded. Her plans were spoiled, however: Harris perversely refused to act the role of victimized womanhood. Watching Harris aggressively engage in her own defense—objecting herself when she thought her own council too diffident, mocking the slow formulations of the prosecuting attorney—it was obvious to everyone, Trilling and the jury included, that this was no passive victim.

Even more unsettling, Harris demonstrated a complete absence of remorse for the killing of her lover, which, accidental or not, was by her own hand. All too evident in her demeanor was that rage which might have impelled her on to murder.

Trilling was forced to scrap her original draft and start over. The passive-aggressive formulation of the defense story no longer held in the face of so unpenitent a defendant. Confronted with the uncomfortable reality of Harris's rage, Trilling becomes shrill in tone, her attitude openly antagonistic. She scolds Harris for being selfish and "self-pitying." When the famous "Scarsdale Letter" is read in court, Trilling is "repelled." Disdain drips from her sentences: "Her dependency on this undependable man is measureless. She can't be without him. She crawls on her knees...." (In fact this image is Trilling's own invention.) But what really upsets Trilling is that often when she looks over at Harris in court she finds her smiling.

Trilling cannot reconcile herself to the idea that perhaps Harris shot Tarnower because (consciously or unconsciously, it doesn't really matter) she wanted him dead, and *she doesn't regret killing him.* When Harris cries out against the judge's ruling on a point of evidence, Trilling wonders, only semi-rhetorically, "Why had she not cried out, softly but audibly, when she heard of the doctor's failed vital signs, of his eyes fixed in death...?" Where, Trilling seems to be constantly asking, is this woman's guilt? A recess is called, and Harris approaches the famous author to speak with her. But Trilling inwardly recoils from personal contact with her onetime martyr. "Unclean, unclean," she thinks.

Neither in her original partisanship

Joshua Gilder is an associate editor of *Saturday Review.*

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nor in her later condemnation of Harris does Trilling come off particularly well. Her hasty acceptance of the absurd defense story speaks of a willingness to bend or ignore facts to suit her ideological needs. More importantly, and perhaps this is really part of the same thing, her attitude toward the defendant demonstrates little human understanding and compassion. During the trial the defense called several students from the Madeira school to testify as character witnesses. One black girl, Ava Scott, had formed an attachment to the headmistress. Harris had cared for her when she was ill and the girl remained grateful.

UPI (2)

Jean Harris is taken to her arraignment for killing Dr. Herman Tarnower (inset). According to Diana Trilling, Harris's dependency on Tarnower was "measureless."

After testifying she walked over to the defendant to express her sympathy. She kissed her, and they both began to cry. Writes Trilling:

> It's the first time I've seen Harris genuinely sob....What does and does not arouse emotional response in Mrs. Harris is now plain enough. Of remorse for the doctor's death she has none....What stirs visible emotion in her is self-pity and what is more rousing of self-pity than the praise or pity of others?

One thing is sure, there's no pity of any kind in Trilling.

Considering Harris's situation it doesn't seem that self-pity was so entirely out of place. She was not only on trial for murder, she had, as came out in the testimony, suffered for years from a severe depression. She said that she'd always felt friendless, and one can imagine how satisfying her relationship with Tarnower was. It's more than likely that Ava Scott's sympathetic gesture was, for Harris, a rare expression of love. Trilling can't imagine how another's sympathy can soften one's heart, even the heart of a murderer.

The author isn't entirely unaffected by the scene, however. She wonders if the court will "be more moved by the devotion of a black student than by her white schoolmates." From there she launches into a discussion of race and collective white guilt, etc., and it becomes clear what does and does not move Trilling. She saves her compassion—if that's the right word—for abstractions, faceless groups of oppressed "Blacks" and "Women."

Trilling attempts in the conclusion to resurrect her earlier sympathy for Harris, which she just about manages to do by reinstating the headmistress in the ranks of woman-as-victim. She trots out all the usual feminist clichés—male dominated society and Sigmund Freud made Jean Harris what she has become—but it all seems rote by now; even Trilling appears unconvinced.

As a reporter, Trilling is an amateur. Before the trial she decides to do some research. She drives to Tarnower's home, but the servants, who have stayed on there, won't let her in, so she sits in the car and tells us how depressed she feels. Later Trilling takes her research assistant to Tarnower's Medical Clinic to search out Tarnower's nurse/lover Lynn Tryforos. Feeling uncomfortable about going in herself, she sends in the assistant, but they won't let him past the front desk. She tries to visit the Madeira school, which has been open for weeks after the shooting, but has now been closed to reporters. They won't even let her drive through the campus. As she describes it, she just can't "penetrate."

When she does finally get inside Tarnower's home, the first thing she notices is how small the rooms are. The breakfast room isn't a real room at all, she says, just "an emptiness into which one enters when one comes through the front door." Of the kitchen she snoots, "If this is where Suzanne [the housekeeper] prepared those gourmet meals of hers, she's indeed an undemanding cook." The dining room is "even more deficient."

These are, however, some of the liveliest moments in the book. The *New York Post* and the *Daily News* reported the trial with greater élan than Trilling manages here; sometimes it seems as if she is transcribing the proceedings word for word. Halfway through she tells us that she took to bed with an imaginary illness in order to escape the tedium of the trial. Readers may be tempted to do the same.

Fiction Briefs

Liars in Love
By Richard Yates
Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence
274 pp., $13.95

IT IS GOOD to report that realism in short fiction is alive and well.

Liars in Love is Richard Yates's first collection of stories since *Eleven Kinds of Loneliness* was published nearly 20 years ago. It contains seven longish tales, only one of which is disappointing. Two are gems.

Set in New York's Greenwich Village during the Depression, "Oh, Joseph, I'm So Tired" carefully details the trials of two children and their sculptor manqué mother, a foolish woman who is teetering "at the onset of a long battle with alcohol that she would ultimately lose." The story ends with the mortified children watching their mother engage in a drunken, bitter, anti-Semitic rage.

"A Natural Girl" begins with a sophomore coed telling her father that she doesn't love him anymore. "There's no more why to not loving than there is to

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loving," she remarks more than once in this story about men's inability to understand women. Her father asks, would women's "smiles of rejection always drop you into despair, and their smiles of welcome lead only into new, worse, more terrible ways of breaking your heart?" Most of Yates's men would answer yes.

These skillfully wrought, wrenching stories are about pain and loss and loneliness; awkward meetings and unresolved lovers' fights; the cruelty of parents and of children. At a time when much short fiction busies itself with surfaces, it is something of a wonder to find stories that cut to the bone. —ROBERT R. HARRIS

Red Dragon
by Thomas Harris
G. P. Putnam's Sons
354 pp., $13.95

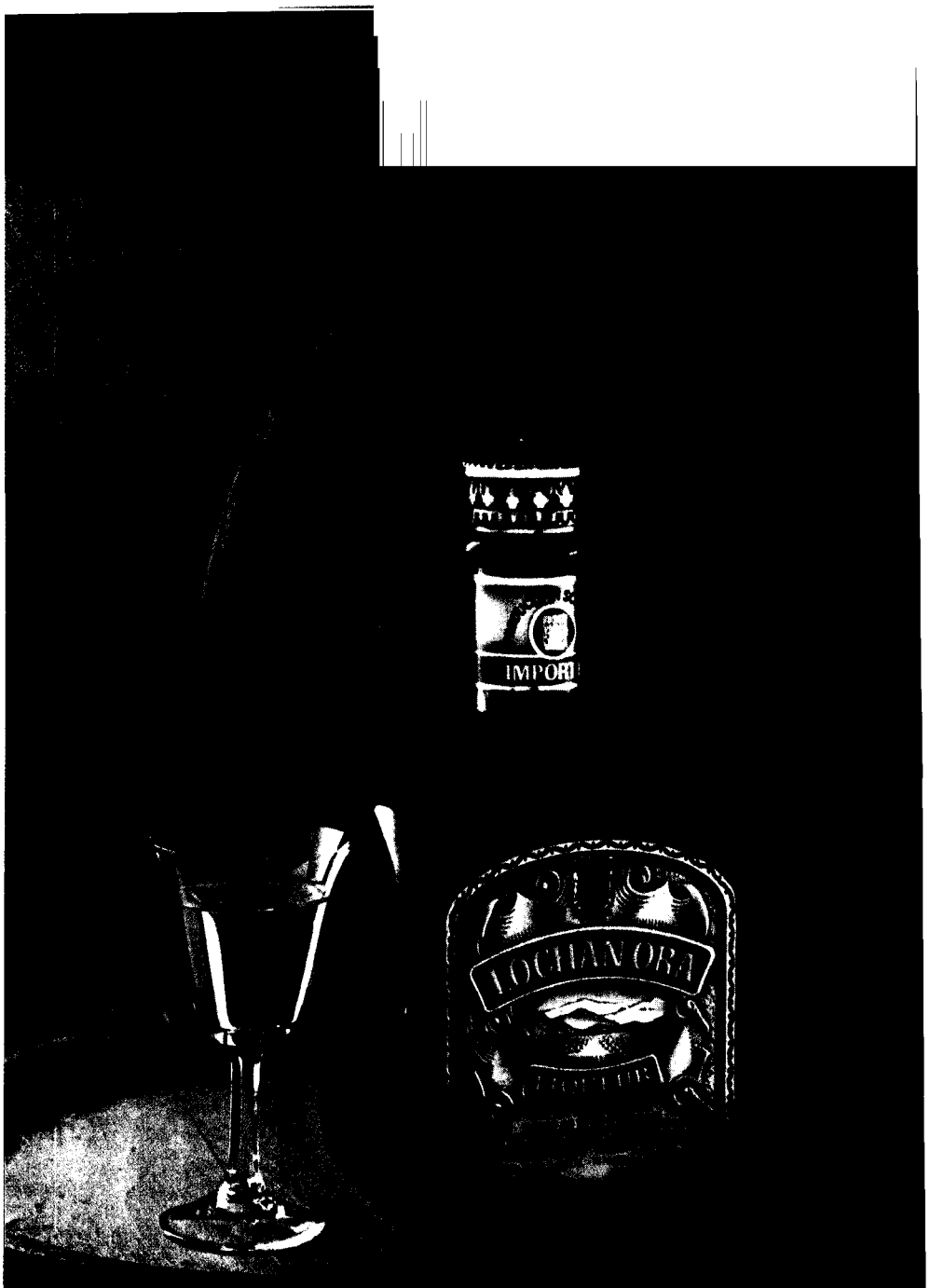
AT THE OUTSET, suspicion should be set to rest that the chromatic titling of Thomas Harris's *Red Dragon* signals merely a louder-hued remake of his vastly successful novel of international terrorism, *Black Sunday*. This is a chilling, tautly written, and well-realized psychological thriller.

Hero Will Graham's imagination, meticulous methods, and rare ability to project himself into the feelings of killer and victim have aided him in tracking down many a psychopath. Now he reluctantly returns to the FBI to investigate the nearly identical slayings and mutilations of two families in different states. There seem to be no leads. Disfigured from birth, villain Francis Dolarhyde works in a motion-picture lab. He chooses his victims by viewing home movies sent for processing. Harris's focus alternates between the cunning Dolarhyde—who experiences his first, unsettling love while being driven to new atrocities—and Graham—who must protect his own family while stalking the killer.

The suspense is sustained by deft characterizations, fascinating crime-lab details, a twisting plot, and understated prose. —JOSEPH AMIEL

The Age of Wonders
by Aharon Appelfeld
David R. Godine, 224 pp., $12.95

THE LITERATURE of the Holocaust—an outpouring of grief, outrage, and explanation—has lately shown a need to confront the period just preceding World War II, and one of the most adroit voices to do so has been Aharon Appelfeld's. This Israeli writer's highly acclaimed



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Badenheim 1939 was the chilling portrait of a group of Austrian Jews staying at a resort hotel—dancing, as it were, on the brink of disaster.

In his rich, new novel, Appelfeld goes to the suffocating eye of the storm—the coming of the Holocaust becomes a force of nature—as experienced by a Jewish boy growing up in Austria during the 1930s and later painfully remembered by him upon his return to his hometown. Appelfeld calls back the cosmopolitan, intellectual, formalized life of pre-war Austria, especially the cultured, nervous life of its assimilated Jews. The decay of Austrian society, he seems to be saying, was matched, somehow suggested, by disintegration and hypersensitivity within the Jewish psyche; as in D.M. Thomas's *The White Hotel*, breakdown, depression, and insanity are seen as peculiarly Jewish afflictions. The hero's father, for example, reacts to neurosis with shame, reenacts the ancient Jewish tradition of self-hatred. *The Age of Wonders* exists at the distance of a dream, eerily couched in the language of high melodrama, which in Appelfeld's hands becomes the only possible way to commemorate the stunning drama at its core. —CELIA BETSKY

Poppa John
by Larry Woiwode
Farrar, Straus & Giroux
204 pp., $10.95

POPPA JOHN is a widely loved, Bible-quoting character on a TV soap opera whom the studio's top brass declares must die. And die he does, over months of air time, while the grand classical actor who has played him for 12 years brings his great talent to bear on this monstrously prolonged death scene. Such sublimity is poorly rewarded when Ned, the actor, can no longer find work; he's over-familiar, and people now prefer to think of him as dead.

Ned develops a nerves-and-vodka stomach ulcer, is depressed, and suffers a mental breakdown. He misses the "real life" he put daily into Poppa John's wisdom, having used the character as a purgative for his psychic upsets. He has terrible memories of the murder of his martinet father, of a pair of TV-fanatical sisters who leaped from their apartment window thinking they could fly, of his addled mother's death in his arms. His worst, only half-recognized worry is alienation from his loving wife. This ambitious tale, by the author of *Beyond the Bedroom Wall*, is borne into the reader's mind like an oily dream, its hints and shadows too literary by half, yet at times profoundly inspired. But the novel will endure its flaws, having been written from the core. —DONALD NEWLOVE

Illuminations
by Tamás Aczél
Pantheon Books, 375 pp., $15.50

DR. GEORGE FELDHEIMER has survived Nazi death camps, Stalinist crackdowns, and a previous, very bleak novel by Aczél called *The Ice Age*. Like the author who created him, Feldheimer left Hungary in 1956, when the Soviets rolled in. In *Illuminations*, he is struck blind. In his search for vision—physical and metaphysical—Feldheimer stumbles onto a murder in Vienna and also into the beds of numerous women, each embodying an aspect of the Eternal Feminine.

Feldheimer finds, in the face of his bourgeois-Bohemian present, mocking shadows of his tragic past. His goal is to discover the light that will cancel those shadows. So the novel plays with dialectic, juggling dark and light, guilt and innocence, remembering and forgetting. But Aczél's manipulations are neither wild enough to dazzle, like Günter Grass's, nor deliberate enough to inspire the metaphysical shiver, like Milan Kundera's. In the end, Aczél resorts to a jerry-rigged theophany, with God as an aging dental-equipment tycoon cozened by his own PR man. But the surface of the book is engaging enough. Aczél writes a rhythmic, idiomatic English apparently modeled on Saul Bellow's, and Feldheimer is an appealing character.

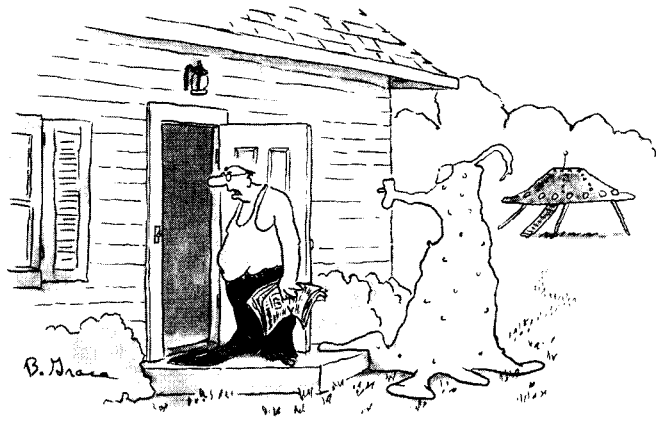
—EVAN EISENBERG

Crystal Vision
by Gilbert Sorrentino
North Point Press, 320 pp., $15

CRYSTAL VISION, written in 1975-76 (though its publication follows *Mulligan Stew* and *Aberration of Starlight*), is a comic romp, high strung and hilarious.

Characters with names like The Arab, The Drummer, and Cookie La Norde engage in virtually nonstop dialogue on such topics as Kant, wood nymphs, and whether or not the pope is in San Francisco. The reader gains entry into the characters' lives in the same manner as a stranger sitting silently while pub mates reveal their fellows' foibles. Through it all—monologues, poems, plays, and an epistolary novel—various characters gain insight into the sources of each other's misery and even the causes of their future deaths. The result is a plotless, though poignant, grab bag of stories.

One suspects that, given the date when this novel was written and its publication by a small California press, *Crystal Vision* was a secondary Sorrentino project. There is in it, nonetheless, enough beauty, truth, and humor to fill up several novels. And though it may be the result of an excess of nervous energy and the emptying of notebooks, it is a remarkable achievement. —JOHN BUCKLEY



"It's your mother."

Nonfiction Briefs

Some Sort of Epic Grandeur: The Life of F. Scott Fitzgerald
by Matthew J. Bruccoli
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 433 pp., $25

SOME MYTHS are true. The myth of F. Scott Fitzgerald as the embodiment of the "Lost Generation"—of Jazz Age

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By Alvin Tresselt, Dean of Faculty

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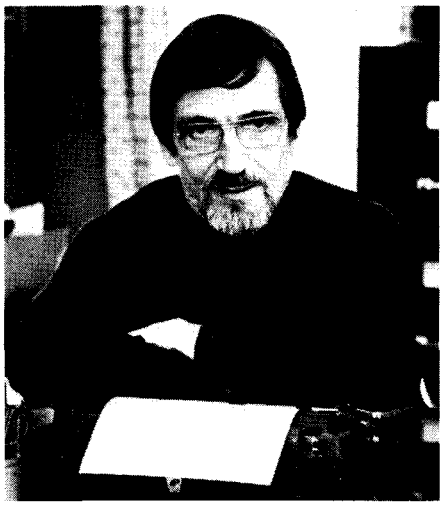

Alvin Tresselt was Vice President and Executive Editor of Parents' Magazine Press, the first editor of *Humpty Dumpty's Magazine for Children*, and a board member of the Author's Guild. His 53 books for young readers have sold over two million copies.

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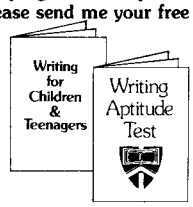

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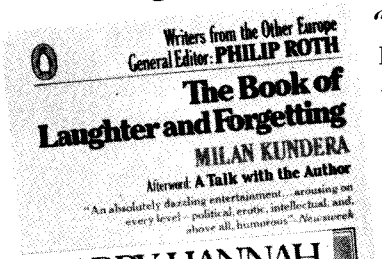
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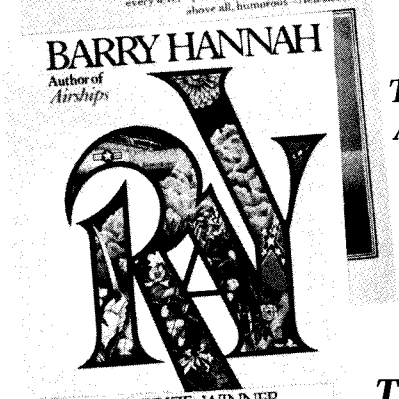

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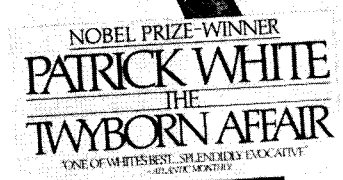

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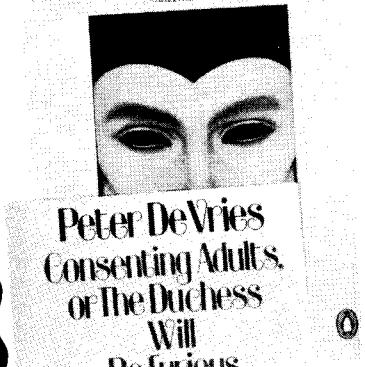

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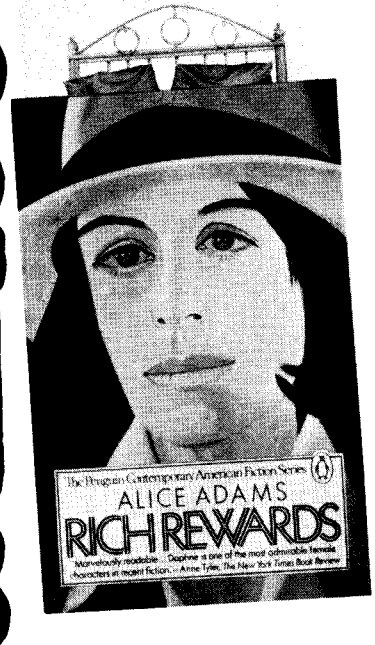

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BOOKS

excess and Depression doom, of *The Beautiful and the Damned*—was shaped and abetted by his fiction and his and Zelda's gift (or curse) for self-dramatization. But all myths are too simple. In this excellent and exhaustively researched biography, Matthew J. Bruccoli gives the Fitzgerald myth flesh and dimension, as well as full-scale scholarly documentation. There are minor corrections: Hemingway never retorted, "Yeah, they have more money" to Fitzgerald's "The very rich are different from you and me." (Money was, of course, a constant Fitzgerald theme; typical of Bruccoli's thoroughness is a year-by-year record of all his earnings—and it is to be noted that even in the worst years the income was substantial.) More important, Fitzgerald was no wastrel. He was churning out stories and essays all the time, and even in the nadir of the 1930s was far more productive than simple myth would have it.

But the major correction is that we are given the life and the writing as they happened, so that the myth unfolds as if new and in the context of reality, not the other way around. It is an extraordinarily touching story, not least because Fitzgerald was a good deal more honest with himself than most writers tend to be (and he seems to have recorded everything). Bruccoli is naturally sympathetic, but he holds adoration in careful check. The tone is factual and neutral—which is to say just right. The dramatics—the burst of genius, the vortex of anguish—speak for themselves.

—ELIOT FREMONT-SMITH

The Language of Clothes
by Alison Lurie
Random House, 238 pp., $20

The Fashionable Mind: Reflections on Fashion, 1970-1981
by Kennedy Fraser
Alfred A. Knopf, 290 pp., $13.95

WHILE SOME of Alison Lurie's more absolute pronouncements are questionable—that orange is an "aggressive" color people invariably react against—most of her observations are trenchant and astute. For example, she notes that whether adorned with safety pins or unnecessary buttons and buckles, both punks and preppies are signaling their danger of bursting or falling apart. Especially suggestive are comparisons of clothes to the landscape in which they crop up: the Londoner's squared-off grays emulating the buildings and fog of that city, the horizontal stripes of a sail-

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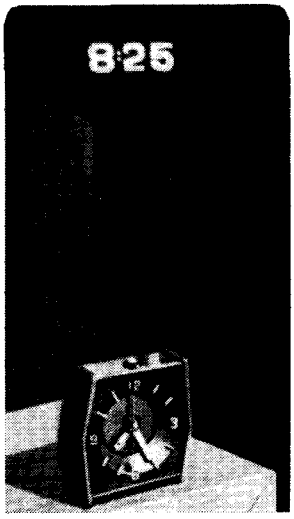

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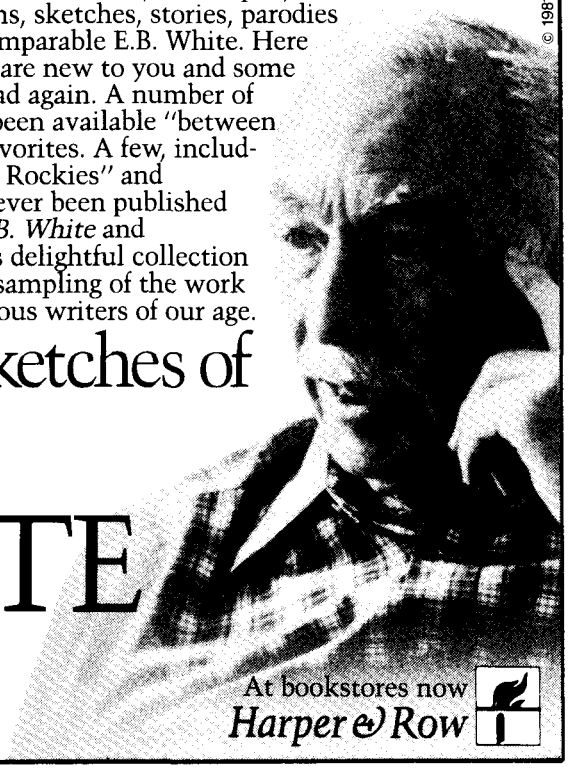
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BOOKS

or's jersey mimicking the blue waves of the sea. Though there is much here that will be familiar to anyone conversant with the history and theory of dress, *The Language of Clothes* is above all a novelist's morphology of literary types in which clothing is wittily explored as the ultimate in the "telling" detail.

The essays Kennedy Fraser has preserved from her *New Yorker* columns are not about clothing but about fashion. Whereas Lurie has the bright eye of the social ironist, Fraser writes from a partisan point of view. Perhaps because of the insecurity that fashion generates in any sophisticated woman, *The Fashionable Mind*'s tone is as brittle, albeit as elegant, as a formalized fashion spread in *Vogue* circa 1959. Much of the material is so particular to its time as to be dated or irrelevant, and the focus on the immediate tends to blind the author to the fact that much of the phenomena she concentrates on in such a fury of judgment has been seen in one form or another before. She believes she is witnessing the collapse of fashion from a monolithic series of prevailing uniforms into a chaotic array of "anything goes"; she seems at once to mourn its passing and to view the old couture with disdain. One can only wonder why someone so out of sympathy with her subject has chosen it at all.

—ANNA SHAPIRO

Bismarck
by Edward Crankshaw
The Viking Press, 408 pp., $19.95

IN THIS SCRUPULOUSLY detailed, eloquently written biography, the 19th-century master of Realpolitik emerges as a peculiarly fascinating kind of scoundrel. As historian Edward Crankshaw sees it, Bismarck's celebrated courage was not that of a great leader, "unspeculatively advancing to destruction in the conviction of his own infallibility." On the contrary, Bismarck was a supreme calculator, a "confidence trickster of genius," who became minister-president of Prussia with virtually no professional training or political base.

He managed, through a "virtuosic" manipulation of the power available to him, to maneuver his country into three savage, successful wars and transform a fragmented Germany into the most feared war machine in Europe.

Nevertheless, says Crankshaw, it was an empty performance by a vulgar man. Bismarck was engaged only in the "dreary and unsatisfying business of consolidating his personal power" through

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increasingly brutal forms of intimidation. According to Crankshaw, Bismarck's real legacy was to poison Europe with cynicism and to accustom his people to a type of "boastfulness and bullying" that made Hitler's style an acceptable means of self-expression. This is not only a distinguished biography, but also a somber meditation on how easily people are seduced into worshiping naked power. —JACK SULLIVAN

Witches
by Erica Jong
Harry N. Abrams, 176 pp., $25 ($19.95 until December 31, 1981)

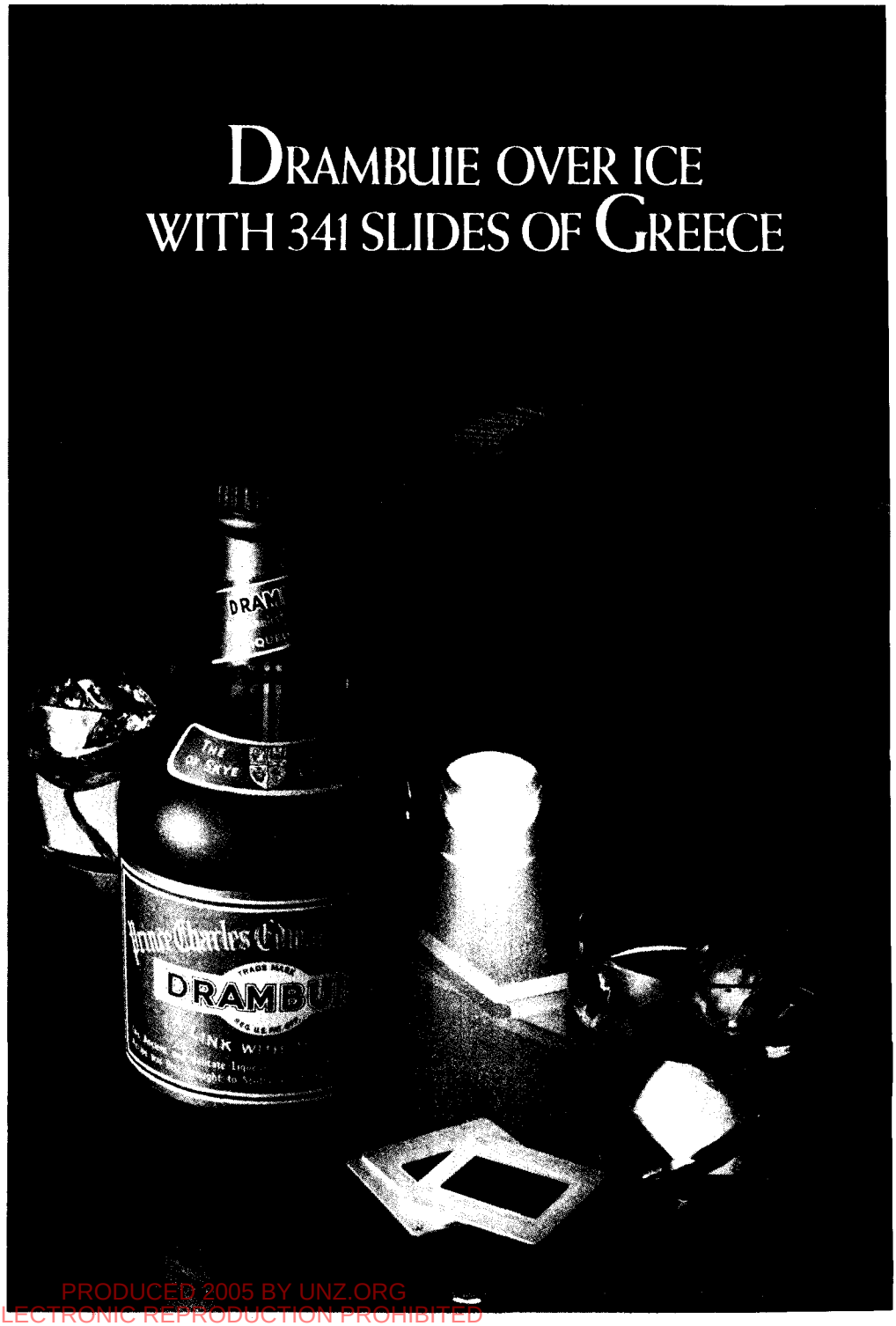
FOR DREAMERS and poets and those who harbor "secret selves," *Witches* explores the evolution of the witch in history, art, and myth. Aided by some fantastical illustrations, Erica Jong takes us on a whimsical yet thought-provoking journey into the twilight world of covens, ritual sex, herbal healing, and magic. She explains how pagan deities were transformed and finally eradicated with the advent of Christianity and the rise of patriarchal values. Worship of the Mother Goddess continued surreptitiously; but when medieval society began to fragment, pagan hold-outs, most of them female, were singled out as witches and tortured. They were made scapegoats for men's fears and served as examples of what would happen to women who were "not afraid to fly"—on their broomsticks or in their dreams.

A primary symbol of female power and mystery, the witch plays an ambiguous role in our collective psyche. She is both beautiful and hideous, regenerative and deadly, sexually alluring and castrating. She embodies "both the male fear of women and the female distrust of self," Jong writes. And, paradoxically, her gifts are the source of woman's freedom as well as of her oppression. But readers should not be misled by the feminist message here, for this is far from a somber treatise. Love potions, black cats, pointed hats, and such gems as the "Bellybutton Lint Spell" are discussed with beguiling wit, making *Witches* an imaginative and intelligent entertainment. —CAROL VERDERESE

William Carlos Williams: A New World Naked
by Paul Mariani
McGraw-Hill, 912 pp., $22.95

THIS EXHAUSTIVELY full, forceful biography documents the busy professional life of the physician/poet from Rutherford, New Jersey, who became one of the guiding spirits of the American modernist movement. Mariani's sedulous, chronological approach emphasizes the transformation of a Keatsian romantic attuned to "the world of poesy" into a hardworking realist and Whitmanesque celebrant of America's proletarian masses. Williams was a conscious literary craftsman who found in Gertrude Stein's "revolution of the word" and in the "fractured surfaces" of Cubist painting ways of reshaping poetic meter to "conform" to the pace and rhythm of the vernacular (especially *spoken*) language.

Though the book is somewhat weakened by Mariani's hyperbolic style and occasional overdramatizations, it effectively delineates Williams's many loves—personal and literary—and provides a superb gloss on the range of his truly innovative poetry and prose. Perhaps there might have been a little less attention paid to Williams's manifold trials and errors, but the reader is grateful for the massive feat of research and synthesis that brings to such vivid life this mercurially cranky personality. —BRUCE ALLEN



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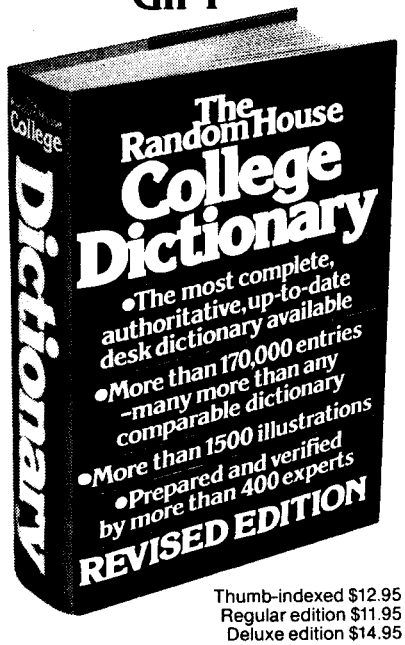
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Portrait of an Election: The 1980 Presidential Campaign
by Elizabeth Drew
Simon & Schuster, 356 pp., $14.95

ELIZABETH DREW'S play-by-play recap of the 1980 presidential race is gathered from a series of *New Yorker* articles. Her on-the-scene reportage begins with the contenders' announcements of their candidacy and ends with Ronald Reagan's first press conference as President-elect. In between is a detailed account of the country's most elaborate political game told from dozens of different viewpoints —occasionally even Drew's. From her countless inside, anonymous sources, we learn that Nancy Reagan is considered smarter and tougher than her husband, that as early as January 1980 the Kennedy campaign was on the verge of financial collapse, etc.

Yet reading this chronicle is like perusing old news. We hear too many times that Ted Kennedy shouts his speeches, that the Carter people are better at campaigning than at governing, and that Reagan has managed to create a "nice man" image of himself. In weekly magazine articles, these reminders lend coherence; back-to-back in a book they become irritatingly repetitive.

—KAREN TENNEY

King of the Confessors
by Thomas Hoving
Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $16.95

THIS IS THOMAS HOVING'S story of how he pursued an intricately carved 12th-century ivory known as the Bury St. Edmunds Cross, which he acquired for the Metropolitan Museum of Art's Cloisters Collection in 1963. Hoving, former director of the Met and the author of the best-selling *Tutankhamun* (1978), was a young curator at the Cloisters when he first heard of this elusively documented artwork and its cagey owner, a Yugoslav who kept his art collection in a Zurich bank vault. The cross, bearing the unusual inscription from which the book's title comes, was sought by four or five of the world's largest museums, even though some experts thought it was an elaborate forgery. It was Hoving's self-appointed task to out-sleuth and out-bid the competition.

Hoving might have subtitled this book "How I Began My Brilliant Career," for his self-satisfaction and egocentric enthusiasm create the momentum that makes the account read like a suspense story rather than a research diary. The story is interesting, revealing much about the work of an art historian and the world of museum curators. And Hoving is a facile writer. But finally, there is something extremely objectionable in the self-aggrandizement Hoving felt the need to include in this academic true story.

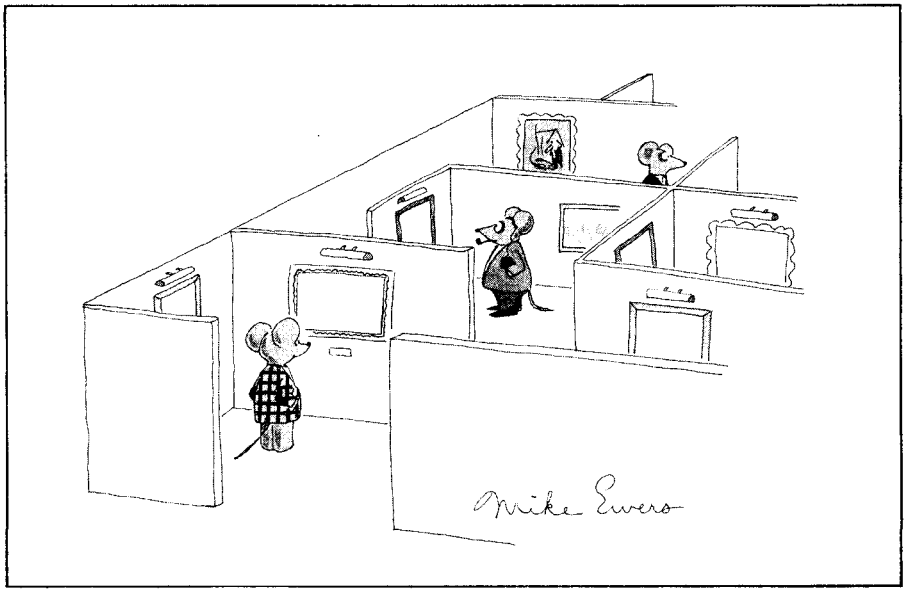
—ELIZABETH GROSSMAN

Fonda: My Life
by Henry Fonda as told to Howard Teichmann
New American Library, 384 pp., $15.95

Elvis
by Albert Goldman
McGraw-Hill, 590 pp., $14.95

PUBLISHERS' ROW has recently laid out big bucks for these two show-biz bios.

Howard Teichmann approaches his



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TOOLS FOR LIVING™

Here at *Tools for Living* it is sometimes June in November and January in August. That's because of the built-in time lag from when we first see a product until it appears on these pages. Once a product passes our initial evaluations, we give it to our writers for them to use. Only when they are satisfied they are thoroughly familiar with the product (and they are a picky crew) is the item written up and photographs taken (or drawings made). All of this takes time. And then these pages go into production weeks before the magazine itself comes into your hands. So during the hottest days of last summer, for example, we were using heat sheets (an insulating pad that goes under the sheets on your bed and keeps you warm with reflected body heat). And at the height (or depth?) of winter we are likely to be bundled up sitting on outdoor furniture and anticipating how it will stand up to the midsummer sun. Not that we are complaining. We just want you to know how hard we work to stay ahead of you.

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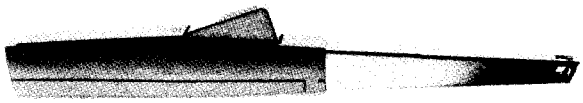

this amazing feat! The phenomenal non-fuel using energy source generates sparks using crystal substances. Just click the ignition button several times and the mechanical motion is transformed into electrical energy. We noticed that it was much safer than matches for lighting gas appliances (and eliminated the danger of leaving matches around for the children to find) and we found it a blessing in the workshop for lighting gas torches. The Wand flameless ignitor is shock-proof and has no parts to replace. Since it doesn't give off a flame, it's safe around children. The manufacturer offers an eight-year guarantee, but with a little care it should last well beyond that time. The Wand comes with a wall-mounted holder that's self-mounting with an adhesive backing, or you may use screws. The holder helps protect it from loss or damage. The Wand and holder is **$16.00** ($1.95) #SRA388.

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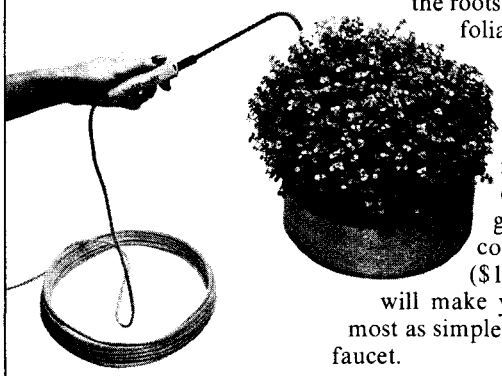
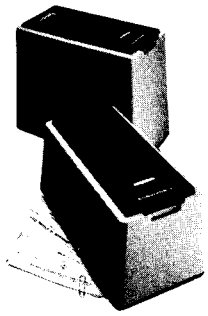
Do your houseplants run you ragged, back and forth, trip after trip, watering can in hand? There *is* an easier way: with an indoor garden hose you can water them all in a single trip. Think of the steps waiting to be saved! This 50′ (that is a *lot* of reach) vinyl hose readily attaches to any household faucet. From there you just take the water where you want it—an easy-control handle allows you to turn a splashless stream of water on and off as needed. This indoor hose comes with a snap-in misting attachment, so after you water the roots you can spray the foliage and wash away the dust accumulation that impairs a plant's health as well as its beauty. The complete indoor garden hose kit costs just **$11.00** ($1.95) #SRA341. It will make your watering almost as simple as turning on the faucet.

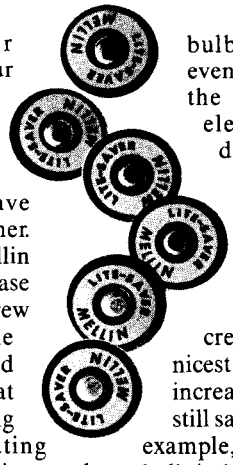




GET YOUR GUARD UP AGAINST FIRE

Like most of us, you probably have insurance against loss due to theft or fire. But what if a fire destroys the policy itself? Would you know what to do? And what about proof-of-purchase papers needed for claims? Not to mention the inconvenience of trying to replace destroyed stocks and bonds, bankbooks and passports. Unless you have a built-in safe at home, you need the protection of a Sentry Survivor for all your important papers (storing them in a safe deposit box means you have to schedule your day around banking hours). With the Survivor, the real peace-of-mind comes with knowing that your precious papers will survive the worst fire. That's because of the unique Survivacast insulation these boxes contain. They have been fire-tested with a rating of one hour at 1700°F earning them the Sentry 10-year after-fire Replacement Guarantee. The Sentry Survivor comes in two sizes to suit your needs. Both have a removable key lock, convenient top opening and a handsome, modern design. Sentry Survivor I "Master File" protects records that fit in a standard file folder. The overall dimensions are 13¼″ x 7½″ x 15½″; **$60.00** ($9.95) #SRA383. Survivor II "Policy Holder" protects smaller documents such as insurance policies, bankbooks, credit cards and cancelled checks. Overall dimensions are 8⅛″ x 15″ x 7½″; **$44.00** ($5.95) #SRA382.

LITE-SAVERS



You may never have to change your light bulbs again! It may sound like magic, but it's true. And we won't leave you in the dark, either. Simply adhere a Mellin Lite Saver to the base of your bulb and screw it into the socket. The Lite-Saver is a solid state micro chip that converts alternating current into pulsating current. This results in a cooler burning bulb and extends the filament's life up to 100 times. Most light bulbs have a rated life of 750 hours or about 32 days if used continuously. With the Lite-Saver your bulbs will burn up to 75,000 hours or about eight years if used 24 hours every day. The Lite-Saver is used by hundreds of major hotels, universities and corporations. It reduces the harsh, bright glare of a normal bulb, providing a soft, even glow that's easier on the eyes. And easier on electric bills! It's safe, dependable and instalis quickly and easily with any one-way bulb. Since the amount of light is slightly reduced, you may want to increase the bulb size. The nicest thing is that even with increased wattage, you can still save on electricity. As an example, if your present bulb is 150w and you switched to a 200w bulb with a Lite-Saver, you would still have a 30% energy savings on lighting. A package of six Mellin Lite-Savers is available through us at **$16.00** ($1.95) #SRA324. You may be interested to know that Thomas Edison's winter residence in Florida uses direct current lighting. No one knows how long the bulbs last there—they have been in continuous use since 1925!

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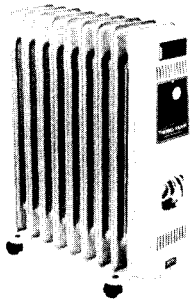
HEAT SHEETS

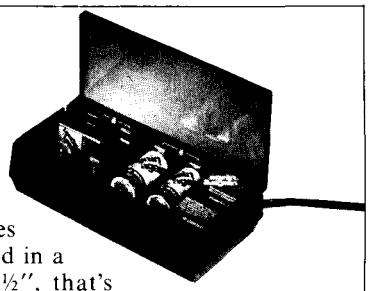
In general, the human body is warmer than the air surrounding it. The principle of using layers of blankets at night is to trap in as much of the natural body heat as possible. But blankets don't always do the job they are supposed to do . . . for a variety of reasons. First of all, most blankets are made of woven fibers so there are little spaces to let the heat escape. Since heat travels upwards (and the blankets are on top of us), the heat escapes to warm the ceiling. Now comes the Con-Serv energy-saving bed warmer, a thermo-lined mattress pad that radiates your own body heat to warm your bed from the mattress up! Makes sense to us, since if the heat is going to travel upwards, let it travel up around your body. The Con-Serv uses no electricity, so it's safe even for small children. You can turn down the room thermostat at night and remain nice and cozy in the natural warmth of your bed. As far as care goes, this bed warmer is stain and moisture-resistant, wipes clean with a damp cloth. (You even save on the cost of machine washing and drying.) Available in two sizes: Single/Twin, 36x60″, **$10.00** ($1.95) #SRA392. Double/Queen, 60×60″, **$12.00** ($1.95) #SRA393. For king size beds use two single/twin bed warmers.

HEAT WHERE YOU NEED IT



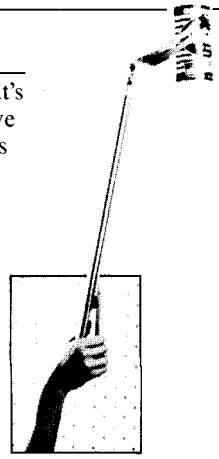
Centrally heating your home 24 hours a day means you are wasting a lot of energy, not to mention money. It makes far better sense—as energy conscious Europeans have known for years—to heat space only when you are occupying it. Keeping your thermostat at 55° or 60° and utilizing a space heater in the room you are in decreases the cost of heating dramatically. But what kind of space heater is best? After looking at many different kinds of heaters on the market today, we vote enthusiastically for this portable electric Thermo-Rador unit. Chief among its many virtues is safety. Where many electric heaters operate at extremely high temperatures and can cause fires or severe burns, the Thermo-Rador never gets dangerously hot. That is because it uses electricity to heat a special diathermic fluid that is permanently sealed inside the radiator. This non-toxic fluid, about the weight and consistency of mineral oil, heats up very quickly and cools down very slowly. Even after it is turned off, the Thermo-Rador unit will continue to radiate heat for up to 2 hours. Unlike the conventional radiator, the Thermo-Rador is mounted on wide-based wheels so it moves easily from place to place. Watt-saver controls allow three different heat settings: 600, 900 and 1500 w. The highest setting is roughly equivalent to the wattage drawn by your toaster, other electrical heaters draw up to 3000 w. If you turn your thermostat down to 60° and use the Thermo-Rador at medium heat—900 w—for 7 hours a day, you will use 6.3 kwh (kilowatt hours) of electricity. At an average rate of $.06 per kwh, that totals about $.38 a day, or about a quarter-gallon of fuel oil—far less than you would burn with your thermostat at 68° or 72°. The unit has a built-in thermostat that responds to room temperature, automatically shutting off when the room has reached your comfort level. The Thermo-Rador is all-steel construction with a baked-on enamel finish in a neutral almond color. The concept for these heaters originated in Europe about 10 years ago, but they are only recently available in this country. This particular unit is manufactured in Italy. The Thermo-Rador costs **$149.95** ($12.95) #SRA389 and weighs 40 lb. Its dimensions are just under 20″ x 10″ x 26″ and it will heat a 12′ x 15′ room with an 8′ ceiling.

RECHARGING KIT



You'll get a charge out of saving money on batteries! When you've got the Again & Again Multiple Cell Battery Recharger you'll always have fresh batteries on hand. The charger is housed in a black plastic box, 7½″ × 3½″, that's handsome enough to leave sitting on a table. The electricity it uses costs only pennies per year and if you keep batteries on charge at all times, you will never have to worry about being caught short at the wrong time. Again & Again can charge up to four "AA", "C" or "D" batteries at one time. It can handle two pairs of different sizes or two 9-volt transistor type, nickel-cadmium batteries. Since only nickel-cadmium batteries are rechargeable with the Again & Again charger, we have included a pair of "AA" batteries, a pair of "C" batteries and a pair of "D" batteries with the unit. **$39.00** ($3.95) #SRA396.

WITHIN EASY REACH



The Grab-All is one of those tools that's been around for such a long time, we almost forgot about it. Back in the days before modern supermarkets, when mom and pop ran the local store, space was at a premium and goods were stacked as high as the eye could see. That's when a gripper like this one was used to get canned goods off the top shelf. Today you'll find it just as handy at home—reaching high shelves and anywhere else that's beyond normal reach. Lightweight, all metal construction, the Grab-All is 29″ long with a double-tong grip that lets you get a hold on all sorts of cans, boxes and other objects. We offer this Grab-All for **$15.00** ($2.95) #SRA364.

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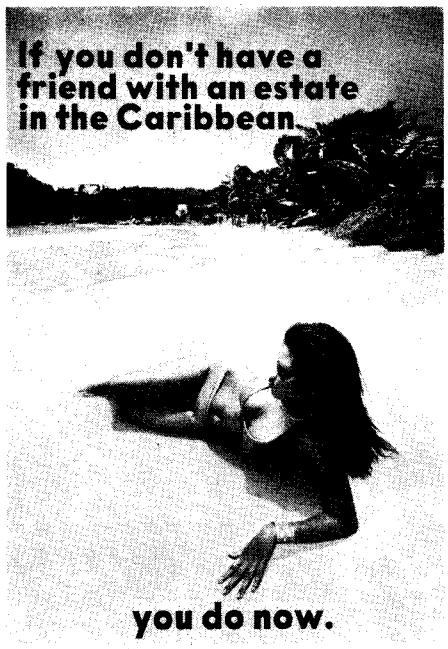

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subjects (George S. Kaufman, Alexander Woolcott, Alice Roosevelt Longworth and, now, Henry Fonda) as a fan would— with a well-founded but slightly irritating adoration. Here, he works in that murky zone between biography and autobiography where the subject provides most of the information. Comments from several ex-Mrs. Fondas, Fonda offspring, and Fonda colleagues play supporting roles, but the reader feels the strain of Fonda's approval hanging over the entire enterprise. Consequently, Teichmann provides only a clue to what made Fonda the quintessential American hero. Still the actor's farm-boy modesty emerges as one of the book's more charming aspects, saving *My Life* from the self-congratulation that mars similar tell-alls. Henry Fonda has rarely spoken so candidly about his five marriages, his famous children, or the tragedies in his life. Fans will be gratified.

Unlike Teichmann, who politely and properly constructs the story of a movie legend, Albert Goldman, author of the best-selling *Ladies and Gentlemen, Lenny Bruce!*, sets out to destroy the myth of the "King of Rock and Roll." Calling Elvis everything from the original Beverly Hillbilly, to a common junkie, to the laughingstock of the film industry, Goldman harbors both a revulsion toward and fascination for the freak that Elvis became. Goldman takes great pains to depict the horrible physical effects of Presley's drug addiction and his bizarre sexual needs, gleefully employing gratuitous metaphors, Freudian analysis, and grand literary allusions to tell this inelegant tale. *Elvis* has the magnetic pull of an especially titillating, sensationalist headline. —LAURIE WINER

America Now: The Anthropology of a Changing Culture
by Marvin Harris
Simon & Schuster, 320 pp., $13.95

CULTURAL ANTHROPOLOGIST Marvin Harris, author of *Cannibals and Kings*, sets out to describe the general breakdown in American life during the past two decades. He believes that there has been a fundamental change from a work force producing goods to one producing services and information. As a result, nothing works very well, for very long. Moreover, he contends, gigantism in the private and public sectors and in unions has destroyed the social bonds between producers and consumers and has led to waste, inefficiency, and alienation. But we've heard all this before. What is fresh and compelling is that Harris links these changes to the rise of the women's and gay liberation movements, the increased incidence of crime, and the proliferation of bizarre cults and religious evangelism. These seemingly isolated phenomena are convincingly shown—through a sort of cost-benefit analysis—to be connected searches for solutions to economic and social problems.

Harris goes on to warn against messianic answers to real social and economic ills and to repudiate the gloom-and-doom-sayers—both proponents of limits-to-growth strategies and of unfettered capitalism. In the end, however, he offers no solutions to the problems he describes other than a vague prescription to decentralize society and a feeble resort to the spiritual ideals, the dreams, he criticizes so deftly elsewhere in his book.

—BARBARA BRAUN

The Poems and Sketches of E.B. White
by E. B. White
Harper & Row, 240 pp., $13.50

E. B. WHITE WRITES for a white-collar world. He likes people who use "tooth twine," "take bird walks," and are civilized enough to love good books and country living. The best of *Poems and Sketches* are elaborations on the marginalia of that life: on newspaper clippings, field guides, seed catalogues, letters to the editor. Though some of his pieces are celebratory and a few are plain morose, most chide the gassy, the inflated, the newfangled in the name of a more graceful world.

For a while, when he was young, White seems to have wanted more than this. He left the *New Yorker* briefly in order to write a long poem, the few surviving fragments of which appear here as "Zoo Revisited." It reeks of Significance. White may well have suffered for his inability to write serious poems, but his work is most moving when it uses what comes to hand—chiding, praising, enumerating, weighing.

—WILLIAM B. LOGAN

SR Editor Emeritus Norman Cousins's *Human Options* (224 pp., $9.95) was published last month by W.W. Norton. A distillation of 40 years of observations, the book covers Cousins's work with noted world leaders—among them Albert Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, Jawaharlal Nehru, Albert Schweitzer, Bertrand Russell, and Pablo Casals—and includes many of his personal photographs.

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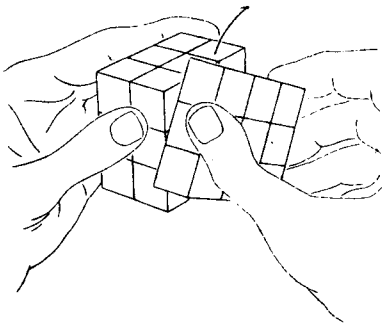

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DIVERSIONS

SR Competition No. 26

A whimsical fate has arranged for us to receive a number of alumni magazines from various high-toned institutions, and though they differ in frequency—one is actually a weekly—they differ in little else. The class-notes editor of '29 spends a good deal of his time sadly noting the passing of old "Bink" Potherington and others, while his counterpart from the class of '80 reports that Chip X has still not come down from the fire-lookout tower that he ascended the day after graduation, while Fran and Buck have at last regularized their relationship, etc. There is the inevitable outraged letter from some alumnus who has just heard Professor Y of the Economics Department spouting unadulterated Communism on television and who will therefore instantly discontinue his annual contribution. Someone's mother (name withheld) will write to say how scandalized she was by the band's half-time show, and the editor will reply with a suave and mollifying comment on the First Amendment. Kindly send us your class notes, letters to the editor, president's reports, etc., and don't forget our party at the Yale game! Twenty-five dollars to each of the three winners.

Entries for Competition No. 26 must be received by December 4 and the winners will be announced in the February 1982 issue. Send submissions to *SR* Competition No. 26, *Saturday Review*, 150 East 58 Street, New York, New York 10155. All entries become the property of *SR*.

Winners of No. 23

There seems to be a law—let us call it Brown's Law, though any color will do—that the quality of the entries is inversely proportional to their quantity. A mere handful of readers answered our challenge to design a new game, but those few were, almost without exception, so merry and resourceful and mentally unstable that we wish we could print all their work. The type of personality drawn to the task of devising ways for other people to waste time is one that we find endlessly attractive, for reasons that need hardly be stated.

Perhaps because it is nearly supper-time as we write, we admire SCRAPPLE, a new word game invented by Louis Phillips of New York City:

Scraps of pork shaped in the forms of letters are boiled, sliced, and then fried. Players draw letters in turn. The first player who eats a seven-letter word wins.

And, crazy with hunger, we loved SUPER SUPER GHOST, the brainchild of Patricia Ranard, also of New York:

In this game, players line up and try to walk through a living room wall. First one through the wall wins.

We must warn out-of-towners, that is to say, readers in places with more substantial walls, that *Saturday Review* assumes no responsibility for the consequences of this game.

First prize goes to Jack Pope, the dean of *SR* contestants, who lives in San Francisco. From his numerous entries we liked FORT KNOX (which even has a motto: "Ingot We Trust") and WATERLOO (located—where else:—on the playing fields of Eton), and we were shaken by the metaphysical grue of SILLY ("Nobody keeps score except the One Great Scorer"). True, however, to our literary bias, we gave the prize to BECKETT:

This game is a substitute for life and the loss of purpose. It offers special appeal for multitudes of bewildered men and women who frequently pass the time playing games while waiting for something to happen. In the brooding silence you must follow the rules of BECKETT, one of which is to bury yourself in a mound of mud up to your waist. On the giant board are complete rules for solving the frustrating, suffocating, alienating, futile, absurd dilemmas of humanity through the ages. Study these rules assiduously. The first player who goes on, when he thinks he can't go on, and writes down from memory all the rules listed on the board is the grand loser.

Second prize to Carol McNeil of Parsippany, New Jersey, whose game is called PETTY BUREAUCRACY:

There is only one rule: the first person who moves loses.

Internal evidence suggests that reader McNeil is an industrial psychologist. She observes that not moving is not easy ("If only to get out of someone's way, a person will instinctively move"). And yet not moving is what keeps bureaucracy going.

Third prize goes to John N. Power of South Pasadena, California, for SISYPHUS:

Each player starts the game with a standard-issue rock and is required to move his piece up the side of a hill, represented by a circular track on the game board. Various arbitrary contingencies, too obscure to codify into a set of rules, may at any time precipitate a player back to the starting point, called the "Bottom of the Hill." Any number can play, but a larger number of players makes the experience more enriching, because then the individual cries of success and failure harmonize into a finely textured chorus of wows and wails, which may stimulate observers to document the process in a way that might prove more entertaining than the game itself.

Puzzles

Literary Crypt No. 171

COLD ASHES, PSY CUSOES ELHYSHXUHN HZYULHT IHLB, BAZY XUOS SCCSEYT COLD EURUP XUTELOX CPLB.

ZXXUTLH

Wit Twister No. 183

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The tenants found the ———— in his bed,
Too drained by ———— to work—
or so he said.

The ———— they made up proved so sweet a pill
That now the rogue is chronically ill.

A.S.

Answers next month

October Answers

Literary Crypt No. 170

We are all in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars. O. Wilde

Wit Twister No. 182

seraphs, Sherpas, shapers, phrases

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 212

(Edith A.) Folb: Runnin' Down Some Lines

Most young blacks are keenly aware of the differences between so-called standard usage and the vernacular.... Nonstandard use is seen as street talk, not too cool, low class, and, sometimes, bad English.

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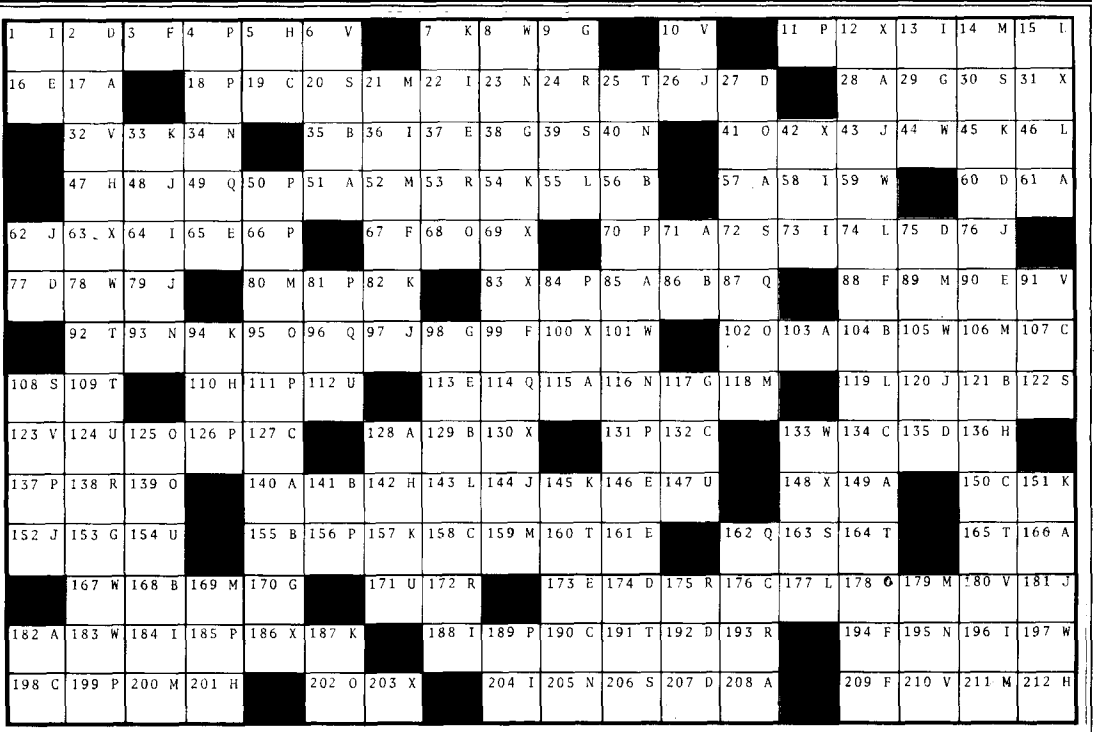
Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word carries over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.



Middleton Double-Crostic No.213

CLUES	WORDS
. Irritates, annoys (4 wds.)	51 61 115 140 166 208 17 57 85 103 / 182 28 71 128 149
. Unfortunate (3 wds.)	168 35 56 104 121 129 141 155 86
. Dismissed; whisked (2 wds.)	150 176 107 127 134 158 198 19 190 132
. Abhorrent	135 174 192 207 60 77 2 75 27
. Action for the recovery of goods wrongfully taken	90 146 113 161 173 16 37 65
. Dances Chubby Checker style	67 88 99 194 209 3
. Ignores deliberately; flirts with (2 wds.)	98 117 153 170 9 29 38
. "Heedless of —, they all cried, 'That's him!'" (Barham, "Jackdaw of Rheims")	47 201 110 136 212 5 142
Whooping it up; one of Adam's and Eve's duties (2 wds.)	184 1 196 13 22 36 188 204 58 / 64 73
Enlightenment	76 79 144 120 152 26 43 97 / 181 48 62
. All over the place	82 145 151 94 187 7 33 45 157 54

CLUES	WORDS
L. City in Yugoslavia, on the Danube (2 wds.)	55 119 143 15 46 177 74
M. Blooming	89 159 21 106 169 179 200 14 118 211 / 52 80
N. Claptrap	93 195 205 23 40 116 34
O. Rash, impetuous types	102 178 202 68 95 125 139 41
P. 1849 De Quincey essay (wd. and comp. after *The*)	50 111 66 126 185 70 137 11 84 189 / 199 18 131 156 4 81
Q. Polished	87 114 162 49 96
R. Like a bicycle built for two	175 138 172 193 24 53
S. Threatening	122 30 108 72 163 39 20 206
T. In-the-buff buffs	25 160 164 165 92 191 109
U. Cushion, esp. for a throne, in India	154 171 112 147 124
V. Corresponded	6 10 32 123 210 91 180
W. Concomitant things or qualities	8 44 133 101 78 105 183 197 167 59
X. Gold, silver, platinum, etc. (2 wds.)	63 203 148 130 31 83 69 42 12 186 100

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A STORY OF INTRIGUE

Jergeris was born in 1917 and reared in Latvia, entered the art field at the early age of ten; studied under some of the top masters in Latvia, France, Germany andCzechoslavakia; was considered as one of an elite group of four promising European Artists.

Then, World War II broke out and it seemed his enviable and brilliant career had ended. For years there appeared no new Jegeris works, till in the early 70's, much to the suprise and delight of an ever-increasing group of enthusiastic patrons, his works started to reappear in Mid-America. Ever since his re-emergence his fame has continued to broaden.

WORKS OF DISTINCTION

Jegeris's distinctive style and powerful portrayals are fast distinguishing him as one of the worlds most outstanding living artists. His works not only reflect a strong passion toward the grandeur of the mountains, the seas and the people which were a part of his early years. but also intimate captivity of America's beautiful landscapes and its rugged pioneers toiling towards their moment of triumph. His works give the unique quality and potential sought after by avid collectors, discriminate art connoiseurs and astute investors.

WORKS AVAILABILITY

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Presently, there are a few Jegeris original oil and watercolor paintin available on a minimum bid basis with closing dates in December 1981. F the opportunity of adding an original Jegeris to your collection order yc special "Bid Information Package". Call or write now.

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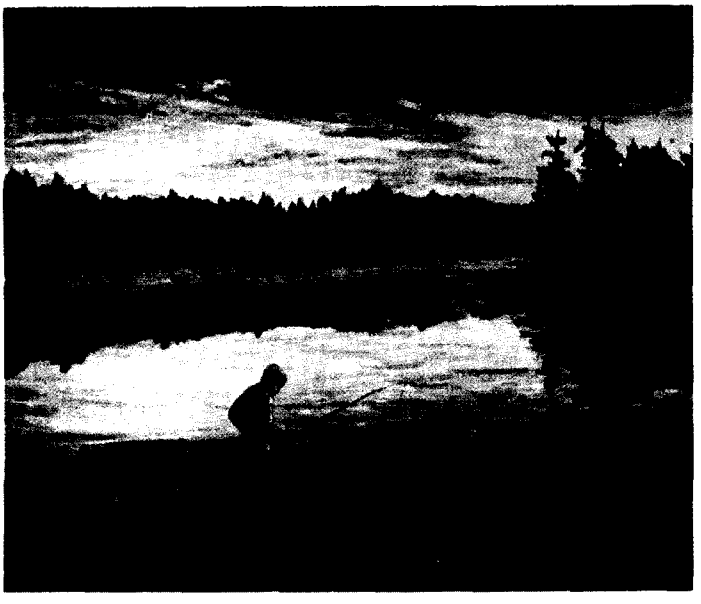

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Books

Fiction

Rabbit Is Rich, by John Updike (Alfred A. Knopf, 467 pp., $13.95). John Updike has scored a hat trick with this sequel to *Rabbit Run* and *Rabbit Redux*. It is 1979, and Harry "Rabbit" Angstrom has reached a comfortable middle age, as Updike once again plumbs the dark underside of American domestic life. This trilogy chronicles the nation's evolution through three decades; it's something of a modern epic.

Sixty Stories, by Donald Barthelme (G.P. Putnam's Sons, 464 pp., $15.95). Philosophical excursions, blurred dialogues, cinematic descriptions, and nasty/chic relationships abound in these impressive stories written during the last 17 years.

Spring Moon, by Bette Bao Lord (Harper & Row, 480 pp., $14.95). This beautifully written first novel traces the history of a Chinese Mandarin family from 1892 until 1927, with an epilogue that updates the story to 1972.

Trailerpark, by Russell Banks (Houghton Mifflin, 243 pp., $11.95). There are no earth-shattering events in the interlocking short stories that make up this novel—just fascinating characters you find yourself wanting to talk about. A lucid, serious, witty book by the author of *Hamilton Stark* and *The Book of Jamaica*.

The Royal Game & Other Stories, by Stefan Zweig (Harmony Books, 256 pp., $12.95). Zweig—a wealthy Austrian Jew who committed suicide in 1942 after the Nazis destroyed his world—has been praised by the likes of Freud, Thomas Mann, and Richard Strauss. The five newly translated novellas included here are about love, passion, revenge, and madness, and are introduced by an appreciation by novelist John Fowles.

Nonfiction

Old Glory: An American Voyage, by Jonathan Raban (Simon & Schuster, 409 pp., $16.95). Englishman Raban played Huck Finn and journeyed down the Mississippi River from Minnesota to New Orleans. His captivating and evocative account of the trip is travel writing at its best.

The Gate of Heavenly Peace: The Chinese and Their Revolution, 1895-1980, by Jonathan D. Spence (The Viking Press, 496 pp., $19.95). Historian Spence's enthralling narrative of 100 years of upheaval in China is first-rate intellectual history—adventurous in form, scrupulous in content, and passionate in its revelation of complex human drama.

The Mismeasure of Man, by Stephen Jay Gould (W.W. Norton, 384 pp., $14.95). The author of *Ever Since Darwin* and *The Panda's Thumb* has written an intriguing historical study of intelligence-testing and its inherent pitfalls. The book is a major addition to scientific literature.

The Second Stage, by Betty Friedan (Summit Books, 339 pp., $14.95). Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique* caused a stir when it was published in 1963, as will this new feminist manifesto in which she argues that the women's movement must now champion the family and grow up fast—or die.

Waldo Emerson: A Biography, by Gay Wilson Allen (The Viking Press, 751 pp., $25). The first biography of Emerson in more than 30 years diligently portrays the private and the public man. It evinces a firm grasp of the social and political ferment of Emerson's time and offers vivid portraits of his contemporaries.

Pathfinders, by Gail Sheehy (William Morrow, 571 pp., $15.95). A wildly rambling, yet absorbing, pop-psych exploration of what it takes for Americans to be happy and content. Sheehy wrote the best-selling *Passages*.

Theater

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music (Nederlander Theater, New York City). When Horne stops singing, her stage personality—bitter superstar who, deep down, is just a funky farm girl—can grate. But fortunately, she devotes nearly all the evening to song, and when she grabs hold of a tune, she stretches its rhythmic and emotional boundaries to stunning breadth.

The Pirates of Penzance (Minskoff Theater, New York City). Director Wilford Leach and music director William Elliot set an overall tone of intelligence and charm. This *Pirates* has been put together by contemporary Americans who love and respect the work but who will not try to mimic Victorians or their descendants.

Cloud 9 (Theatre de Lys, New York City). Act I of this British play lampoons Victorian sexual hypocrisy in vaudeville style. Act II, performed more realistically, shows how liberated our society has become—and what a vacuum this liberation has created. The off-Broadway production is well acted, sensitively directed.

42nd Street (Majestic Theater, New York City). "Hear the beat/Of dancing feet," says the title song, and never did a lyric fix a show's essence more neatly. Choreographed by the late Gower Champion on 1930s models, the brisk tappings carry us along on a pleasant tide of nostalgia. The show is just chunks of agreeable stuff that makes us feel things were better back then, but what more does one want from a Broadway musical?

Film

Chariots of Fire. This British film, focusing on two British runners who compete in the 1924 Olympics, deals with the idealism and expediency of sport in exhilarating terms of aspiration and accomplishment. A social statement and an exciting thriller.

Priest of Love. Christopher Miles's exquisite story of D.H. Lawrence and his wife is screen biography at its best, an examination of life and love. It glows with Ian McKellen's portrait of that controversial artist and Janet Suzman's portrayal of the complex woman who complemented and nourished his genius.

SR's Phoenix Code

Outstanding

Excellent

Good

Notable

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Quartet. Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's and James Ivory's adaptation of the Jean Rhys novel provides a poignant story of victims—of emotions and of circumstance—in this literally stunning re-creation of the literary, arty bohemia of Montparnasse in the late 1920s, with Isabelle Adjani, Maggie Smith, and Alan Bates.

The Aviator's Wife. First in a new series of "Comedies and Proverbs," by Eric Rohmer (director of *Claire's Knee*, *The Marquise of O*), this sad-funny exploration of insouciance at 15, love at 20, and loneliness at 25 is as charming as it is cogent and bittersweet in its conclusions.

Records

KARL BÖHM (1894-1981). *Böhm, the venerable Austrian conductor, died in August, but he is well represented on Deutsche Grammophon. His last recording, a digital Beethoven Ninth with the Vienna Philharmonic and soloists Jessye Norman, Brigitte Fassbander, Placido Domingo, and Walter Berry, is due out shortly on DG. Here is a selection of particularly fine recordings of Böhm's other work:*

Mozart: Symphonies 25-41 (7-DG 2740110, $55.86). **Die Zauberflöte** (3-DG 2709017, $32.94). Numbers 36 and 39 are highlights of this symphony box, which offers tight, vibrant performances of all the late greats. For the symphonies and for *Zauberflöte* (*The Magic Flute*) the Berlin Philharmonic responds to Böhm's restrained passion with flawless ensemble. There is no best recording of *Zauberflöte*, but this one is superb, thanks especially to tenor Fritz Wunderlich's wondrous Tamino.

Strauss: Daphne (2-DG 2726090*, $13.96). **Orchestral Works** (DG 2535208*, $6.98). *Daphne*, a lovely "bucolic tragedy" culminating with Daphne's transformation into a tree, was dedicated to Böhm, the last conductor to work closely with the composer. DG's live 1964 recording features that ideal Straussian, Hilde Güden, in the title role, and the Vienna Symphony in the pit. The orchestral collection, played by the Berlin Philharmonic, includes *Don Juan, Till Eulenspiegel,* and *Salome*'s "Dance of the Seven Veils."

Wagner: Tristan und Isolde (5-DG 2713001*, $54.90). This recording documents Wieland Wagner's historic 1966 Bayreuth Festival production, which Birgit Nilsson (Isolde) acknowledges as the most important of her career. Christa Ludwig, Wolfgang Windgassen, Eberhard Wächter, and Martti Talvela are also in the cast. Side 10 offers Böhm rehearsing bits of the third act.

Beethoven: Pastoral Symphony (DG 2530142*, $10.98). With the Vienna Philharmonic.

Berg: Wozzeck (2-DG 2707023, $21.96). With Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Evelyn Lear, and the Deutsche Oper Berlin.

Brahms: Symphony No. 2 and **Variations on a Theme by Haydn** (DG 2530960, $10.98). With the Vienna Philharmonic.

*cassette available

Art

Contemporary American Realism since 1960 (Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia). A mammoth show: 152 paintings by 104 artists, among them such stalwarts of contemporary realism as Jack Beal, Chuck Close, Alex Katz, and George Segal. The Pennsylvania Academy's exhibition is a major offensive in realism's continuing struggle to hold its own against the forces of abstraction. (Through December 13.)

Gauguin to Moore: Primitivism in Modern Sculpture (Art Gallery of Ontario, Toronto). What Gauguin, Picasso, Brancusi, and a host of other modernist masters have in common is the inspiration they derived from non-Western sculpture, the often-anonymous works of sculptures in Oceania, Africa, and elsewhere. This exhibition has brought together more than 100 works to document this significant aspect of the avant-garde. (November 7, 1981, through January 3, 1982.)

One Man's Vision: The Graphic Works of Odilon Redon (The Lowe Art Museum, Coral Gables, Florida). Seventy-five prints by this master of *fin-de-siècle* symbolism. Claimed as a forebear by the Surrealists, this French artist helped define dream and revery as a subject for the art of our times. (November 1 through November 29.)

Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A. (Philadelphia Museum of Art). Painter to Queen Victoria and one of the artists who did the most to define animals as noble creatures, Edwin Landseer has been a forgotten figure in this century. Now more than 150 of his paintings, drawings, and etchings show him to have been a complex, wide-ranging artist comparable in many ways to the novelists Charles Dickens and Sir Walter Scott. (Through January 3, 1982.)

Dance

The Joffrey Ballet (City Center, New York City). The company celebrates its 25th anniversary performing a repertory of ballet masterpieces ranging from a reconstruction of Arthur Saint-Léon's *La Vivandière Pas de Six* of 1844 to a ballet by the avant-garde modern dancer, Laura Dean. Twenty-two ballets by 15 choreographers will be on view, including the company's first presentation of the late John Cranko's comedy-classic, *The Taming of the Shrew*, Jiří Kylián's *Verklaerte Nacht* (to the music of Arnold Schönberg), Gerald Arpino's new ballet, and Robert Joffrey's *Postcards*. (Through November 22.)

New York City Ballet (New York State Theater). The 75th New York City engagement by the company first launched in 1948 at New York City Center. This winter's repertory season lists 50 ballets, including 28 by the troupe's artistic director, George Balanchine, 11 by Jerome Robbins, and five by Peter Martins. The roster of ballets will include eight works from last summer's prestigious "Tchaikovsky Festival" as well as the traditional Christmastime run of Balanchine's *The Nutcracker*. (November 17, 1981, through February 21, 1982.)

The Dancer as Athlete (Brooklyn Center for the Performing Arts, Brooklyn College). Four companies representing different aspects of dance prowess: Musawwir Gymnastic Dance Ensemble; Saeko Ichinohe Dance Company; Loremil Machado Afro-Brazilian Troupe; Baker's ½ Dozen Dancers. (November 21 and 22.)

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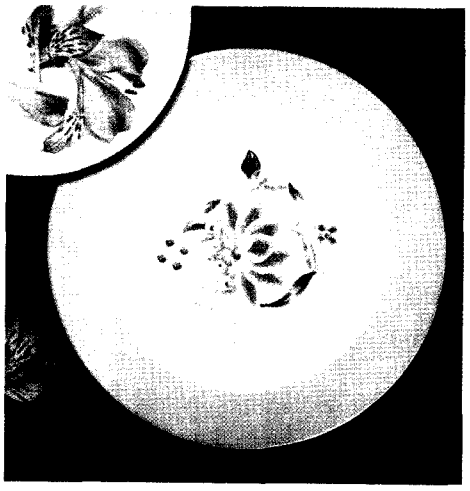
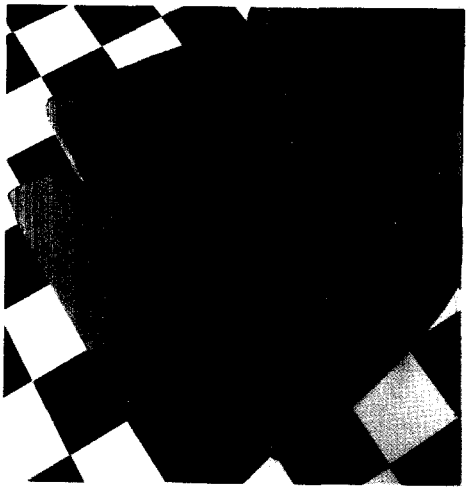


automatically focuses on an idea,



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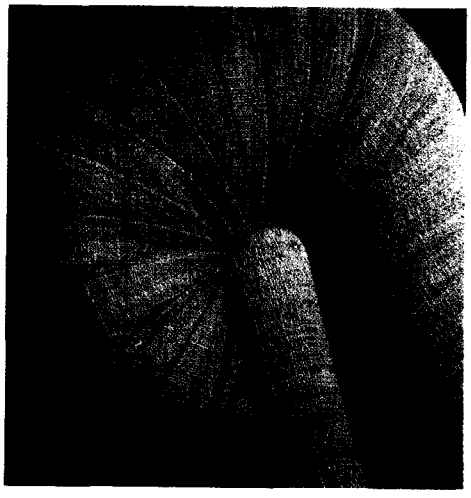
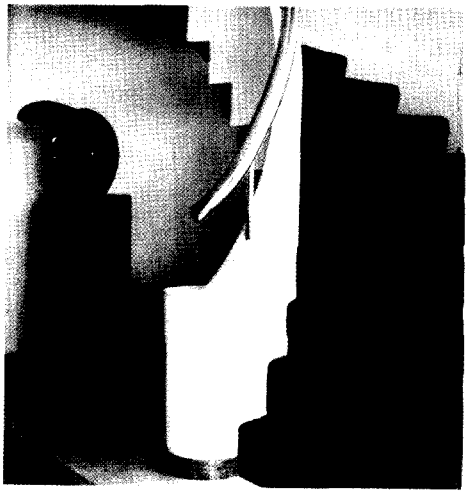


even as close as 10.4 inches,



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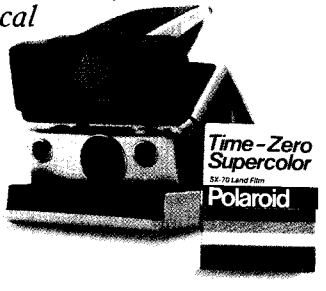

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